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Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, etc.

You can have in your home—no matter where you live—the most wonderfully fresh Codfish—just as fresh and flavory as the day taken from the ocean—by asking your grocer to supply you with

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1

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Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE HOME LIFE OF LINCOLN

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

BODYGUARD OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IT IS my purpose in this article, and in other articles following, to give a series of pictures of the home life of the White House during various Administrations, commencing with that of President Lincoln.

Countless articles have been written, and many books, concerning the official side of life in the White House, if I may so term it; and though these pictures of public events have been an important contribution to history, and a necessary contribution, yet it seems to me that future generations will be very glad to possess accurate knowledge of a more intimate nature concerning the daily home life of the Presidents and their families—especially the goings and comings, the duties and recreations, of the ladies and the children, about which so few now living have a personal knowledge. And so I have undertaken the pleasant task of putting down on paper my own recollections of such events, and the main value of these records lies in the fact that they are not drawn from other sources but are first-hand records of what I have actually seen and heard and made notes of. For this reason I will commence by relating what occurred from the very first minute that I was ordered to report at the White House for special duty as personal bodyguard to President Lincoln. The record will advance step by step in natural order until it draws to a natural close. I may add that I have kept sufficient notes during the last forty-five years to enable me to be sure of my statements; and though certain of them may be disputed here or there, yet the reader may rest assured that I know whereof I speak.

Orders to Watch Over the President's Safety

AFTER having served in the Union Army I had been a member of the police force of Washington for about two years, and was off duty, resting in my home near First and M Streets, N. W., on Thursday, January 5, 1865, when about the middle of that day a fellow-member of the Washington police force arrived and notified me that I had been ordered to report at eight o'clock that night to the President as his personal bodyguard. Up to that time I had never seen President Lincoln nor any other President; and naturally I was a good deal surprised at this notification, for it meant many things. Among others it meant that I had been chosen to stand between Abraham Lincoln and danger of all kinds—including possible assassination—and this was what gave me a sense of the deepest satisfaction, for it showed that my superior officers on the police force had picked me out as a man who could be trusted—and no greater compliment could possibly have been paid me. I was then twenty-six years old, of medium height, wiry, lithe and powerful, having lived most of my life in the open air. I enjoyed perfect health, never knowing what nerves meant. I had clear eyesight, keen sense of hearing, and was ready to go anywhere or do anything at a moment's notice.

As soon as the officer had delivered his message I went into the house and told my wife. She at once saw the grave responsibilities that had been placed on me and was greatly disturbed, not because of any danger or peril to myself—she knew me well enough to know that I could take care of myself under almost any conceivable circumstances—but because it almost overwhelmed her to think that, in that time of terrible civil war, upon my shoulders, upon my judgment, upon my quickness of thought and carefulness had been placed the safety, perhaps the life, of the man who had been raised up by the Lord God Almighty to preserve the Union as surely as Moses had been raised up to lead the people of Israel through their trials and tribulations until he brought them to the threshold of the Promised Land.

I shall never forget that afternoon of Thursday, January 5, 1865. . . . Pursuant to orders I went directly from my home to the White House, walked up the stairs to the President's office, and exactly at eight o'clock told the doorkeeper that I was ordered to report to the President personally. The doorkeeper at once threw open the door and I stepped modestly into the office, where for the first time I saw Abraham Lincoln. The President was seated on the farther side of the room on a revolving chair in front of his old-fashioned desk, going over some papers. As I appeared quietly he looked up from his desk and I said:

"Mr. President, my name is W. H. Crook. I have been ordered to report to you for duty as your personal bodyguard."

The President merely responded:

"All right, Crook; all right, Crook."

Then he turned to his papers again and I left the office and went downstairs; for this was the night of the regular levee, a reception given by the President and his official family to all of the public who wished to attend.

On reaching the ground floor of the White House, after leaving the President's office, I was immediately shown to my position for the evening by Mr. Thomas F. Pendel, the doorkeeper who had charge of such arrangements. His orders were for me to stand near the President during the entire reception, where I could see every person who came up to him to greet him. At that time the public attending a levee came into the White House through the main entrance on the north front. It was understood, of course, that wraps of all kinds and overcoats and shawls must be taken off in the cloakroom, and for a very good reason. The fact must never be lost sight of that these were war times. The whole country was in tumult—at any moment an attempt might be made to assassinate the President, and no precaution could be overlooked.

The First Night's Duty at the White House

PRECISELY at nine o'clock the President and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by the Cabinet officers and their wives, left the living-rooms of the President's household and descended to the main floor by way of the private stairway at the west end of the White House. The Marine Band was stationed in an open space near the official staircase at the left side of the main entrance. Those attending the reception passed through this main entrance and, after leaving coats and wraps in the cloakroom, passed around into the Red Room, where many of them gathered and waited until the doors leading into the Blue Room should be thrown open, for it was in the Blue Room, just beyond these doors, that the President and his official family stood and received their guests. I stood in the Red Room in front of those closed doors for a short time, watching the throng gather there, and was almost dazzled by the spectacle. In the first place, the elegance of the room itself was something to which I had never been accustomed, with all its exquisite furnishing and brilliant lighting; and naturally, those formed in line nearest the closed doors were members of the Diplomatic Corps, in all their gorgeous uniforms and brilliant decorations, accompanied by the ladies of their families, who were clad in Parisian frocks of the utmost elegance, and who wore such an

abundance of jewels as I had read of, but had never seen or ever expected to see. No wonder that I, a young man of twenty-six who had spent almost all of my life in a little Maryland village, was temporarily dazzled by those gentlemen and ladies and by the officers of the Army and Navy who immediately followed them, these also being in full-dress uniform, and for the most part accompanied by ladies likewise most beautifully dressed!

My moment of bewilderment was brief; for near the hour of nine the doors were thrown open and in the Blue Room, a few feet beyond the threshold, stood Ward H. Lamman, Marshal of the District of Columbia; just beyond him was President Lincoln, with Mrs. Lincoln by his side, and next to her the wives of the Cabinet officers in the receiving line. I at once took my position just inside the Blue Room directly opposite the President, and turned so as to face every person who came up to the threshold of that door—for my business was to see that no suspicious character should come within reach of President Lincoln, and that no person, even though well known, should cross that doorway with hands concealed or covered in any manner whatsoever. It should be remembered that in guarding a President or any other man the first consideration is to watch the hands of those who might do harm. Empty hands can never accomplish assassination.

As each couple reached Marshal Lamman he introduced them to the President, who, turning slightly, introduced them to his wife; and then they passed down the receiving line bowing to each of the ladies there. It was all very simple, very dignified and, if I may use the term, very American. President Lincoln smiled and grasped the hand of each man presented with a heartiness and cordiality that admitted of no doubt as to his sincerity. There he stood, tall, lean and broad of shoulder, with a noble countenance; and for the time being the lines of care had left his face, and his eyes were lighted with the cordiality of a host who is really glad to meet his guests. And Mrs. Lincoln, standing next to him, her head barely reaching to his shoulder, was equally cordial, equally gracious, as she greeted those who were presented.

The Reception Guests

I SHALL never forget the picture presented as I first saw her that evening. She wore a low-neck dress with the hoop-skirts which seem so funny to the young people of the present generation; around her beautiful throat was a necklace of filigree work, and encircling her head a wreath of white roses such as she invariably wore on such occasions—a smiling, cordial little lady, graceful although so plump, bowing to each of the men and women as the President introduced them, and evidently enjoying every moment as the evening passed. As the guests reached the end of the receiving line they strolled around the farther end of the Blue Room, where were scattered members of the Cabinet and others high in official life, friends and acquaintances greeting each other and gathering in groups for a few minutes, then drifting on naturally into the Green Room and from there into the spacious and magnificent East Room.

All the time that the people were going in and giving their names to Marshal Lamman, and passing the President and Mrs. Lincoln and the ladies of the Cabinet, I remained standing opposite Lincoln, alert in every nerve of my being, and with my eyes searching every man and woman as they approached the Marshal. To those accustomed to the formality of receptions during recent Administrations, that levee away back in 1865 would have been an amusing contrast. All sorts and conditions of people, from every section of the country, came up to be presented. Of the private citizens some were in full evening dress, of course, and among them were men and women occupying high positions in finance, commerce, professional life and in society; but also in that long stream, slowly wending its way to where the President stood, were men and women from the country districts and backwoods, and from farms in New England and the Middle States, and from what we now call the Middle West. It did not seem strange to me then, although I cannot help smiling now as I recall the scene, that many of those humbler folk whom Lincoln thought so much of, whom he loved so well and in whom he placed implicit faith as the strong bulwark of the nation—it did not then seem strange that many of the women wore dresses and bonnets most unfashionably made, and of anything but expensive material. Among them were hearty, sturdy farmers' wives, arrayed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting frocks, some of whom wore mitts, others who wore gloves fitting none too well; and many a woman put forth a hand hardened by toil and worn in the service of husbands and sons who were then at the front. You may very well believe that no hands were grasped by the great President and his wife more cordially than these. Once in a while a young daughter would accompany her father and mother, but it made no difference whether she were a débutante from Philadelphia, Boston, New York, or a tired schoolma'am from some little red schoolhouse, or a hard-working farmer's daughter—the President and Mrs. Lincoln were glad to see her. And then a few came along in that slow-moving line to whom the President seemed especially grateful for what he considered the honor of their presence; and these few, scattered here and there, were old women—women with bowed shoulders and white hair, dim of vision, feeble of step, whose sons and grandsons were somewhere south of the Potomac carrying muskets, or wandering in the swamps, or suffering with wounds in hospitals, or undergoing the terrible misery inseparable from some of the military prisons in the South. Such women as I have mentioned particularly, were usually accompanied by husbands or brothers, vastly different in appearance from the well-fed, well-dressed men of the great cities who formed a majority of those present.

I wonder what would happen now at a Presidential reception if a dozen or twenty or thirty men should enter the White House, as a matter of course, wearing negligée shirts, slouch hats, and cowhide boots into the tops of which were thrust their trousers! It is a literal fact, however, that not a few of the men presented to President and Mrs. Lincoln at their levee on January 5, 1865, came up to the door of the Blue Room wearing such heavy, clumsy boots. They thought nothing of it. Neither did Mrs. Lincoln, and least of all the President. To Lincoln, clothes meant nothing—manhood, truth, honor, hard work meant everything.

As may be imagined, under the circumstances, I was nervous and anxious that night when, for the first time, I was called upon to guard the safety and life of Lincoln. Occasionally I glanced at the President, who stood but a few feet from me; but for practically every second of that entire evening I kept my eyes on one couple after another as they came forward, noting man after man and woman after woman, first seeing that their hands were in plain view, and that they held nothing unless it were a fan or a handkerchief; but even then being sure that no weapon of any kind was concealed beneath a fan or within a handkerchief. It so happened that only one person appeared, that evening, wearing a cloak. This was a woman who stepped forward with an assurance of manner proclaiming her to be accustomed to such levees. There was no hesitation about her manner, as was the case with most of those present, but as soon as I saw her I noticed that in addition to wearing a hat she also wore a long, loose sealskin coat, reaching almost to her ankles; and I knew that within such a garment it was possible to conceal almost an arsenal of weapons. When she reached the place where I was standing I stopped her and said:

"Madam, you cannot take those wraps in with you."

She was then within five feet of the President, and Marshal Lamman was ready to introduce her. She looked at me in surprise and said:

"Do you know who I am?"

I replied: "No, Madam, I do not."

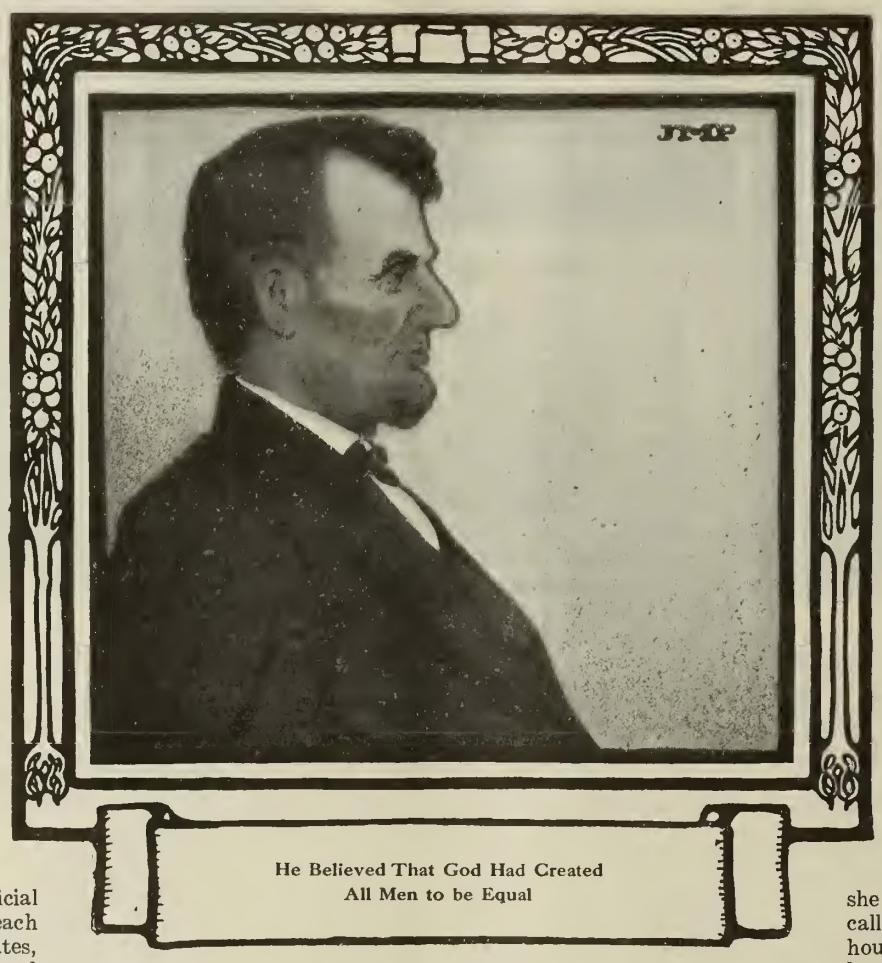
She said: "I am Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague."

I said: "I can't help it, Madam; whoever you are, you cannot come in and see the President with your wraps on."

For a moment she hesitated; but, of course, I stood in front of her, and then she turned and went back to the cloakroom, and when she reappeared it was without this sealskin coat, and I could see she carried nothing in her hands.

When the last of the several hundred people present had been introduced by Marshal Lamman, the President and Mrs. Lincoln quietly withdrew and went upstairs to their living-rooms. As he turned to go, the President told me to wait for him downstairs as he wished to visit the War Department. It was then after eleven o'clock and at about eleven-thirty, the guests having all departed from the White House, the President came downstairs again and I accompanied him through the basement of the White House and thence over to the War Department, where, as usual, he made his nightly call on Secretary Stanton to get the latest news from the front. Before long we returned to the White House and the President retired, I remaining on duty in the hallway outside of the room where he was sleeping, until relieved at eight o'clock in the morning.

Thus ended my first experience as bodyguard to Abraham Lincoln.



He Believed That God Had Created All Men to be Equal

A Typical Day

THE daily life of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln usually commenced at eight o'clock. Immediately upon dressing the President would go into the library, where he would sit in his favorite chair in the middle of the room and read a chapter or two in his Bible. I think I am safe in saying that this was President Lincoln's invariable custom—at least it was such during the time I was on duty with him. At about eight-thirty he would join Mrs. Lincoln and little Tad for breakfast in the small, unpretentious dining-room, where a plain but sufficiently hearty meal was served by two waiters, who were white men and who were paid personally by the President, who also paid the wages of his cook and his coachman and footman. There was little of formality about the meal, the President loving to joke with his wife and son, and for the time being laying aside his anxiety for the country. As soon as breakfast was over the President would go to his office and begin his ceaseless toil.

Mrs. Lincoln was not merely an excellent housekeeper but a practical one, and she busied herself about the White House—then called the Executive Mansion—much as any other housekeeper would busy herself about her private home. She would go from room to room, seeing that the work was satisfactorily done, looking after the innumerable small details, especially those which had to do with the comfort of her husband and her little son. Then, as a general thing, Mrs. Lincoln would attend to her personal correspondence in her own boudoir, where she had a desk. Afterward, like as not, she would go down to the old conservatory, long since removed, which was a favorite resort for her. She loved flowers and understood them and knew their needs; and she was able to give the one gardener exact directions as to what she wanted done and also how to do it.

Because of her love of flowers and her knowledge of plant life, the old conservatory during President Lincoln's time was a model of its kind.

If, at any time during the day, Mrs. Lincoln happened to think of something she wished to tell her husband, she did not hesitate to go into his office as she would have gone unhesitatingly into his law office in Springfield. For, first of all, Abraham Lincoln was her husband; she was his helper and comrade, and the fact that he was a world figure, occupied with some of the gravest problems that have ever confronted a man, did not overwhelm and blot out the fact that he was her husband. I do not wish to be misunderstood by any who might think that Mrs. Lincoln would intrude upon the President while he was deeply engaged in his office, for she was very careful never thus to interrupt any of the countless conferences with officials of the Government, or with representatives of

foreign Governments, or with humble citizens in private life who constantly called upon President Lincoln. She was careful, as became a woman of intelligence and common-sense, not to interfere; but when the President was not occupied with such matters she would come into his office and ask him a question about some matter of common interest, to find out if he had some engagement for that afternoon or evening, whether he could go to the theater or take a drive, or to speak with him about something or other that little Tad wished to do. Looking at their lives in this aspect it was all very beautiful and homelike.

A great many people have had the idea that Mrs. Lincoln did not realize at the time the gravity of her husband's position, and what an extraordinary influence he wielded in the world; and certainly many of them sometimes thought that she was not so solicitous for his comfort and his happiness as she might have been. But I wish to go on record as saying that during the time I was on duty Mrs. Lincoln looked after her husband's welfare with the utmost consideration. She was of a cheerful, lively temperament; she had a sense of humor that enabled her to appreciate the President's droll stories and homely wit; and certainly in this regard she aided him to ease what was an almost insupportable burden during the darkest days of the war. People have thought Mrs. Lincoln frivolous and thoughtless. She was not. She knew, for example, what the President liked to eat and what was good for him to eat, and she saw that he had it. When the weather was cold she made it her business to see that the President did not go outdoors unless he had about his shoulders a warm gray shawl to protect him.

Mr. Lincoln's Fondness for Apples

OF COURSE, there must be two sides to the life of any President—one, that of public life and affairs, concerning which the world knows more or less; on this side of his life Mrs. Lincoln did not attempt to exert an influence, such as history records on the part of many women in the courts of Europe during days gone by. Mr. Lincoln ate heartily, but not to excess, although he was particularly fond of certain things, especially apples, and Mrs. Lincoln always had a sufficiency of this fruit chosen carefully and ready at hand. The President never used tobacco, so far as I know, and I never knew him to drink wine or other alcoholic beverages, not even at the state dinners where, of course, wines were provided for those who wished them. I am quite sure that neither he nor Mrs. Lincoln worried about the possibility of assassination. Certainly, if Mrs. Lincoln was worried she did not show it, and the President exercised the calm philosophy of a stoic in this particular.

Mrs. Lincoln occasionally had old friends from Illinois and elsewhere visiting her in the White House, but there was very little of social gayety there as compared with that obtaining under later Administrations and under the Administrations of earlier Presidents, when, for instance, Dolly Madison entertained so brilliantly.

Again I remind my readers of the fact that, during Lincoln's Administration, the country was torn apart with the most terrible warfare; death was on every hand, the black badge of mourning was seen on every side, and those connected with the White House, where centered the entire nervous system of the nation, felt the strain of conflict, the grief and sorrow, so poignantly and so constantly that it is no wonder gayety and lightness of spirit were for the most part absent. Then again, the President's second son, Willie Lincoln, had died only two years before, and both President and Mrs. Lincoln unquestionably felt this loss while I was acting as Mr. Lincoln's bodyguard. Robert Lincoln, the eldest of the three sons, was a young man, a captain serving on Grant's staff, who came only occasionally to the White House.

During the latter part of the President's life, and long after his death, a great many persons held an entirely incorrect opinion concerning Mrs. Lincoln's character as it related to her family and her every-day routine. She was a woman of simple domestic inclinations; her mission in life lay in being the wife and mother that she unquestionably showed herself to be.

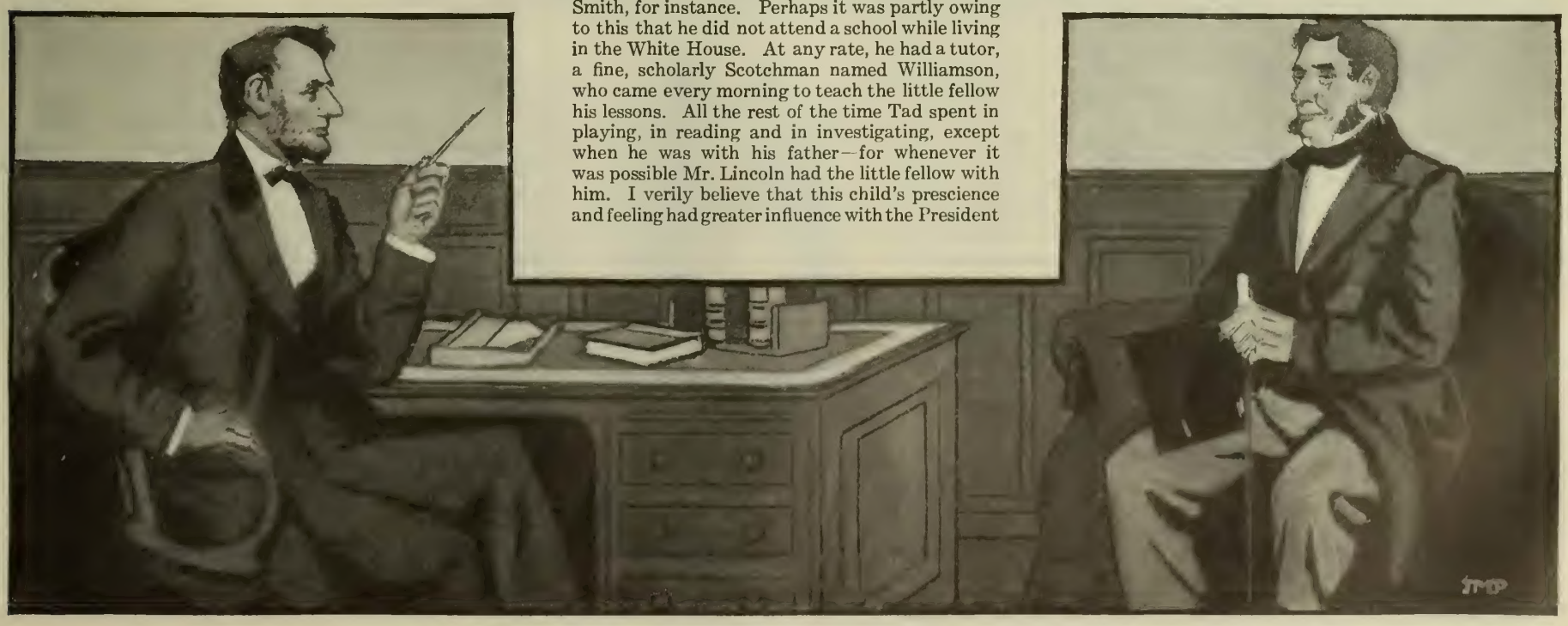
From some cause little Tad's speech was interfered with by an unusual impediment, which made it extremely difficult for him to pronounce certain words and really impossible to enunciate clearly a name like Smith, for instance. Perhaps it was partly owing to this that he did not attend a school while living in the White House. At any rate, he had a tutor, a fine, scholarly Scotchman named Williamson, who came every morning to teach the little fellow his lessons. All the rest of the time Tad spent in playing, in reading and in investigating, except when he was with his father—for whenever it was possible Mr. Lincoln had the little fellow with him. I verily believe that this child's prescience and feeling had greater influence with the President than the arguments of the entire Administration. Lincoln lived for one thing, and for one thing only: to help his countrymen as a whole regardless of section, North or South or East or West; to do what was right; to seek and follow the course that would be wisest, kindest, most helpful in the highest sense. Profoundly reverent himself, he accepted as literal fact the statement that the surest way to bring about the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, to bring about conditions of peace, and love, and sympathy between the great forces which had torn his own country apart, was for us all to believe in goodness and truth with the simple, unquestioning faith of the little child. Perhaps it was his logical carrying out of this reasoning that led him to gain renewed strength from constant association with his little son. Certain it is that Abraham Lincoln was wholly wrapped up in the boy.

As I remember him best, Tad was a bright lad of nine or ten years. To some he seemed to be unusually inquisitive; but as I now look back I think this was an inevitable result of his inherited intellect, as well as of his share of his father's strong character. Tad wanted to know all about everything. It didn't matter much what was the subject; to whatever his attention was called, on whatever his fancy alighted, to that he sprang eagerly and instantly, and he wanted to master it in every detail of being, cause and effect. Like the great President, Tad had a heart like a woman's. If he differed from other boys in any one thing, to a marked degree, it was in that fact. Tad Lincoln was never cruel to any living creature. It may have been this fundamental trait in his childish character that formed the basis of that wonderful bond of sympathy and understanding that certainly existed between his father and himself.

Little Tad's Team of Goats

I HOPE I am not giving the impression that Tad was a prig, or anything approaching it. Excepting for his tenderness of heart and his endowment with an extraordinary intellect, he differed in nowise from the average bright, energetic American lad. While he lived in the White House the military side of life was uppermost in every one's mind, of course, and naturally Tad was interested in soldiers. To be a soldier was the height of his ambition, and he had a regulation lieutenant's uniform, with epaulets and all the other accessories thereto, in which he often would dress up and strut around in high feather. Like all children he was very fond of private theatricals, and delighted in acting plays. A room in the White House was fitted up for him as a miniature theater, and there he spent many of the happiest hours of his life. As I look back over nearly half a century I can see him most plainly, and oftenest, seated in a little wagon, driving a pair of goats around the White House grounds. Sometimes the goats would

(Continued on Page 56)



Doctor Buller's Magic Oats

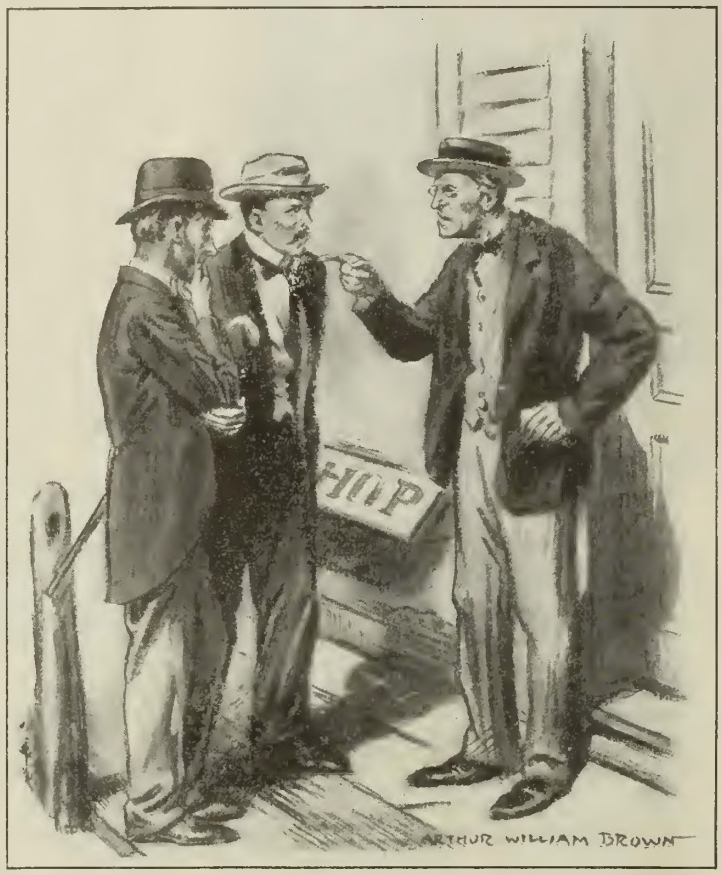
By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I

IT WAS Easter of the year 1889, in Tupperville as well as elsewhere in Christendom. Dr. Harold P. Buller stood in the doorway of his little office contentedly absorbing the Sabbath sunshine. The day was warm. The winter, indeed, had been unusually mild and dry. Already dust lay quite thick in Main Street, and across the plains one could mark the course of a public road, running along section lines, by the hazy dust-clouds that blew above it. Doctor Buller noticed, with amusement, that Charley Vance's newly-plowed oats field, half a mile south, seemed to be trying to stand on end.

The doctor just filled the doorway. He was not fat, but huge. He had laid aside the broad-brimmed hat and Prince Albert coat which he usually wore. His immense thumbs were comfortably tucked in the armholes of his white Sunday vest, and his mighty legs were as far apart as the doorway permitted. He was what is known as dish-faced—a defect which the short, coarse, neatly-trimmed brown beard only partly concealed—and he had a pair of large, dull gray eyes.



"They'll Lynch 'em; and They Ought to, by Jiminy!"

The office was as new and simple as the rest of Tupperville's architecture—a one-story frame structure containing the professional-room in front and a modest sleeping apartment at the rear. On the wall of the office proper, above the desk, hung a very large gilt-framed diploma certifying that Harold P. Buller was a graduate of the Tomlins School of Medicine and Surgery of the city of Baltimore. The body of the diploma was in Latin. When Doctor Buller felt morally certain that a patient knew no more of that tongue than he himself did he would read and translate the diploma with great unction, his pronunciation of the words and interpretation of them varying as his fancy of the moment might dictate. The doctor, in fact, had never in his life been east of Chicago, but had procured the diploma by the simple process of remitting fifty dollars, as suggested in the school's circular.

Other professional furniture consisted of a leather-covered operating chair; a large highly-colored chart showing the interior of a skinned gentleman of Grecian proportions; a plaster skull, and half a dozen suspiciously dusty medical works. The office contained also the doctor's library of general literature, but in that direction his taste was neither extensive nor frivolous. The books were: Crimes Committed by the Thugs of India, Horrors of the Inquisition Unveiled, History of the Bender Family, and The Borgias and Other Famous Poisoners.

Of late Doctor Buller had not been banking much on his profession. The plate-glass front window of the little office was decorated with long yellow stalks of grain and a neatly-lettered sign which read:

SAMPLE OF MIDNIGHT SUN OATS

GROWN ON LAND OF H. P. BULLER, 1 MILE NORTH OF TUPPERVILLE

From Seed Brought From Alaska by Pliny Leffingwell, Esq.

Yield 42½ bu. per acre. Guaranteed Price of Midnight Sun Oats This Year, $5 per bu. Will Grow in Any Climate, Regardless of Rain.

Reasons connected with the sign, rather than the diploma, made Doctor Buller regard his flat, treeless, bone-dry, homesteading, frontier world so complacently that Easter forenoon.

Pliny Leffingwell, Esquire, mysteriously possessed of the secret of Midnight Sun Oats and a strictly limited supply of the seed thereof, had appeared in Tupperville the year before. He and Doctor Buller soon became fast friends. As a scientific man, the doctor naturally took a deep interest in Pliny's cereal phenomenon and planted some of the seed on a plot of ground north of town. Nearly everybody had seen the grain—samples of which now hung in the office window—actually growing on the doctor's lot. Not only Doctor Buller and Mr. Leffingwell, but James A. Rose—who described himself as a banker, while others described him as a chattel-mortgage loan-shark—certified that the yield was forty-two and a half bushels to the acre. After harvest Doctor Buller had delivered a number of lectures at country schoolhouses, explaining in scientific terms why Midnight Sun Oats grew without moisture; why they yielded so bountifully; and why the culture of them was bound to spread like fire in stubble over the entire United States and Europe.

The great difficulty obviously would be to get enough seed oats to supply the tremendous demand which was sure to spring up as soon as the merits of the grain were generally understood. So the Midnight Sun Oats Company, selling the precious seed to Tupperville farmers at ten dollars a bushel, guaranteed to purchase at harvest at five dollars a bushel in cash all the oats the farmers could raise—which it could well afford to do since it would immediately sell the oats for seed in other localities at ten dollars a bushel.

Naturally there were skeptics, such as Judge Toller, who pointed out that Doctor Buller had seeded only a quarter of an acre with the oats and might have been out of nights refreshing the tiny field with a watering pot during the dry season. And if the Midnight Sun Oats Company was guaranteeing to pay five dollars a bushel, who, the Judge asked, was guaranteeing the company, which seemed to consist simply of Pliny Leffingwell and Doctor Buller?

But Pliny had an irresistible argument. He didn't ask anybody to pay him a cent in cash—possibly because he knew that nobody, to speak of, had a cent in cash. In return for the rare oats, at ten dollars a bushel, he took the farmer's note, payable after harvest. Thus the oats would not only pay for themselves, but yield a handsome profit. If there is any article whatever that cannot be sold to homesteaders for notes payable after harvest, that article had not then been discovered. During the winter and early spring Pliny had been very busy selling oats and taking notes payable October 1. It was hard work, not so much because farmers were reluctant to buy, as because in that new, dry, sparsely-settled country the ones whose notes were presumably good for anywhere from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars lived far apart.

Doctor Buller maintained a detached, scientific attitude while Pliny did the selling. He knew perfectly well, however, that the company had sold four thousand bushels of oats, which came to forty thousand dollars in notes. Also that the company had discounted every one of the notes at Mr. Rose's alleged bank. Of course, if the company itself held the notes at maturity, and a farmer's oats turned out badly, he might set up claim of fraud and so avoid paying. But with his note in the hands of a perfectly innocent purchaser—namely, Banker Rose—the farmer would have to pay, whether his oats turned out well or not.

Now, Banker Rose's regular rate of discount was three per cent a month. But as this was a large transaction he made a special rate for it—that is, he discounted the notes at five per cent a month, cutting them squarely in two, which, perhaps, indicates his own private opinion as to how much fraud there was in the transaction.

Thus the forty thousand dollars in notes yielded only twenty thousand dollars in cash. But whenever Pliny and the doctor discounted a note they did not leave the proceeds on deposit in Rose's bank. On the contrary, they drew the cash and carried it away with them. The whole twenty thousand dollars in currency now reposed in the stout little safe in the doctor's bedroom—which, perhaps, indicates his and Pliny's own private opinions as to the character of Mr. Rose's bank.

The nice little heap of greenbacks and gold coin in the small, stout safe was very present in Doctor Buller's mind as he stood in the doorway contentedly absorbing the sunshine; and he laughed good-naturedly as he observed that Charley Vance's oats field was drifting away, before a dry south wind, toward the land whence his precious seed oats were supposed to have come.

Some people were coming from church and dropping in to get their Sunday mail. Others were going for the mail without having been to church. Thus the little street, with its uneven plank sidewalk and straggling frame stores, presented at the moment a lively appearance.

From the neighborly group in front of the post-office four figures presently detached themselves, moving leisurely down the street toward the doctor's office. They were Pliny Leffingwell, Banker Rose, Judge Toller and Editor Bascomb, of the Tupperville Palladium.

"Fine day, gentlemen," said the doctor with good-natured dignity, as they came near.

"That's what you call it!" snapped, or snorted, Judge Toller, who derived his title from holding the office of

He Gave Vent Rapidly to a Series of Expressions That Were Highly Unsuitable to Easter

justice of the peace. He was a small, dry man of fifty, smooth shaven and swarthy, with sharp black eyes. He wore a brown glazed straw hat and black alpaca jacket, in the pocket of which reposed a large, official-looking letter just taken from the post-office.

"Devil of a day, I call it! Dry as a bone!" the judge declared, with a sort of wasplike belligerence, his black eyes snapping at the doctor—of about four times his bulk—as though he defied him to fight it out on the spot. "No rain for months, nor sign of any! What are these fool farmers going to raise?"

"Many will raise Midnight Sun Oats," replied Doctor Buller gravely.

"Rats!" said Judge Toller, with sententious derision.

"If they don't raise oats," Editor Baseomb put in pacifically, "we'll say: 'O-at's too bad!'" He smiled broadly under his drooping mustache and twinkled in cross-eyed anticipation, for he had thought of the pun several days before and carefully saved it up; but it fell flat.

Doctor Buller, ignoring alike the judge's doubt and the editor's diversion, turned to Leffingwell. "How are you today, Pliny? Feeling some better?" he inquired, with almost fatherly solicitude.

The discoverer of Midnight Sun Oats was a youngish man—hardly past thirty—and rather under average size. His head was shaped like a foreshortened egg, running off too quickly into a small, pointed chin. A scant, uncertain sort of mustache grew on his short upper lip, and when he smiled, which was often, he showed a set of uneven upper teeth and a rather startling expanse of red gum above them.

A slight shade seemed to pass over Mr. Leffingwell's face, and there was a barely perceptible hesitation in his answer. "Yes, I believe I am, Doc; I believe I am," he said and smiled, showing his gums.

Doctor Buller drew his legs together and elevated himself deliberately on the balls of his feet, while his large dull eyes rested in kindly solicitude on Pliny.

"You was threatened with encardosis of the heart," he said, in his deep and harsh voice; "I saw it before I'd known you a week. But, of course, I didn't want to offer any advice before you asked it. 'Tain't professional. Now that you've took it in plenty of time you're going to come out all right. What you want is to be careful about your diet and get plenty of outdoor air and exercise and stick to the tonic. It's bound to pull you through all right."

There seemed no particular reason for this little professional lecture, and the unpleasant subject somewhat disconcerted the group. Doctor Buller, however, stroked his beard thoughtfully and added: "Strychnine is one of the finest heart tonics we have."

To the unprofessional ears, apparently, the word had a somewhat disagreeable sound. Even the editor was temporarily at a loss.

"My dog didn't think so when somebody gave him a dose of it," Judge Toller snapped.

Doctor Buller laughed indulgently; but his laugh, like his voice, was unmusical. "Of course, you don't want to take too much of it," he said good-naturedly. "Pliny, here, gets about—just about one-hundredth of a grain."

That certainly was reassuring; yet Pliny's eyes were fixed upon the sidewalk. He laughed nervously, then absently raised his hand and felt of his throat as though there were a slight constriction inside.

Banker Rose had said nothing whatever. He was a lithe and spare man of forty, his fair face thickly peppered with freckles, his hair and beard light red and his eyes pale blue. Putting his slim hand to his close-cropped beard he regarded Pliny in a very thoughtful manner.

In a moment the judge, the banker and the editor strolled on toward their several Sunday dinners; but Pliny remained. Doctor Buller led the way into the office, closing the door after them, and seated himself ponderously in the stout wooden chair before the desk, while Pliny climbed into the operating chair. Clearing his throat, the younger man felt of the large diamond stud in his shirt-bosom.

"You see, I been thinkin', Doc," he began quite cheerfully—"I been thinkin' it's about time for us to cash in; seek pastures new, as the felleh says. With this awful dry weather and seed blowin' out of the ground about as fast as they put it in, some blame fool's bound to get nervous and want us to take back his oats and give him his note, and if he finds we've sold his note—well, I'd rather be hence, as the felleh says."

"Plenty of time, Pliny; plenty of time," the doctor replied serenely. "You've got anyhow a couple of weeks more to sell oats in. You ain't hardly worked those Dutch Creek fellows at all yet. I been talking with some of 'em. I know they're ripe. What's the use of throwing anything away?"

"I don't feel much like workin', Doc," Pliny replied. "I ain't up to it. I guess it's my state of health." He really brightened at that happy thought. "I want a change of climate. I want," he added more positively, "to clean up and get away. Life's uncertain, as the felleh says."

"That's very true, Pliny," replied the doctor philosophically; "life's uncertain. We're here today and gone tomorrow. Life," he added, under the impression that he was quoting Scripture, "is hay and the sparks fly up in it." He took the plaster skull from the top of the desk, compassing it with his large hands. "No man can tell what day he's going to get his'n." He suspected that the quotation hadn't ended just right and added, on safer ground, "I've seen 'em die before they knew it. Do you carry any life insurance, Pliny?"

In spite of the doctor's careful preparation the question made Pliny's nerves tingle. "No!" he answered shortly.

"In some ways it's a good thing to have," Doctor Buller observed casually, replacing the skull on the desk.

"No! I Won't Take it!" He Fairly Screamed

Pliny breathed easier, since the doctor was dropping the subject. "I never cared for it," he said. "The companies will do you out of your money if they can."

"Well, that's true; some of 'em will," Doctor Buller assented judicially. "Some of 'em won't leave a stone unturned to get out of paying—digging a man up after he's dead and holding post mortems and analyzing his insides and all that. I don't believe I'd care for any of it myself. When I'm planted," he added firmly, "I want to stay planted."

At this remark Mr. Leffingwell took a very deep breath, and a slight perspiration came out on his forehead.

"Go see the Dutch Creek fellows this week, Pliny," Doctor Buller continued kindly. "Get what you can out of 'em. There's no hurry. The money's all in there." He nodded toward the bedroom. "Go see the Dutch Creek fellows and be careful of your health, Pliny. Don't eat no fat meat, and stick to the tonic."

Pliny judged that it was useless to press his point further. But on his way over to the Hotel Tibbetts, where he lodged and boarded at seven dollars a week, he indulged bitter thoughts. "The old hog!" said the discoverer of Midnight Sun Oats to himself. "He don't mean to let me have my money! He thinks he's goin' to do me! Strychnine! Fine stuff to give a felleh, that is! Oh, yes! Goin' to do me, the old hog! But I'll do him! If he won't give me my half I'll take it all! I ain't afraid of him, either!"

So cogitating, he hastened up to his small, bare bedroom and took from the bureau of stained pine a pint flask two-thirds full of a whitish fluid. This was the tonic which Doctor Buller had prescribed for him. Picking up the flask, he involuntarily shuddered a little and he was about to throw it out of the window. But he reflected that Doctor Buller occasionally dropped in to see him, and he seemed to remember that on his last visit the good doctor had looked at the flask. So Pliny carefully measured out the teaspoonful which he had been directed to take thrice daily, and as carefully emptied it out of the window. Then he corked the flask and replaced it on the bureau.

The matter, however, was not so easily disposed of. The whitish fluid possessed a singular fascination. He couldn't keep from turning around to look at it, and he recalled the doctor's casual observation about troublesome insurance companies that sometimes dug a fellow up and analyzed his insides. He recalled, also, one of the books that he had noticed in the doctor's little library—the one entitled The Borgias and Other Famous Poisoners. This title, in fat gilt letters, sprawled across a grass-green cover. Beneath it was the brightly-colored picture of a young woman, wearing a diadem, with a vial in her outstretched hand, standing over the prostrate form of a young man in doublet and hose. Pliny had an indefinite notion that it was possible to poison a man with a time-fuse, so to speak, giving him stuff that wouldn't work for days or weeks after he had taken it. Abruptly he seemed to feel a strange, gnawing sensation inside him. Springing up he rushed to the kitchen and returned, two or three minutes later, bearing a quart pitcher full of lukewarm water and a handful of salt. Quickly stirring the salt into the water he quaffed the potion breathlessly. The result was perfectly satisfactory. Ten minutes later he was sitting weakly on the edge of his bed, quite pale and with bleared, watery eyes.

"A fine old hog!" he was thinking with bitter sarcasm; "a fine man to get mixed up with! But I'll do him! See if I don't! He's gotta pay for this!" The twenty thousand dollars might be considered as in the doctor's possession, since it lay in his safe. Yet both Pliny and himself had a key to the office and knew the combination to the safe. That was only fair, they being partners.

Meanwhile Judge Toller, Editor Baseomb and Banker Rose strolled down the street. The judge kept his hand on the large envelope in his coat pocket. As they turned the corner he burst out wrathfully:

"Oats! Bet my head it's a rotten swindle. Bet my head the stuff either won't grow at all or is no good if it does grow!" He seemed more especially to be challenging Mr. Rose; but the banker looked absently away at Charley Vance's drifting field.

"Rats! Grow when the ground's as dry as a bone!" Judge Toller snapped angrily again quite as though Mr. Rose had contradicted him.

Editor Baseomb, unable to think of a pun on the spur of the moment, observed: "But they ain't got any money and won't get any till after harvest. They took notes for the oats."

"And what I'm afraid of," retorted the judge, looking very pointedly at the banker, "is that they've gone and sold those notes to somebody who'll sue and collect as an innocent purchaser. That's what I'm afraid of."

Mr. Rose, this time, could not avoid Judge Toller's direct, challenging gaze; but his own pale eyes remained quite blank; his fair, freckled face was expressionless. He merely put his slim hand to his light-red beard thoughtfully.

"If they have," cried the judge, "and the thing's a swindle, they'll be lynched, by Jiminy! These bedeviled homesteaders won't stand it! They'll lynch 'em; and they ought to, by Jiminy!" With that statement, and a final belligerent look into the banker's impassive face, Judge Toller turned aside to the narrow stairway which led to his office and courtroom in the half-story above Martin's harness shop.

It was a violent speech, and Editor Baseomb—who owed Banker Rose a hundred and fifty dollars that there was no immediate prospect of paying—sought to soften it.

"The judge's kind of gloomy and nettled this morning," he observed amiably.

Mr. Rose, feeling some assurance of the editor's discretion because of the hundred and fifty, replied firmly: "If a farmer was fool enough to sign a note for oats that ain't any good, and an innocent purchaser holds the note, he's got to pay it. That's the law, plain as day. Judge Toller can't fool me on the law."

Nevertheless, in his unimpeachable character of innocent purchaser he was far from happy. In fact, he had got into this Midnight Sun Oats mess much more extensively than he had really meant to. At first, the heavy discount had proved an irresistible temptation; and it is a well-known fact that when a man once yields to temptation he places himself, so to speak, on a slippery down-grade. What with his appetite for discount and Pliny's wheedling and Doctor Buller's bluffing he had slid on and on with increasing momentum until nearly all his capital was invested in Midnight Sun notes. He foresaw that there was likely to be a tremendous row before those notes were collected. Judge Toller's friendly suggestion of a lynching caused an unpleasant prickling sensation at the base of his skull.

Walking homeward he felt bitterly that the partners had taken a base advantage of him and were leading him to ruin. He knew that any appeal to them would be vain and he shrank from appealing to anybody else. As a matter of fact, he had a very wholesome respect for Doctor Buller, by no means putting it beyond him to wring a virtuous banker's neck.

But he saw a certain ray of hope. The events of the morning had turned his mind, like Pliny Leffingwell's, in the unaccustomed direction of literature. He was thinking, in fact, of a book possessed by his brother-in-law with whom he lived. Entering the house, he found the book in its usual place on the lowest shelf of the what-not in the parlor. Taking it in both hands, for it was of the bulk of an unabridged dictionary, he carried it up to his room and carefully shut the door.

The thick volume's dull brown cover bore the title Old Doctor Gummer's Complete Family Guide to Medicine. Consulting the index, Mr. Rose turned to the chapter on Poisons. Finding the subhead Strychnine, he began resolutely to read.

It was an unusual exercise for him and he was not expert at it. He followed the words slowly along the line with a slim forefinger and moved his lips as though he were pronouncing them.

He knew that the partners possessed twenty thousand dollars in cash and felt certain that the money lay in the safe in the doctor's bedroom.

As to who would inherit Pliny's share, in case anything happened to Pliny, there was no doubt whatever in his mind; and as he read on it seemed to him that the chances of something happening to Pliny were excellent. A moral responsibility on his part in that connection never occurred to him. He regarded it simply as Pliny's own private affair.

But if anything did happen to Pliny, his own prospects would be improved by having only one enemy to deal with instead of two. That one, undoubtedly, was very formidable; but that some of the victims of Midnight Sun Oats might take the law into their own hands, Mr. Rose considered rather likely. For example, there was Old Bill Thompson. Upon him the banker's thoughts rested with satisfaction. Bill was a passionate man, especially when in liquor. Only a fortnight before he had chased the butcher a mile with his own meat-axe merely because the butcher, in a mistaken spirit of pleasantry, had put raw sausage in Bill's fine-cut pouch. Bill had bought twenty-five bushels of Midnight Sun Oats, giving his note for two hundred and fifty dollars. He would certainly be exasperated against Doctor Buller if he happened to learn that he had been swindled.

Mr. Rose's chief wish was simply to get out of the mess with a whole hide and pocketbook. Yet it occurred to him that if anything should happen to Pliny, and then something should happen to Doctor Buller, there would be twenty thousand dollars in cash in the doctor's safe of the existence of which nobody but himself would have any knowledge. Under those circumstances it might turn out that he would become the residuary legatee, so to speak, of the cash, and if he possessed both the cash and the notes he could look forward to the autumn without misgivings. So reflecting, Mr. Rose ventured to take a somewhat more hopeful view of his position.

Still another mind, about the same time, found occupation of a literary sort. Judge Toller, entering his modest office and seating himself at the pine table, drew the large envelope from his coat pocket and swiftly broke the seal. The inclosed sheet was typewritten and bore the neat blue letterhead of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

"Bet Yer Life We'll Have a Reception Committee All Ready and Waiting for Him"

It acknowledged receipt of Mr. Toller's letter and sample of grain. The grain, it said, was practically worthless, and the claims which Mr. Toller reported as having been made in its behalf were utterly preposterous.

Judge Toller gave the impression of an impulsive man. His manner was sudden and waspish. But, in fact, his passions were controlled by the deliberative faculty. Upon reading his letter, for example, his black eyes snapped and sparkled with wrath. He struck the table with his fist, gritted his teeth together, and gave vent rapidly to a series of expressions that were highly unsuitable to Easter. Then the judge settled down to study the situation intelligently.

After dinner he tramped a dusty half-mile across the dry plain to Charley Vance's. The Vance family occupied a long, low sod house—the walls, that is, were constructed by piling tough sods, a foot and a half across, one on top of another. Fierce summer suns had already warped the rough board roof, so that it would have leaked if rain had ever fallen. The stable, at the rear, consisted of rude posts supporting a roof of straw, while thick breastworks of sod partially excluded the winter snow.

Of the six willow saplings which Mrs. Vance had tenderly planted in the bare dooryard, all but one had yielded up the ghost, and now stood as mere dry sticks, like melancholy little corpses. The sole survivor gave but feeble signs of life.

Charley sat on a bench beside the front, and only, door. He was a large, fair man, with a thick red beard that curled tightly. He wore a calico shirt and overalls and one suspender. His neck and hands were tanned a brick-red. His large bare feet looked impervious to anything less formidable than harrow teeth or mower blades. He was not thinking very much, for that was not among his faults. He was simply contemplating the steady northward drift of his oats field and the bright, perfectly cloudless sky. In a poet that clear sky might have evoked many beautiful thoughts. In Charley it evoked merely a dumb, patient sort of wonder that a fellow with a wife and seven children to feed, and always ready to work like a horse, couldn't get even a sign of rain.

The youngest and next to the eldest of the seven were in the house, the latter holding the former on her lap as she wiped the dinner dishes. The next-to-youngest sat under the bench driving a horse made of a corncob with four sticks for legs. As Judge Toller approached, he peered out with bright, nervous eyes like an apprehensive woodchuck.

Charley rose hospitably and gave the judge a thick, hard hand. They passed the time of day and presently, as a matter of course, began talking about crop prospects.

Charley dubiously surveyed his dusty acres. "If we don't get some rain pretty soon, Judge," he said in his mild, troubled way, "I reckon them newfangled oats is about all I'll raise this year." He turned to his caller with the candor of a large, perplexed infant, and added: "I'll be ding-swizzled if I know how I'm goin' to make ends meet, either; I'll be ding-swizzled if I do. You see," he explained patiently, plucking his curly beard, "I'm owin' some here and there. Seems to mount up, the debts does. Me and mother's been figurin' it over. Of course, them oats is goin' to help out powerful. Still we'll be ding-swizzled if we can see how we're goin' to come out."

Judge Toller hesitated a moment. He was really loth to raise a doubt concerning the one powerful help. Then he suggested gently: "You think the oats will turn out all right, Charley?"

"Oh, they guaranteed 'em!" Charley replied, with perfect confidence. "Of course"—he looked across at the bone-dry field with a touch of bewilderment—"it don't seem like anything could grow with the ground that there way. But then," he added modestly, "I ain't no scientific man."

"Suppose the oats shouldn't grow," Judge Toller suggested. "How would you stand then?"

"Well, sir," Charley replied judicially, "I'd sure be mighty disappointed."

"You gave your note for them, didn't you?" the judge inquired.

"So far's the note's concerned," said Charley deliberately; "So far's that note's concerned—you see, she stands just this way." He bored his right forefinger into his tough left palm, as his habit was when grappling with an intricate problem. "I took twenty-five bushels of oats off'n them fellers and give 'em my note for two hundred and fifty dollars, and they give me a written guarantee that them oats would grow and that they'd buy 'em back off'n me at five dollars a bushel. So, says I when I signed up, says I to myself, I says: 'She's just as broad as she is long whichever way you take it. If them oats grow I git my five a bushel and pay the note. If them oats don't grow,' says I, 'they're owin' me on the guarantee as much as I'm owin' them, so I don't have to pay the note,' I says. In that case all I lose is my work; and I'll be ding-swizzled, Judge, when a feller's been homesteadin' here three years he gits so used to losin' his work that it comes natural as eatin' to him."

"But suppose," Judge Toller ventured further, "that those fellows sold your note to somebody, so you'd have to pay it anyhow, and that you don't raise any oats. How would you stand then?"

Charley scratched his head in amazement over the new problem. "Why, I reckon, Judge," he replied, "I reckon that would plumb bust me. Yes, sir, I'll be ding-swizzled if it wouldn't plumb clean me out. But say, Judge, them fellers couldn't do that, could they?"

The judge had not the heart to answer the question. "You know a good many other men that bought oats?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, lots of 'em did," Charley affirmed. "Why, say! My father-in-law, Old Bill Thompson, bought twenty-five bushels, same as I did!"

He brightened visibly at this recollection, in which he seemed to find reason for reassurance.

"You know Bill, Judge! If them oats didn't grow, and them fellers tried to collect that note, Old Bill'd plumb gut 'em, sure! Yes, sir, he'd plumb gut 'em!"

Charley seemed to regard that as a sufficient guarantee of good behavior on the part of the Midnight Sun Oats Company. But without doubting Bill's capability in the line mentioned, Judge Toller mentally passed him by. He was seeking oats-purchasers of steadier temper. By comparing notes with Charley he presently made up a list of such men.

II

EDITOR BASCOMB nervously swallowed his Adam's apple. One of his cross eyes was fixed apprehensively upon Judge Toller, while the other dejectedly surveyed the meager plant of the Tupperville Palladium.

That journal occupied a simple, unplastered frame structure which had been built for an agricultural implement warehouse. A Washington hand press to print the newspaper on, a foot-power press for job work and two compositor's cases comprised the outfit—which looked lonesome in a space much too large for it. The editorial desk stood near the door, for the editor was also business manager, advertising solicitor and circulation department. Judge Toller, in his customary black alpaca jacket and brown glazed straw hat, sat at the end of the desk holding

a literary composition for which, like all authors, he craved type and printer's ink. The judge's composition ran as follows:

RANK SWINDLE ON FARMERS

MIDNIGHT SUN OATS ARE A FRAUD. LETTER FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AT WASHINGTON SAYS THEY ARE NO GOOD.

(Here followed a copy of the letter.)

Every Farmer Who Has Signed a Note for Midnight Sun Oats is Urged to Attend a Mass-Meeting Which Will be Held in the Opera House at Tupperville at Two o' Clock Saturday Afternoon

The names of eight well-known farmers, who styled themselves Protective Committee, were appended.

As an author Judge Toller was modest. He proposed to publish the composition at his own expense in the form of handbills. But he stipulated that Editor Bascomb should keep the matter a profound secret, even setting up and striking off the bills with his own hand—as Sandy Maters, the compositor, pressman, janitor and reporter of the Palladium, was given to drink and loquacity.

Now Editor Bascomb couldn't afford to offend Judge Toller and the farmers whose interests the judge represented. As a matter of fact, to offend anybody whomsoever was a luxury beyond his means. He suspected that Banker Rose held the notes which had been given for Midnight Sun Oats. The banker would know that the handbills had been printed at the Palladium's shop, and he might take it ill that the editor had not given him friendly forewarning of what was coming. He held a judgment note against Mr. Bascomb for one hundred and fifty dollars, which was one hundred and forty-seven dollars more than the editor's entire cash resources. Therefore, while an ocular infirmity enabled Mr. Bascomb to look in two directions at once, he could see nothing but trouble.

This happened on Wednesday. Early that day Pliny Leffingwell started for the Dutch Creek neighborhood, as Doctor Buller had insisted that he should, in order to sell a few more lots of Midnight Sun Oats before the campaign closed. This neighborhood lay about twelve miles north of Tupperville; but Pliny never even drew rein there. He drove to the hamlet of Ora a mere flag station on the O. D & W. Railway, twenty-six miles north of Tupperville.

Ora was in the edge of the cattle country, periodic shipments of cattle being its only particular reason for existence. , Pliny had been there before and remembered the station agent well. Also, the station agent remembered him, being a naturally sociable man with a lonesome job. With an air both confident and jocular, therefore, Pliny produced the telegram he had prepared the night before.

"You see," he explained to the agent, "Doc Buller's a great josher. He's put up some pretty good ones on us fellehs down there to Tupperville this winter. So the other night we sort of got our heads together, as the felleh says, and figured out how we could get even with him."

The station agent himself dearly loved a joke and regarded himself as a humorist. In happier days, when he "lived in God's country, where there's real folks"—namely, in Arkansas—he had taken a leading part in inventing "side degrees" for his lodge. The chief feature of the "side degrees" was to make a candidate stoop over and then hit him violently with a board, or to blindfold him and cause him to fall into a tub of water, or to tie him hand and foot in a dark room and sick a savage but muzzled dog on him. In his present forlorn condition his principal pleasure in life was derived from relating these triumphs of humor to an occasional loafing brakeman or cowboy.

Holding Pliny's telegram in a pudgy and unwashed hand the spirit of the jest penetrated the agent's sympathetic vitals. He slapped his fat knee and opened his mouth so wide that the lower lip appeared beneath his huge red mustache. The message read:

Have broke my hip by being thrown from horse. Seem to be internal injuries. Come immediately, ready to operate. Fee, five hundred dollars cash if you get here by midnight. PATRICK KELLEY.

Pat Kelley was a cattle king, famed throughout the region. But the point of the joke lay in the fact that his ranch was nineteen miles north of Ora, which made it forty-five miles from Tupperville, and the going, the last half of the journey, was none too good.

"You see," said Pliny, as one lodge-member to another, "you send it off at four o'clock prompt, so's it will get to Doc along about half-past four, or maybe five, the roundabout way it has to go. You can bet he'll start at the drop of the hat, for it won't give him any too much time to make Kelley's ranch by midnight. We sort of figure, as the felleh says, that old Doc's team'll be pretty well used up when he gets there, and he'll have to look up another before he can come back. So probably he'll come stringing into Tupperville 'long about noon Friday. Bet yer life we'll have a reception committee all ready and waiting for him. Wish't you could be there and see the fun."

The more the station agent thought of the length of the journey and the badness of the roads beyond Ora the funnier the telegram seemed. "Gosh!" he gasped in a spasm of mirth, "suppose it'd rain like thunder that night! Probably Pat's dogs'll run him off the place anyhow! Somebody might take a shot at him!" The agent doubled over and with a grimy knuckle wiped the water from his eyes.

Pliny clapped him affectionately on the back. "Wish't you could come over and see the wind-up, old man," he declared heartily. "But, anyhow, if you can't see our fun you can have some of our beer. I told the fellehs I knowed you was a sport, and they says: 'All right, if he is he comes in on this as far,' they says, 'as possible.' So just keep the change." Saying this, Pliny jovially thrust a five-dollar bill into the agent's hand. The change, as the agent rapidly calculated, would come to at least three cases of bottled beer—for which his affection was quite as great as for humor.

"Gosh! You Tupperville fellers do live some!" he exclaimed, between joy and regret.

(Continued on Page 40)

THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXI

ONE Wednesday afternoon, as Dink was lolling gorgeously on his window-seat, sniffing the alert air and waiting for the moment to go skipping over to the Varsity field for the game with a visiting school, a voice from below hailed him:

"Oh, you Rinky Dink!"

Stover languidly extended his head and beheld Tough McCarty.

"Hello there, Dink."

"Hello yourself."

"Come over to the Woodhull and meet my family."

"What!" said Dink in consternation.

"They're over for the game. Hurry up now and help me out!"

Dink tried frantically to call him back, but Tough, as though to shut off a refusal, disappeared around the house. Dink returned to the room in a rage.

"What's the matter?" said the Tennessee Shad.

"I've got to go over and meet a lot of women," said Dink in disgust. "Confound Tough McCarty! That's a rotten trick to play on me. I'll wring his neck!"

"Go on, now; make yourself beautiful!" said the Tennessee Shad, delighted. "Remember, the whole school will be watching you."

"Shut up!" said Dink savagely, making the Grand Toilet, which consisted in putting on a high collar, exchanging his belt for a pair of suspenders and donning a pair of patent-leathers. "The place for women is at home! It's an outrage!"

He tied his necktie with a vicious lunge, ran the comb once through the tangled hair, glanced at his hands, decided that they would pass muster, slapped on his hat and went out, kicking the door open.

At the Woodhull, Tough hailed him from his window. Dink went up, bored and rebellious. The door opened, he found himself in Tough McCarty's room in the vortex of a crowd of fellow-sufferers. Over by the window-seat two fluffy figures, with skirts and hats on, were seated. He shook hands with both: one was Mrs. McCarty, the other was the daughter, he wasn't quite sure which. He said something about the delight which the meeting afforded him, and, gravitating into a corner, fell upon Butsey White, with whom he gravely shook hands.

"Isn't this awful?" said Butsey in a confidential whisper.

"Frightful!"

"What the deuce's got into Tough?"

"It's a rotten trick!"

"Let's hook it."

"All right. Slide toward the door."

"Nothing in Your Career Has Indicated to Me Your Fitness for Such a Place of Responsibility"

But at this moment, when deliverance seemed near, Tough bore down and, taking Stover by the arm, drew him aside.

"I say, stick by me on this, old man," he said desperately. "Take 'em to the game with me, will you?"

"To the game!" cried Dink in horror. "Oh, Tough, come now, I say, I'm no fusser. I'm tongue-tied and pigeon-toed. Oh, I say, old man, do get some one else!"

But as Tough McCarty kept a firm grip on the lapel of his coat Dink suddenly found himself, with the departure of the other guests, a helpless captive. The first painful scraps of conversation passed in a blur. Before he knew it he was crossing the campus, actually walking, in full view of the school, at the side of Miss McCarty.

Her unconsciousness was paralyzing, perfectly paralyzing! Dink, struggling for a word in the vast desert of his brain, was overwhelmed with the ease with which his companion ran on. He stole a glance under the floating azure veil and decided, from the way the brilliant blue parasol swung from her hand, that she must be a woman of the world—thirty, at least.

He extracted his hands precipitately from the trousers pockets in which they had been plunged, and buttoned the last button of his coat. Somehow, his hands seemed to wander all over his anatomy, like jibs that had broken loose. He tried to clasp them behind his back, like the Doctor, or to insert one between the first and second buttons of his coat, like the great Corsican, according to his history. He found relief by slipping them, English fashion, into his coat pockets; but at the thought of being detected thus by the Tennessee Shad he withdrew them as though he had struck a hornet's nest.

The school, meanwhile, had gamboled past, all snickering, of course, at his predicament. In this state of utter misery he arrived at last at the field, where, to his amazement, quite a group of Fifth-Formers came up and surrounded Miss McCarty, chatting in the most bewildering manner. Dink seized the opportunity to drop back, draw a long sigh, reach madly behind for his necktie, which had climbed perilously near the edge of his collar, and shoot back his cuffs. He saw the Tennessee Shad and Dennis de Brian de Boru grinning at him from the crowd, and showed them his fist with a threatening gesture.

Then the game began and he was seated by Miss McCarty, unutterably relieved that the tension of the contest had diverted the entire attention of the school from his particular sufferings.

The excitement of the play for the first time gave him an opportunity to study his companion. His first estimate was undoubtedly correct—she was plainly a woman of the world. No one else could sit at such perfect ease, the cynosure of so many eyes. Her dress was some wonderful creation, from Paris, no doubt, that rustled with an alluring sound and gave forth a pleasant perfume.

The more he looked the more his eye approved. She was quite unusual quite. She had style a very impressive style. He had never before remembered any one who held herself quite so well, or whose head carried itself so regally. There was something Spanish, too, about her black hair and eyes and the flush of red in her cheeks.

Having perceived all this Dink began to recover from his panic and, with a desire to wipe out his past awkwardness,

began busily to search for some subject with which gracefully to open up the conversation.

At this moment his eye fell upon his boot carelessly displayed and, to his horror, beheld there a gaping crack. This discovery drove all desire for conversation at once out of his head. By a covert movement he drew the offending shoe up under the shadow of the other.

"You hate this, don't you?" said a laughing voice.

He turned, blushing, to find Miss McCarty's dark eyes dancing with amusement.

"Oh, now, I say, really ——" he began.

"Of course you loathe being dragged out this way," she said, cutting in. "Confess!"

Dink began to laugh guiltily.

"That's better," said Miss McCarty approvingly. "Now we shall get on better."

"How did you know?" said Dink, immensely mystified.

Miss McCarty wisely withheld this information, and before he knew it Dink was in the midst of a conversation, all his embarrassment forgotten. The game ended—it had never been really important—and Dink found himself, actually to his regret, moving toward the Lodge.

There, as he was saying good-by with a Chesterfieldian air, Tough plucked him by the sleeve.

"I say, Dink, old man," he said doubtfully, "I'd like you to come over and grub with us. But I don't want to haul you over, you know ——"

"My dear boy, I should love to!" said Dink, squeezing his arm eagerly.

"Honest?"

"Straight goods!"

"Bully for you!"

He had three-quarters of an hour to dress before dinner. He went to his room at a gallop, upsetting Beekstein and Gumbo on his volcanic way upward. Then for half an hour the Kennedy was thrown into a turmoil as the half-clothed figure of Dink Stover flitted from room to room, burrowed into closets, ransacked bureaus and departed, bearing off the choicest articles of wearing apparel. Meanwhile, the corridors resounded with such unintelligible cries as these:

"Who's got a Gladstone collar, fourteen and a half?"

"Darn you, Dink; bring back my pants!"

"Who swiped my blue coat?"

"Who's been pulling my things to pieces?"

"Hi there, bring back my shoes!"

"Dinged if he hasn't gone off with my cuff buttons!"

"Oh, you robber!"

"Body-snatcher!"

"Dink, the fusser!"

"Who'd have believed it!"

Meanwhile, Dink, returning to his room laden with the spoils of the house, proceeded to adorn himself on the principle of selection, discarding the Gutter Pup's trousers for the gala breeches of the Tennessee Shad, donning the braided cutaway of Lovely Mead's in preference to an affair of Slush Randolph's which was too tight in the chest.

The Tennessee Shad, the Gutter Pup and Dennis de Brian de Boru watched the proceedings, brownie fashion, across the transom, volunteering advice.

"Why, look at Dink wash!"

"It's a regular annual, isn't it?"

"Look out for my pants!"

"I say, Dink, your theory's wrong. You want to begin by parting your hair—soak it into place, you know."

Stover, struck by this expert advice, approached the mirror and seized his comb and brush with determination. But the liberties of a rebellious people, unmolested for sixteen years, were not to be suddenly abolished. The more he brushed the more the indignant locks rose up in revolt. He broke the comb and threw it down angrily.

"Wet your hair," said the Tennessee Shad.

"Soak it in water," said the Gutter Pup.

"Soak it in witch-hazel," said Dennis. "It will make it more fragrant."

Dink hesitated:

"Won't it smell too much?"

"Naw. It evaporates."

Stover seized the bottle and inundated his head, made an exact part in the middle and drew the sides back in the fashion of pigeon wings.

"Now clap on a dicer," said the Gutter Pup approvingly, "and she'll come up and feed from your hand."

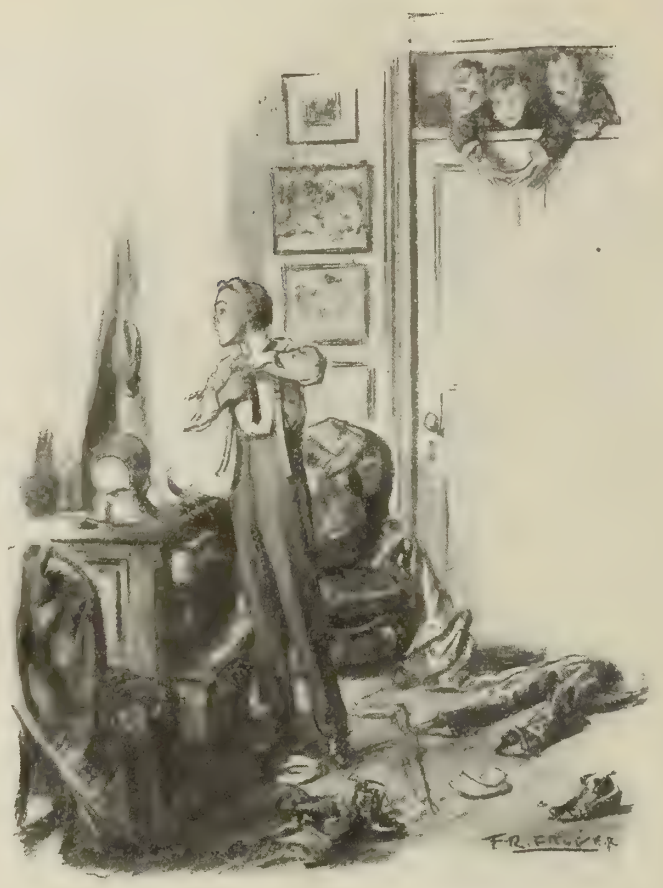
"Are you really in love?" said Dennis softly.

Stover, ignoring all comments, tied a satin four-in-hand with forget-me-not embossings, which had struck his fancy in Fatty Harris' room, and inserted a stickpin of Finnegan's.

"You ought to have a colored handkerchief to stick in your breast-pocket," said the Gutter Pup, who began to yield to the excitement.

"Up his sleeve is more English, don't you know?" said Dennis.

Stover stood brazenly before the mirror, looking himself over. The scrubbing he had inflicted on his face had left



"Are You Really in Love?" Said Dennis Softly

red, shining spots in prominent places, while his hair, slicked back and plastered down, gave him somewhat the look of an Italian barber on a Sunday off. He felt the general glistening effect without, in his innocence, knowing the remedy.

"Dink, you are bee-oo-tiful!" said Dennis.

"Be careful how you sit down," said the Tennessee Shad, thinking of the trousers.

"How are the shoes?" asked the Gutter Pup solicitously.

"Tight as the mischief," said Dink, with a wry face.

"Walk on your heels."

Stover, with a last deprecating glance, opened the door and departed, amid cheers from the contributing committee.

When he arrived at the Lodge the dusky waitress who opened the door started back, as he dropped his hat, and sniffed the air. He went into the parlor, spoiling his carefully planned entrance by tripping over the rug.

"Heavens!" said Tough; "what a smell of witch-hazel! Why, it's Dink. What have you been doing?"

Stover felt the temperature rising to boiling.

"We had a bit of a shindy," he said desperately, trying to give it a tragic accent, "and I bumped my head."

"Well, you look like a skinned rat," said Tough, to put him thoroughly at his ease.

The angel, however, came to his rescue with solicitous inquiries and with such a heavenly look that Stover only regretted that he could not appear completely done up in bandages.

They went in to dinner, where Dink was so overwhelmed by the vision of Miss McCarty in all her transcendent charms that he was barely able to swallow his food without mishap.

Afterward, Tough and his mother went over to Foundation House for a visit with the Doctor, and Dink found himself, actually alone, escorting Miss McCarty about the grounds in the favoring dusk of the fast-closing twilight.

"Let's go toward the Green House," she said. "Will you take my cloak?"

The cloak settled the perplexing question of the hands. He wondered uneasily why she chose that particular direction.

"Are you sure you want to go there?" he said.

"Quite," she said. "I want to see the exact spot where the historic fight took place."

Stover moved uneasily.

"Dear me, what's the matter?"

"I never go there. I hate the place."

"Why?"

"I was miserable there," said Dink abruptly. "Hasn't Tough told you about it?"

"Tell me yourself," said the angelic voice.

Stover felt on the instant the most overpowering desire to confide his whole life's history, and, being under the influence of genuine emotion as well as aided by the obliterating hour, he began straightforward to relate the story of his months of Coventry in tense, direct sentences, without pausing to calculate either their vividness or their effect. Once started, he withheld nothing, neither the agony of his pride nor the utter hopelessness of that isolation. Once or twice he hesitated, blurting out:

"I say, does this bore you?"

And each time she answered quickly:

"No, no—go on."

They went back in the fallen night to the campus, and there he pointed out the spot where he had stood and listened to the singing on the Esplanade and made up his mind to return.

All at once his story came to an end and he perceived, to his utter confusion, that he had been pouring out his heart to some one whose face he couldn't see, some one who was probably smiling at his impetuous confidence, some one whom he had met only a few hours before.

"Oh, I say," he said in horror, "you must think me an awful fool to go on like this."

"No."

"You made me tell you, you know," he said miserably, wondering what she could think of him. "I never talked like this before—to any one. I don't know what made me confide in you."

This was untrue, for he knew perfectly well what had led him to speak. So did she, and, knowing full well what was working in the tense, awkward boy beside her, she had no feeling of offense, being at an age when such tributes, when genuine, are valued, not scorned.

"I can just feel how you felt—poor boy!" she said, perhaps not entirely innocent of the effect of her words. "But then, you have won out, haven't you?"

"I suppose I have," said Stover, almost suffocated by the gentleness of her voice.

"Charlie's told me all about the rest," she said. "Every one looks up to you now—it's quite a romance, isn't it?" He was delighted that she saw it thus, secretly wondering if she really knew every point that could be urged in his favor.

"I suppose I'll kick myself all over the lot tomorrow," he said, choosing to be lugubrious.

"Why?" she said, stopping in surprise.

"For talking as I've done."

"You don't regret it?" she said softly, laying her hand on his arm.

Stover drew a long breath—a difficult one.

"No; you bet I don't," he said abruptly. "I'd tell you anything!"

"Come," she said, smiling to herself, "we must go back—but it's so fascinating here, isn't it?"

He thought he had offended her and was in a panic.

"I say, you did not understand what I meant."

"Oh, yes, I did."

"You're not offended?"

"Not at all."

This answer left Stover in such a state of bewilderment that all speech expired. What did she mean by that? Did she really understand or not?

They walked a little way in silence, watching the lights that fell in long lines across the campus, hearing through the soft night the tinkling of mandolins and the thrumming of guitars, a vibrant, feverish life that suddenly seemed unreal to him. They were fast approaching the Lodge.

A sudden fear came to him that she would go without understanding what the one, the only, night had been in his life.

"I say, Miss McCarty," he began desperately.

"Yes."

"I wish I could tell you ——"

"What?"

"I wish I could tell you just what a privilege it's been to meet you."

"Oh, that's very nice."

He felt he had failed. He had not expressed himself well. She did not understand.

"I shall never forget it," he said, plunging ahead.

She stopped a little guiltily and looked at him.

"You queer boy," she said, too pleasantly moved to be severe. "You queer, romantic boy! Why, of course you're going to visit us this summer, and we're going to be good chums, aren't we?"

He did not answer.

"Aren't we?" she repeated, amused at a situation that was not entirely strange.

"No!" he said abruptly, amazed at his own audacity; and with an impulse that he had not suspected he closed the conversation and led the way to the Lodge.

When at last he and Tough were homeward-bound he felt he should die if he did not then and there learn certain things. So he began, with Machiavellian adroitness:

"I say, Tough, what a splendid mother you've got! I didn't get half a chance to talk to her. I say, how long will she be here?"

"They're going over to Princeton first thing in the morning," said Tough, who was secretly relieved.

A button on the borrowed vest popped with Stover's emotion.

"How did you get on with Sis?"

"First-rate. She's she's awful sensible," said Dink.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"I say," said Dink, seeing that he made no progress, "she's been all around had lots of experience, hasn't she?"

"Oh, she's bounded about a bit."

"Still, she doesn't seem much older than you," said Dink craftily.

"Sis—oh, she's a bit older."

"About twenty-two, I should say," said Dink hopefully.

"Twenty-four, my boy," said Tough unfeelingly. "But I say, don't give it away; she'd bite and scratch me all over the map for telling."

Stover left him without daring to ask any more questions he knew what he wanted to know. He could not go to his room, he could not face the Tennessee Shad, possessor of the trousers. He wanted to be alone—to wander over the unseen earth, to gulp in the gentle air in long, feverish breaths, to think over what she had said, to grow hot and cold at the thought of his daring, to reconstruct the world of yesterday and organize the new.

He went back of the chapel and sat down on the cool steps, under the impenetrable clouds of the night.

"She's twenty-four, only twenty-four," he said to himself. "I'm sixteen, almost seventeen—that's only seven years' difference."

XXII

WHEN Stover awoke the next morning it was to the light of the commonplace day. He thought of the events of the night before and sprang up in horror. What had he been thinking of? He had made an ass of himself, a complete, egregious ass. What had possessed him? He looked at himself in the glass and his heart sank at the thought of what she must be thinking. He was glad she was going. He did not want to see her again. He would never visit Tough McCarty. Thank Heaven, it was daylight again and he had recovered his senses!

Indignant at every one, himself most of all, he went to chapel and to recitations, profoundly thankful that he would not have to face her in the mocking light of day. That he never could have done—never, never!

As he left second recitation Tough McCarty joined him.

"I say, Dink, they both wanted to be remembered to you, and here's a note from Sis."

"A note?"

"Here it is."

Stover stood staring at a violet envelope, inscribed in large, flowing letters: "Mr. John H. Stover."

Then he put it in his pocket hastily and went to his room. Luckily, the Tennessee Shad was poaching in the village. He locked the door, secured the transom and drew out the note. It was sealed with a crest and perfumed with a heavenly scent. He held it in his hand a long while convulsively, and then broke the seal with an awkward finger and read:

Dear Mr. Stover: Just a word to thank you for being my faithful cavalier. Don't forget that you are to pay us a good, long visit this summer, and that we are to become the best of chums.

Your very good *friend*,
JOSEPHINE MCCARTY.

P. S. Don't you dare to "kick yourself about the lot," whatever that may mean.

When Dink had read this through once he immediately began it again. The second reading left him more bewildered than ever. It was the first time he had come in contact with a manifestation of the workings of the feminine mind. What did she intend him to understand?

"I'll read it again," he said, perching on the back of a chair. "Dear Mr. Stover!" He stopped and considered. "My dear Mr. Stover—Dear Mr. Stover—well, that's all right. But what the deuce does she mean by 'faithful cavalier'—I wonder now, I wonder. She wants me to visit her—she can't be offended, then. 'Your very good friend,' underlined twice; that sounds as though she wanted to warn me. Undoubtedly I made a fool of myself and this is her angelic way of letting me down. 'Friend'—underlined twice—of course that's it. What a blooming, sentimental, moonstruck jay I was! Gee, I could kick myself to Jericho and back!" But here his eye fell on the postscript and his jaw dropped. "Now, how did she guess it? That sounds different from the rest, as though—as though she understood."

He went to the window frowning, and then to the mirror, with a new interest in this new Mr. John H. Stover, who received perplexing notes on scented paper.

"I must get some decent collars," he said pensively. "How the deuce does Lovely Mead keep his tie tight? mine's always slipping down, showing the stud." He changed his collar, having detected a smirch, and tried the effect of parting his hair on the side, like Garry Cockrell.

"She's a wonderful woman wonderful," he said softly, taking up the letter again. "What eyes! Reminds me of Lorna Doone. Josephine—so that's her name, Josephine—it's a beautiful name. I wish the deuce I knew just what she did mean by this!"

By nightfall he had written a dozen answers which had been torn up in a panic as soon as written. Finally, he determined that the craftiest way would be to send her his remembrances by Tough—that would express everything, as well as show her that he could be both discreet and dignified.

In the afternoon he had added a dozen extra-high collars to his wardrobe and had examined hesitatingly the counter of Gents' Bon-ton socks, spring styles, displayed at Bill Appleby's.

The collars, the latest cut, he tried on surreptitiously. They were uncomfortable and projected into his chin, but there was no question of the superior effect. Suddenly a new element in the school came to his notice—fellows like Lovely Mead, Jock Hasbrouk and Dudy Rankin, who wore tailor-made clothes, rainbow cravats, who always looked immaculate, and whose trousers never bagged at the knees.

No sooner was this borne in upon him than he was appalled at the state of his wardrobe. He had outgrown everything. Everything he had bagged at the elbows as well as the knees. His neckties were frazzled and his socks were all earthy-browns and grays.

His first step was to buy a blacking-brush and his next to press his trousers under his mattress, with the result that, being detected and diverted by Dennis, they appeared next morning with a cross-gartered effect.

At nights, especially moonlight nights, under pretense of insomnia, he drew his bed to the window and gazed sentimentally into the suddenly discovered starry system.

"What the deuce are you mooning about?" said the Tennessee Shad on the first occasion.

"Well, You Look Like a Skinned Rat," Said Tough, to Put Him Thoroughly at His Ease

"I'm studying astronomy," said Dink with dignity.

The Tennessee Shad gave a snort and soon went loudly off to sleep.

Dink, unmolested, soared away into his own domain. It is true that, having read Peter Ibbetson, he tried for a week to emulate that favored dreamer, throwing his arms up, clasping his hands behind his head and being most particular in the crossing of the feet. He dreamed, but only discouraging, tantalizing dreams, and the figure his magic summoned up was not the angelic one, but invariably the elfish eyes and star-pointing nose of Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan.

But the dreams that lay like shadows between the faltering eyelids and the shut were real and magic. Then all the difficulties were swept away; no cold chill ran up his back to stay the words that rushed to his lips. Conversations to defy the novelist were spun out and, having periodically saved her from a hundred malignant deaths, he continued each night anew the heroic work of rescue with unsatiated delight. At times, in the throbs of the sacred passion, he thought with a start of his blackened past and the tendencies to crime within him.

"Lord!" he said with a groan, thinking of the orgy in beer, "what would have become of me? it's like an act of Providence. I wish I could let her know what a what a good influence she's been. I don't know what I'd 'a' done if I hadn't met her! I was in a dreadful way!"

By this time, having had the advantage of countless midnight walks, not to mention the familiarizing effect of several scores of desperate adventures, the character of Miss Lorna Doone McCarty had been completely unfolded to the reverential Dink. He saw her, he conversed with her, he knew her. She was a sort of heavenly being, misunderstood by her family especially her brother, who had not the slightest comprehension. She was like Dante's Beatrice, as the pictures, not the dreadful text, represent that lady—and only seven years older than Mr. John H. Stover. There was Napoleon, who had married a woman older than he was—Napoleon and hosts of others.

With the sudden fear of being dropped a year he began to study with such assiduity that, as is the way with newly-sprouted virtue in a cynical world, his motives were suspected by the masters, who, of course, could know nothing of the divine transformation, and by his classmates, who secretly credited him with some new method of cribbing.

Meanwhile, as the year neared its close, the inventive minds of Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan and the Tennessee Shad conceived the idea of a monster mass meeting and illustrative parade, which should down the hereditary foe—the steam laundry.

Up to this time the columns of The Lawrence had been flooded with communications couched in the style of the oration against Catiline, demanding to know how long the supine Lawrenceville boy would bear in silence the return of his shirt with added entrances and exits, and collars that inclosed the neck with a chevaux-de-frise.

This verbal, annual outbreak was succeeded, as usual, by House-to-House mutinies on the occasion of the arrival of the weekly boxes, without the protest taking further head or front. But at the opening of the last week of the school year, whether a machine had suddenly jumped its fences or whether the ladies of the washtubs desired to open the way for the new summer styles, however it may have been, the laundry returned like the battleflags of the republic to the outraged school. Windows were flung open and indignant boys appeared, with white shreds in hand, and vociferously appealed to the heavens above and the green lands below for justice and indemnification.

A meeting of determined spirits was speedily held under the leadership of the Tennessee Shad and Doc Macnooder, and it was decided that a demonstration should take place instanter, the Houses to form and march with complete exhibits to the Upper House, where the Fifth-Formers should likewise display their grievances and join them in a mammoth protest.

Dink, at the first sounds of martial organization, pricked up his ears and summoned the Tennessee Shad and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan to explain why he had been left out.

"Why have we left you out?" said the Tennessee Shad indignantly. "What's happened to you these last three weeks? You've had a fighting grouch—no one dared to speak to you for fear of being bitten!"

"In fact," said Dennis, with his sharp little glance, "you are under the gravest suspicion."

Seeing his secret in peril, Stover assumed a melancholy, injured air.

"You don't know what I've had to worry me," he said, looking out the window; "family matters—financial reverses."

"Oh, I say, Dink, old boy," said the Tennessee Shad, in instant contrition.

"You don't mean it's anything that might keep you from coming back next year?" said Dennis, aghast. "Oh, Dink!"

"I had rather not talk about it," said Stover solemnly.

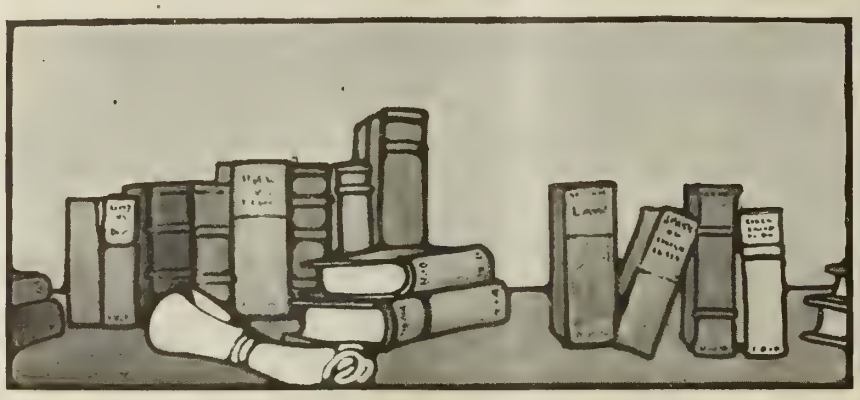
Dennis and the Shad were overwhelmed with remorse—they offered him at once the Grand Marshalship, which he refused with still offended dignity, but promised his fertile brain to the common cause.

Now Dink's sentimental education, which had progressed with a rush, had just begun to languish on insufficiency of food and a feeling of staleness on having exhausted the thousand and one possible methods of saving a heroine's life and wringing the consent of her parents.

He felt a species of guilt in the accusation of his roommate, and a sudden longing to be back among mannish pursuits. In an hour, with delighted energy, he had

(Continued on Page 46)

SLOW JUSTICE



By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

SOME years ago there lived in a large Eastern city one whose pen-name shall be Leo Hochstein. In 1900 Mr. Hochstein believed that he had met with Opportunity in the person of Mr. Charles Jaffe—another pen-name. Subsequently he classified the latter as Experience. Mr. Jaffe was engaged in selling jewelry on the installment plan. Jaffe conceived the idea that he might extend and ramify his jewelry business by establishing agencies. Hochstein consented to become one of his agents, and signed an agency contract. Under the terms of the contract Hochstein understood he was to receive a large salary and a share of the profits amounting to more than the salary. As a condition to this promised prosperity, Jaffe required a deposit of fifty dollars on general principles. With some difficulty Mr. Hochstein procured and paid the amount and was directed to wait for further instructions. He is still waiting. The salary and profits he understood he was to get, and his fifty dollars likewise, tarry with Mr. Jaffe.

In the latter part of August, 1901, Hochstein commenced suit against Jaffe for damages. Then he found that the waiting policy was still in force. Nearly every month, as the years went by, he clamored at the doors of his attorney's office for immediate action. The latter's unvarying reply was that he could not control the court and that the case must wait its turn. Finally, on December 9, 1903, a judgment was obtained, and Hochstein felt that at last the courts of law were about to justify their existence to him.

Jaffe, who, it is declared, had been profitably occupied during these two years with other similar business ventures, unobtrusively faded away from the city and the state. All of his personal property went with him. Hochstein, by attorney, filed his judgment and, in person, bewailed the emptiness of American justice.

Swifter Justice in Little Russia

THE years went by and, finally, in 1908 Jaffe came to the surface again, this time in another city. Undiscouraged, to that city went Mr. Hochstein. There he found that, in order to take advantage of the hard-won judgment, another suit must be begun. Accordingly he entered, on the thirtieth day of June, 1908, another lap in the justice Marathon. Jaffe filed an affidavit of defense in which he averred that there had never been any personal service on him in the first suit and that the judgment obtained had been obtained in his absence. This was sufficient to necessitate a jury trial, and the case was accordingly ordered on the trial list and Hochstein again besieged another attorney's office, this time by mail, with the same results, to wit, the receipt of information that attorneys cannot hasten courts. In March, 1910, the case finally appeared on the trial list and fortunately was reached for trial within the two days which are all that courts of the city allow for the disposal of fifteen cases. Jaffe did not defend and another judgment was obtained. His attorney filed a motion for a new trial, which postponed any execution on the judgment for several weeks. Jaffe made good use of this breathing spell. Before the judgment could be enforced, foreclosure proceedings were begun on his real estate under ostensibly valid mortgages. As in order to test the validity of these mortgages another suit would be necessary, involving more expense and more delay, Hochstein reluctantly dropped out of the justice obstacle race. After nine years and the expenditure in time and money of an amount nearly equal to the claim itself Hochstein still saw his recovery, like the limit of an algebraical variable, ever receding in the distance.

"This is jollying, not justice," was his farewell to his attorney; "things are better even in Little Russia that I ran away from."

Dara Merkowitz—a pen-name, too—is another Russian who is convinced that there is something wrong with American justice. Dara worked for a sweatshop in a large city. Her hours were from seven in the morning until ten at night. The rest of the day she had to herself. She earned sometimes nine dollars a week and saved a large portion of this toward a dowry which would enable her to indulge in the somewhat doubtful luxury of a husband. One evening in 1908 she started to cross the street near the house where she roomed. A car was passing, and Dara waited for it to go by. Just behind the first car came a trailer running at a high rate of speed. The motorman failed to sound his gong and Dara was struck. When she came to, she found something wrong with her left hip. She tried to work, but the hip became worse and Dara finally went to bed, and the precious dower-hoard was broken into. A notice of the accident was sent to the traction company, and friends tried to make some settlement of her claim. The traction company, however, does not believe in settling claims. The fact that it often takes from two to four years for a case against the company to be reached for trial may have something to do with this policy. Time, which cures all ills, is also pretty apt to settle all suits —in favor of the defendant. Especially is that the case when the defendant is a corporation. Parties and witnesses may die. A corporation, however, is immortal and can afford to wait. Dara finally retained counsel and suit was begun on February 25, 1908. Up to May, 1910, the case had not even appeared on the trial list. In the meantime Dara is no longer a worker, nor has she any dower. Tuberculosis of the hip has developed. She has not the money to pay for treatment, and the probabilities are that there will be no Dara Merkowitz to harass the company when her case is finally called for trial.

A delayed case with a happier ending was that of a brakeman against a railroad company. He had lost an arm through the alleged negligence of the company. As the arm was of value and the company refused to pay for the same, its former owner brought suit. Four times he recovered verdicts against the company after years of waiting. Four times did the Supreme Court reverse his judgments on various technicalities. Three times did that body send the case back for a new trial. On the fourth appeal the appellate court evidently felt that the railroad company had been bothered long enough over a mere missing arm, and not only reversed the judgment but also refused to allow him a new trial.

Now, the brakeman lived in a little town where he was much liked and respected. His townspeople had watched his long, single-handed fight against the company with a very considerable amount of interest. When the last decision of the Supreme Court was handed down the editor of the town paper wrote—not wisely but strongly—an editorial which voiced a firm conviction that the Supreme Court was not only in the pay of the railroad company but also had well earned its fee. The outraged Supreme Court at once haled its venturesome critic before it. The alarmed editor's contempt was immediately changed to contrition, but too late. That editorial cost him just five hundred dollars, which, as space rates go in that part of the country, was high. With some difficulty the editor procured and paid over to the injured court the price of his scorn and departed to his own place sadder and poorer.

These conditions of mind and estate were short-lived. On his arrival at the station he was met by the assembled citizens of the town with a brass band and a barouche. Seated in the latter and clangorously preceded by the former, this high-priced writer of editorials made a triumphal progress of the town. In front of the city hall the procession paused long enough to present the editor with five hundred dollars in gold. In divers and sundry other ways the town indorsed the original contempt and added a few extra touches of its own. The Supreme Court was in a quandary. It was manifestly impossible to hold an entire community for contempt, and the court at last wisely decided to treat the open contempt with silent contempt.

The ending of this story was staged at a political convention held shortly after the reciprocal contempt of the town and the Supreme Court. The convention was called by the party in power to nominate a state ticket. One of the coveted positions to be filled at the next election was that of railroad commissioner, an official who had general supervision of the railroads passing through the state and who received a salary of some four thousand dollars per annum. To this convention came the brakeman as a delegate. He arrived just as the slate was being made up. Some joker caught sight of him and shouted:

"I nominate —— for railroad commissioner. He ought to know about railroads."

The delegates, who knew the story, at the shout turned and saw the brakeman with his dangling, empty sleeve. In an instant the convention was stampeded. In spite of everything which the chairman and the various whips could do, the brakeman was nominated by acclamation. At the election he ran far ahead of his ticket, the voters of both parties combining to elect him, and he made a fair and efficient railroad commissioner.

A Thirteen-Year-Old Lawsuit

ANOTHER Western case of deferred justice is that of Vickers vs. Buck, reported in volumes 60, 65 and 75 of the Kansas Reports. From a common-sense standpoint the significance of this case lies in the fact that at the first appeal the defendant requested the Supreme Court to decide the case then and there on its merits, as the court had the power to do. The appellate court, however, decided to send the case back for a new trial. Because of this the case has been before the Supreme Court of Kansas several times since and is now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States, having reached the ripe age of thirteen years.

Another almost interminable case brought about by our system of unlimited appeal was that of Ellis R. Williams, a brakeman. He was injured in July, 1882, by the negligence of the company and brought suit for damages in that year. The case was pending from 1882 to 1904, some twenty-two years. During that period no less than seven new trials were obtained. Williams finally obtained a recovery of sixty-five hundred dollars, but the record fails to show what portion of that was required to pay for these years of expensive litigation.

The law's delay is no modern invention. In the fourteenth century we read of one Wat Scoresby, a freeman who was wrongfully seized and sold as a serf by the Lord Mortonness. After securing his freedom Wat brought successful suit for damages against his captor, but complained bitterly that he was compelled to wait four years from the issuing of the *venire* to the awarding of the verdict.

The experiment of Richard de Anesty in deferred justice was even more disastrous. In 1148 he laid claim to certain lands in England as the heir of his uncle, and in

that year sued out a writ of mort d'ancestor through the King in Normandy. From the King's Court he was sent to the Ecclesiastical Court. From that court he finally obtained a writ to the Court Christian. Three times he had appeared in the latter court without results and finally he appealed to the Pope. After due and prolonged consideration the latter awarded him a favorable decision. Richard's case was then specially referred to justices appointed by the King, and a final decision was at last rendered in his favor. Some years before, however, Richard de Anesty had become a bankrupt—an occurrence which often dilutes the value of legal triumphs today.

An examination of the dockets of any of our large cities shows that to obtain a trial by jury in a civil case is a matter of years. In progressive Boston, for example, a jury case takes at least two years to be reached for trial. In March, 1908, there were between ten and twelve thousand cases on the general and special jury lists in that city waiting to be tried.

In Pittsburgh a committee of the County Bar Association submitted in 1909 a despondent statement, in part as follows:

As the number of jury cases awaiting trial is 7274, and the four courts together have tried only 783 cases in 1908, it would seem at first sight that it is a hopeless task to try to recover a position where jury cases could be promptly disposed of—say, within six months after being put at issue. From careful investigation we find that the courts are behind with the jury trials as to time about as follows: On January 1, 1909:

Common Pleas No. 1—Three and one-half years.
Common Pleas No. 2—Three years.
Common Pleas No. 3—Three years.
Common Pleas No. 4—Two and one-half years.

We find that a majority of the jury cases are either settled, nonsuited or abandoned in one way or another without coming to trial, and it is fair to presume that the parties become wearied with the delay or, perhaps, die, or the witnesses die or disappear before the case can be brought to trial. The bald fact remains that there are now 7274 cases at issue awaiting jury trials, with this amount increasing at the rate of twenty per cent per annum. At this rate there will be in 1912 about 10,000 cases awaiting trial by jury. This incubus, this heap or mountain of 7274 cases, now lies piled up right in our path and must be continually pushed ahead of us. This accumulation, lying as it does in our front, keeps back for a period of three or four years all suits that may hereafter be brought, and the heap in our front is increasing every day.

Reforms in New York City

IN NEW YORK there have been a number of procedure reforms instituted in the interest of speedy trials. Among these may be mentioned the consolidation of the majority of the city courts; the introduction of preferred or short-cause lists for certain classes of cases; the insistence that all cases involving less than three hundred dollars shall be tried finally by the Municipal Courts scattered throughout the city; and the introduction of efficient and time-saving calendar or list practice. Yet with all these reforms it still takes from a year and a half to two years to try the average jury case in New York, and more courts are greatly needed.

In Philadelphia a jury case must usually take two and may take six years to be tried. The fault lies mainly with the procedure in force in that city. Philadelphia has at present five Common Pleas Courts, which, outside the Federal courts, try all civil jury cases. These courts, though located side by side, are separate and distinct, each with its own judges and, to some extent, its own peculiarities of practice. One of these courts may adjourn because no cases are ready for trial, as happened in No. 1 on April 9, 1910, while across the width of a corridor a sister court of identical jurisdiction is thronged with counsel, witnesses and suitors anxiously waiting for a chance to be heard; yet no cases can be sent from the crowded to the empty court.

This same anomaly was remedied in New York many years ago by the consolidation of its Supreme, Superior and Common Pleas Courts into one great Supreme Court, divided, for the expediting of business, into numerous different parts. All of the Courts of Common Pleas of Philadelphia have clung to an archaic custom known as the "two-day rule." Under this system fifteen cases are assigned to a court for each of four days of the week. If a case is not reached for trial the first day it has another chance on the following day. If not reached then it goes off and may not again appear on the trial list for several months. As the trial of a single case often consumes several days, it is evident that a case may frequently not be reached for trial the first time it appears on the trial list. As a matter of fact, it may take years after it has finally appeared on the trial list before it is actually tried. Each time the parties and their witnesses must spend two days in court. So the unfortunate suitor, compelled to enforce his rights in a Philadelphia court, is confronted with at least two years of certain delay before his case comes before the court at all, and the possibility of two or three years of further delay before the case is actually tried. To examine specific examples: on May 4, 1908, in the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia County, No. 5, the case of Morris vs. Christensen appeared as No. 1 on the trial list, and on that day was set for trial. It turned out to be a long and involved case, and consumed the time of that court for nine successive days. As a result of this two-day rule, all of the cases set down for trial in that court during those nine days, numbering no less than seventy-nine, went over, and under the condition of the lists of that court did not again appear before January, 1909, a delay of from six months to a year. Counting the litigants, their attorneys and witnesses, the time of at least five hundred people and the money of one hundred and fifty-eight were wasted as a result of the two-day rule.

Conditions in Philadelphia

THERE is another reason for the law's delay in Philadelphia besides the effect of the two-day rule and the unconsolidated courts. In that city there are twenty-eight magistrates, very few of whom are members of the bar or may be supposed to have any special knowledge of law. Their usefulness to the political "Organization" is declared to be the general test of their election. These magistrates have jurisdiction over every civil case which does not involve an amount of over one hundred dollars, and every such case must be brought before a magistrate before it can be tried elsewhere. Either side can then appeal, as a matter of right, to the Court of Common Pleas unless the claim is for not more than $5.33, in which case the decision of the magistrate is final. On an appeal to the Court of Common Pleas the case is tried over again from the beginning, entirely regardless of what has been done before the magistrate. The result of this system is that a magistrate, whatever the facts, is very apt to find for the plaintiff, who pays the costs, since the case is sure to be taken to the court above and there retried anew. The only effect of this civil jurisdiction of the magistrates of Philadelphia is that litigants are compelled to submit to an additional delay and expense, and the Courts of Common Pleas are compelled to try with a jury petty cases involving ten to twenty dollars which in other cities are tried finally by a magistrate or justice of the peace. This same farcical system once existed in England, but was abolished about 1832. The Municipal Court League in Philadelphia marks the revolt of business men against present conditions. In behalf of the league a bill will be introduced at the next legislature which will allow the organization of a municipal court on the same business principles as exist in the court in Chicago of the same name.

The condition of jury trials in Chicago from a delay standpoint is most interesting. In that city the results of modern common-sense business methods appear side by side with the outworn system of another century. The Municipal Court of that city was organized by business men as a revolt against delay and technicalities. It is run on the principles of a great business corporation and has done away with delay. For the year ending December 4, 1909, there were filed 47,113 civil cases in that court, and 48,490 cases were finally disposed of therein. An ordinary civil suit can be brought on for trial in Chicago now within thirty to ninety days from the time the suit is begun. In the Supreme Court and Circuit Court, the two courts in Chicago running under the old régime, slow justice is still the rule. For example: in the case of Moldenhauer vs. Hintz, No. 126,316 in the Superior Court of Cook County, the plaintiff, a justice of the peace for the town of Maine, sued the defendant for alleged defamation of character. The suit was started in the March Term of 1890, and was not disposed of until 1910, being pending nearly twenty years.

In 1891 Martin Rapp was struck by a train of the Illinois Central Railroad Company in Cook County, Illinois, and had his left arm broken, his shoulder dislocated, his head cut, his ankle dislocated and broken, and his skull fractured. Since those occurrences, strangely enough, he has stopped working. He brought suit against the railroad in the July Term of 1891 and finally obtained a judgment of six thousand dollars in the beginning of 1910. This verdict did not carry interest for nineteen years, however.

In the Circuit Court of Cook County in 1891, comprising the city of Chicago, one Miller began a suit against a party named Rosenthal to recover one thousand and ten dollars damages for clothing alleged to have been obtained under false representations. This suit is still pending.

Delay is amphibious and thrives as well in water as on land. In admiralty in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania Gregory Campbell, master of the schooner Marie Palmer, began suit against the schooner Blanche Hopkins and tug James McCaulley in the early part of November, 1903. A final decree in the District Court was not obtained until the early part of January, 1910. The tug is now engaged in perfecting her appeal to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and presumably there will be no final decision before July of 1910. In the District of Delaware the dredge Pacific sued the tug S. A. McCaulley and the steamship Mailing. It was nearly ten years before a final decree was obtained.

The fruits of these systems of delays are bitter eating.

The Courts Themselves to Blame

JUDGE LYNCH usually executes each year more criminals than do the ordinary courts of justice. For example: in 1908 there were one hundred lynchings and ninety-two executions. As this article is being written the daily papers tell the story of a mob which burst into a court-room in Texas, and threw an aged negro, whose case was being tried in this court, from the second-story window. The mob did him to death and then hung the body to an arch in the middle of the city. The incident is typical of the widespread feeling that has been wrought by delay and technicality.

"I can obtain justice in hell quicker than in Philadelphia," writes one man after four years' fruitless waiting for an opportunity to try his case.

"Not being immortal, we have decided to bring no more suits in Philadelphia," writes the head of another firm.

"Such denial of justice is misery and despotism. Court conditions in Russia are not as bad as these here. Please do something for me," wrote a former Russian emigrant waiting for his case to be reached.

The responsibility for these conditions rests largely with the courts themselves. The judges have almost unlimited power in passing rules to regulate the practice and procedure of their courts. The late Judge Doe changed the whole system of law in New Hampshire between 1879 and 1885 without the enactment of a single statute. Delays and technicalities during his administration as chief justice were driven out of the New Hampshire courts, one by one. In the Municipal Court of Chicago general orders have been substituted to a large extent for legislation. England, where cases of the Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce type abounded, and where time and technicality seemed to constitute the very warp and woof of her system, now,

(Concluded on Page 54)

A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

Some Stray Chapters From Her Experiences

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER EVERETT

One Received the Impression of Light Streaming in Upon His Higher Nature Through a Keyhole

WILLIAM never made but two long journeys away from home. One was to visit a brother minister in the North; the other was a sort of involuntary excursion he made away from God in his own mind. And, as the first trip led to the second, I will begin with the story of that.

There was a young man in William's class at college named Horace Pendleton, who entered the ministry with him. William had that devotion for him one often sees in a plain, simple man for a more brilliant one. He placed an extravagant value upon his friend's gifts, and Horace Pendleton was one of the heroes of our younger married years, about whom William talked with the greatest affection.

And there is no doubt that among his other gifts Horace Pendleton had the gift of rising. You might have thought he was in the world instead of the church, he went up so fast. He had been ordained scarcely long enough to become a deacon before he was well enough known to be preaching commencement sermons at young ladies' seminaries and delivering lectures everywhere. He had that naïve bravery of intelligence which enabled him to accept with dignity an invitation to lecture upon any subject from Sunshine to the Psychology of St. Paul. I remember him very well in those days, a thin, long young man, with a face so narrow and tight and bright that when he talked in his high metallic voice one received the impression of light streaming in upon his higher nature through a keyhole. I specify higher nature, because Pendleton never addressed himself to any other part of the spiritual anatomy. I always had the feeling when I heard him that he inflated each word, so that some of the weightiest and most ancient verbs in the Scriptures floated from his lips as lightly as if they had been the cast-off theological wing-feathers of a growing angel. His grandest thoughts—and he was as full of them as an egg is of meat—seemed to cut monkeyshines and to make faces back at him the moment he uttered them. Personally, I never liked him. He talked too much about sacrifice and was entirely too fortunate himself. Maybe I was jealous of him. The contrast between his career in the ministry and that of William was certainly striking. He had been made a Doctor of Divinity and was filling the best churches in his Conference, while William and I were still serving mountain circuits. And it was not long before none of the churches in our Conference was good enough for him, so he had to be transferred to get one commensurate with his ability. Even then he had enough surplus energy to run a dynamo. I have always thought that if he had been a land agent, instead of a preacher, he could have sold the whole of Alaska and the adjacent icebergs in one quadrennium. And I reckon I may as well admit that there was an invincible streak of meanness in me which prevented my admiring him, for, from start to finish, he was a man of impeccable reputation, and undoubtedly irreproachable character, as we use those words, and I could have admired him as anything else but a preacher. It was his talent for success that revolted me. To this day the Gospel, the real "lose-your-life-for-My-sake" Gospel, sounds better, more like Gospel to me if it is preached by a man who is literally poor. Maybe it is because I learned to revere this trait in William.

But in every way, always, William could surpass me in the dignity of love. So he went on loving Horace Pendleton. He believed that the Lord was lavish in favors to him because of his superior worth, and this accounted for his good fortune, and I never interfered with any of William's idolatries; they were all creditable to him.

At last the time came when he received an invitation from Pendleton—who was now pastor of the leading Methodist church in a flourishing city in another state—to visit him. They had always kept up a sort of desultory correspondence, and I am sure Pendleton never received finer laurels of praise than William sent him in his letters.

We were in a small town that year in the malarial district, and William's health was not good. It was early spring before the revival season opened, and it so happened that there was some kind of political convention on hand which enabled him to secure special rates on the railroad. So, one morning in April, I plumed and preened him in his best clothes and sent him on his happy journey to the North.

When he returned a week later William was a changed man. He talked with a breadth and intelligence upon many old and new subjects that I had never observed in him before. Yet it seemed to me that something great in him had faded. He was stuffed to the neck with ethics as loose-fitting to him as the sack coat of worldly-mindedness, and he did not suspect it. His very expression had changed. He looked—well, to put it as mildly as I can, William looked sophisticated, and it is as belittling a look as a good man can wear. There is a Moses simplicity about goodness that has never been improved upon by the wisest ape expression of the smartest man that ever lived, and William's simplicity had been blurred.

"Mary," he said to me as we sat at our evening meal the day after his return, "I must read and study more. This visit has been an eye-opener to me. I am sadly behind the times."

"Yes, William," I replied shrewdly, for I had never heard him talk so "fresh" before, "you must read and study more, for a preacher has something bigger than the times on his conscience."

"What do you mean?"

"That the times are so transient: that a preacher is called to deliver a message about what is far more permanent."

"I think, Mary," he went on, assuming the reasoning air that a man always takes when he thinks he is trying to make a woman think, but when he is only trying to make her agree with what he thinks—"I think one reason why Pendleton has got on in the church and been of so much more service there than I have is because he has kept up with his times. He is a very learned man, and he preaches right up to the present moment. I'd scarcely have recognized some of the Scriptures as he interpreted them in the light of modern criticism and conditions."

"You are right, William. There is no doubt that Horace Pendleton has risen in the church and been of more service to the church than you have been, because he knows so much better than you do how to make it 'timely' and how to intone the Gospel to the same tune. But you, William, are you going to begin to interpret the Scriptures just to suit your times and modern conditions? I thought Scriptures had nothing to do with mere times—that they belonged to the everlasting Order of Things."

"I fear you are prejudiced against Pendleton and incapable of seeing the good in what he says. Yet he showed a great interest in me, and he talked to me very seriously about the limitations of my ministry."

"What did he say?"

"For one thing, he said I was identified with a view of God and man and the world such as no intelligent, healthy disciple of Christ after the fashion of John Wesley ever held."

"Could you tell what his view of God was?"

"No, I could not. That was my ignorance. I could not keep up with him. He preached a very powerful sermon from one of the best texts in the New Testament the Sunday I was there. He couldn't have done that unless he had had a very plain view of God."

"Oh, yes, he could," I retorted a little warmly. "You can preach a much more satisfactorily powerful sermon in a fashionable modern church if you don't see God than if you do."

Still William persisted. He began to read strange books that Pendleton had loaned him, and the more he read the gloomier he looked. His vocabulary changed. In the course of fourteen days, I remember, the word "salvation" did not pass his lips and I could have prayed as good a prayer as he prayed any night as we knelt together. The time came, indeed, when I seriously considered making him the object of special prayer on the sly, only William was so really good I was ashamed to show to the Lord this lack of confidence in him.

Meanwhile, the Sabbath in June when the protracted meeting usually began approached, and I knew if things did not change it would be a flat failure. For William was in a blue funk, spiritually.

"I cannot think what is the matter with me," he complained to me late one afternoon, as we sat on the parsonage steps waiting for the prayer-meeting bell to ring.

"You have backslid, William. That is what is the matter with you! You went up North and listened to the voice of Horace Pendleton till you cannot hear the voice of God. You no longer have the single eye. It has been bunged up—put out!"

That was the first and last sermon I ever preached to William. It was a short one, but it brought him forward for prayers, so to speak, and for the next few days we had a terrible time at the parsonage. He was an honest man, and he was not slow to recognize his condition, once it was pointed out to him.

It is not so bad to lose the "witness of the Spirit," because you can still believe in God, and presently the witness is there again; but when you begin to read books that curtail the divinity of Jesus Christ and make your Heavenly Father just a natural force in the universe, when you bud and blossom into rationalism, there is a good deal of mischief to pay. I do not say that Pendleton went thus far, in fact I am very sure that he did not, but the books he read and loaned to William did, and they unconsciously had a profounder effect upon William than they had on Pendleton. But to be without one immediate Almighty in our lives is to experience a frightful tragedy. If a man never recognizes this diviner part of himself he may live and die in the comfort or discomfort of any other mere creature. But once you realize your own immortality—I make a distinction here between the self-consciousness of immortality and the loud preaching of it that a man may do just from Biblical hearsay—you are a lonesome waif in a bad storm. This was William's fix while he was reading those books. He was exposed all at once to the inclemencies of the Infinitudes. But I ceased to worry once he began really to pray and scourge himself, and I

A Spiritually Sick Preacher is About the Most Depressing Thing a Woman Can Have in the House

did not interrupt the chastening. Usually, when he insisted upon fasting all day Friday, I provided little intelligent temptations to food at the earliest possible moment. But this time I let him starve to his heart's content. I reckon I am a worldly-minded woman and that I always shall be; but I know a high-minded man when I see one, and I have always been careful not to drag William down.

Once, during the dreadful time, he came out of his study and looked at me vaguely, pleadingly, as if he wanted some direct help.

"Don't look at me that way, William," I cried. "I can't do anything but kiss you. I never did know where your God was, but you knew, and you'll just have to go back the way you came to Him. All that I know for certain is that there is a God—your kind—or you could never have lived the way you have or accomplished the things you have accomplished. You couldn't have; you haven't sense enough. And for this reason you'd better not try to think your way back. If God is God He is far beyond our little thinking. You had better feel your way to Him. It is what you call Faith in your sermons!"

Something like this is what I said to him, standing before him with my head on his breast, wiping the tears from my eyes. Really, a spiritually sick preacher is about the most depressing thing a woman can have in the house, unless it is a man in the remorse state of recuperating from a spree. And when I looked at William, pale, hollow-eyed, with his mouth puckered into a penitential angle, I longed to lay Horace Pendleton across my knees and give him what he deserved for disturbing a better man's peace.

About the middle of Saturday afternoon, however, I knew that his clouds were breaking. I heard him in his study, singing:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!

And later, at bedtime, he chose a cheerful psalm to read, and I heard the happy rustling of his wings in the prayer he made.

The next night had been chosen for the initial service of the protracted meeting, and I remember his text:

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in Him."

I remember it because I remember William so well that evening. He fitted into it as if it were his home. The great words seemed to belong to him. They were his experience, literally. They had the authority of another simple, faithful, brave life behind them, besides that of St. Paul. And the people who listened knew it. If William had made a great name and fame for himself out of preaching, if he had earned fancy salaries as the pastor in rich churches, it would have been different. I don't know, of course, but it seems to me in that case they might have clanged a little like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

He stood in the little dim pulpit, the summer evening was fading, the lamps in the church had not been lighted, and the faces of the village folk were softened, sweetened in the gentle Sabbath gloom. He drew a picture of Paul in prison at Rome, old and in anticipation of his end. William never knew how to use words fancifully; therefore they used to gather together truthfully in his sermons, as if he had woven them in. And so now we had not an elegantly painted portrait of St. Paul, but we saw him really, the man who actually had counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, so out of his bonds in the spirit. It takes a rare preacher to portray one "found in Christ." He cannot do it with the best theological vocabulary, nor the finest scientific terms. But William—I cannot tell how he did it. All I know is that every time he put his sentences together they cast again the image of the Saviour upon every heart before him. He stood like a man who has his hand upon the latchstring of the door of his Father's house, counting over, one by one, the things to be lost and gained there. Nothing remained but a few simple things like loving one another. He removed the world and the cares of it and set our feet in the way of life, like a wise man guiding little children.

If Horace Pendleton had put all he knew into one discourse, garnished it with a thousand terms taken from the new theology, he could not have approached the awful simplicity and the high sweetness of that sermon.

But one thing I must remember to tell: As long as he lived William loved and honored this man with perfect devotion. That is the wonderful thing about being good. You see it always. On the other hand, I had occasion to learn after William's death that Pendleton regarded him with good-natured tolerance. He thought him a stupid man, bound down to the earth by a meager theology. He even wrote an obituary notice of William that must have made his guardian angel long to kick him—all a grand toot to show the contrast between a preacher like himself and a foolish old stutterer like William.

He Stood Like a Man Who Has His Hand Upon the Latchstring of the Door of His Father's House

It is curious what things are revealed to us as we go along. I used to wonder, because William wondered, where, in what year, Paul did this or that which is recorded in Acts. I remember how William used to get down his commentaries and squint everywhere along margins for dates to discover exactly where he was in the spring, say, of 54 A. D. At the time, it was passing strange to me that no exact record of dates was taken concerning the doings of a man who occasionally turned the world upside down as he went through it. But now it is perfectly clear to me. Those who wrote never specified whether it was the first or second Sunday that Paul said thus and so at Antioch. The record was merely of the timeless truth he uttered, because Paul and the rest of them, engaged in this Scripture making and doing back there, were already out of time in their consciousness. They were figures in Eternity, making the great journey by another calendar than ours.

Since I have been writing this poor record of William it is not time that matters to me. I forget to tell of his years in each chapter, or to describe the changes in his appearance. The things he did, the prayers he prayed, the faith he exercised, these crowd the memory—all as much alike as one day resembles another day, and as one prayer resembles another prayer. But the dates have long since faded from my mind. I cannot recall, for example, when his shoulders first began to stoop, nor when he ceased to go clean-shaven, nor the year it was that his hair and beard whitened, nor when the hollows deepened to stay beneath his eyes. All I remember for certain was the changeless spirit of him, and the unconquerable courage he showed about getting ready to put off his mortality, and the definite, curious vividness with which he anticipated immortality.

And in other ways I have unusual difficulty in telling here what he said and did. The activities of a minister's life differ so widely from the activities of any other life that even to set them down requires a peculiar vocabulary. One cannot find the right kind of words even in church reports and statistics; but they must bear some great likeness to the words used in the Acts of the Apostles. I do not know how to describe them, but every man knows them when he hears them, for the language of Christianity is the one language that never changes. It gets a new translation now and then, but it is always informed with the same spirit, the same lofty pilgrim-phrases and prayer-sounding verbs. And the minister learns them because he needs them in the world where he moves. I make an exception here of those preachers who develop a gift for church enterprise, for getting up funds for improvements of one sort and another. The account they give of their stewardship is not very different from that of any other business man. And they are needed. They do the greater part toward keeping the church housed, conspicuously steepled and visible to the world that passes by. They are the preachers in every Conference who are sent to "works" where a new church or a new parsonage is needed. And some of them have heroic records in collecting for these purposes. I would not take a single dollar from the sum of their renown. But this is a memorial to William—and he was not one of these. He was really an excellent preacher, a devoted pastor, but he had more spiritual intuitions than common-sense about managing the practical details of the pastorate. I recognized this deficiency in him as we went along together in the itinerancy, and feeling that it was important for the presiding elder to have a good opinion of him in every way I must have perjured myself to every one of them year by year, singing William's praises as a business man, when I knew he was as innocent of business as the angels in Heaven. If he had been the kind of man I represented him to be he would have been a sort of halleluiah cross and crisscross between Daniel Webster, John D. Rockefeller and St. Paul. And I remember the genial patience with which the gray-headed elders used to listen to my Williamic pæans. But they could not have believed me, for he was never sent to a place where visible mortar and stone work had to be accomplished for the advancement of the church. And now, when it is all over, when the violets are blooming so much at home above his dear dust, I feel at last that I can afford to confess his beautiful limitations. After you are dead it doesn't matter if you were not successful in a business way. No one has yet had the courage to memorialize his wealth on his tombstone. A dollar-mark would not look well there. The best epitaph proclaims simple old Scripture virtues, like honesty and diligence and patience. And you will observe that when the meanest skinflint or the most disgracefully avaricious millionaire dies his tombstone never refers to his most notorious characteristics. His friends speak not of his scandalous speculations but of his benevolences. Thus, some of the most conscienceless rogues in a generation go down to posterity with expurgated tablets to their memory, which, of course, is best for posterity. So I do not mind now admitting that William was a poor money-getter; but he actually did have the virtues that look well recorded on his tombstone. I can even recall, with a sort of tearful humor, some of his efforts at practical church thinking.

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MARKETING A MOTOR

By WALTER V. WOEHLKE

ONLY a few short years ago the automobile manufacturers, in disposing of their product, wrapped up a compulsory course in applied mechanics and electrical engineering and concealed the package in the motor. Ira Miller, the leading merchant of a small town in the heart of the western Kansas alfalfa belt, had to open this package within a week after the first automobile owned in the western half of the Sunflower State had made its triumphal entry into his barn early in 1902. Tired of the week's strenuous life the engine had decided to take a long rest, and, since the repair shop of the dealer, at that time the only garage within reach, was three hundred miles distant, Miller called in the village blacksmith and together they attacked the problem.

Dissecting and reassembling the engine was a job that required the better part of two months. To the first screw taken out the operators attached a tag numbered A1; a tag bearing the same inscription was tied to the nut through which the screw passed, and the hole in the bedplate was tagged in the same manner for identification purposes. Every part of the engine down to the washers was duly tagged and numbered in its relation to other parts; but even with these elaborate precautions the experimenters had two or three unmatched pieces left on the floor after the engine had been put together, and the tedious task had to be commenced once more from the very start.

The first dissection of the engine kept the two men busy for weeks at a time. A year later the merchant had mastered the course in mechanics. When the engine had a fainting spell he rolled a barrel alongside of the machine and into it dropped the parts of the engine helter-skelter in a steady stream. In reassembling the engine Miller needed no numbered tags to guide him. Frequent practice enabled him to dip his hands into the barrel, blindfolded, pull out a part, identify it and place it solely by the sense of touch, the entire operation lasting but two days.

The Automobile's Best Advertising

THE dealer giving away a technological scholarship with a 1910 model is headed for the rocks. The first buyer obliged to make use of the scholarship would ruin his business. Eight years ago buyers of automobiles expected trouble and grappled with it single-handed, without assistance from the dealer, who was too busy waiting on new customers to bother with machines already paid for. Today the buyer of a new motor car does not dream of dissecting the engine a week after delivery. When trouble comes he passes it on to the man who sold the car. The dealer must make good if he wants to retain the buyer's good will, for in the automobile business this good will is even more important than it is in most other lines of trade. Brilliant salesmanship and thorough motor knowledge are important requirements in selling automobiles nowadays, but greater than either of these is the recommendation of a satisfied customer.

It was a satisfied customer who saved the day for the dealer in the Daisy line when a dozen rival salesmen took up the trail of a prospect he had worked up. Though Williams, the prospect, a cigar manufacturer of modest means, had enjoyed his first taste of auto intoxication in the Daisy touring car of his friend Smith, who insisted that the Daisy offered greater value for the price than any other car, the prospect was holding back. The price of the five-passenger Daisy model, twenty-six hundred dollars, was six hundred dollars more than the limit he had set himself. He liked the Daisy car, liked it immensely, he assured his friend, but—and he turned his right ear to the siren song of the salesmen offering less expensive five-passenger models, offering free tops, free windshields, free speedometers; offering to split commissions with him if he would only sign up.

The competitors, however, had not taken into account the full weight of the satisfied customer's recommendation. Smith, the sincere Daisy booster, kept on arguing into his friend's left ear, and Williams could not make up his mind. He cut cards to decide whether he should exceed his limit and buy a Daisy or close up with the salesman who had offered to divide his commission on a nineteen-hundred-dollar car. The Daisy lost, but the friend would not accept the decision. A second time the perturbed cigar manufacturer appealed to chance; he cut cards with his wife and the Daisy lost again. Still the friend insisted. Once more he accompanied the prospect to the Daisy agency, where the entire selling staff went to work on the case in relays. At the end of the session the prospect, thick drops of perspiration covering his brow and his hands shaking with nervousness, signed contract and check.

"I really believe my friend would have felt hurt if I had not bought a Daisy," he said plaintively when the ordeal was over.

The history of transportation offers no parallel to the magic transformation of the vehicle propelled by a gasoline motor. From the chrysalis stage of the short, squat, top-heavy "one-lunger" it developed in less than ten short summers into the lean, racy 1910 greyhound. In 1900 the ungainly, asthmatic automobile was the popular joke; in 1905 it was an unpopular nuisance, the abhorred plaything of the predatory rich; in 1910 it is the popular idol. Everybody dreams of owning one. Any one expects to drive one sooner or later. The manufacturers have made the operation so easy that no one need hesitate to learn the trick in half a week, to try his skill at the steering wheel without preliminaries and let the dealer and the maker pay the largest part of the tuition fee.

Because the manufacturers have so perfected the automobile, have made its complicated mechanism so reliable that it needs little attention, few buyers consider it necessary to spend more than two or three days learning its operation before opening the throttle wide and "letting her out." These men, women and children would not dream of running a locomotive over its steel-bound, immutable route after an apprenticeship of only three days, but they show no hesitation in hurling the intricate machinery of a motor car over rough country roads at more than locomotive speed a week after the purchase. As a result the dealer runs the repair department of his establishment at a loss. Every month the shop deficit sneaks into the salesroom and taps the till. He cannot lock the cash drawer if he wants to build up his trade. To gain the unqualified, enthusiastic support of his clients, the only kind of support worth having, he must go beyond the letter of the manufacturers' guarantee and charge the resulting repair-shop deficit to advertising expenses.

Three years ago a wealthy Western stockman bought a five-thousand-dollar machine, gave his horse wrangler six days to become proficient in the handling of the steering wheel and started for home in the car at the expiration of a week. Going down a twenty-per-cent grade at high speed the new chauffeur threw in the reverse-gear lever to make a sudden stop and succeeded in stripping the transmission. The stockman, ignorant of the proper method of changing sliding selective gears, planted both feet upon the manufacturer's guarantee and lifted up his voice in a deep, reverberating roar until the dealer explained that no factory was turning out a transmission that would drive a car down and up hill at the same time without tying itself into a bowknot. Having made the buyer realize that the damage was the result of the driver's carelessness, the dealer put in a new transmission and handed the stockman a receipted bill for a hundred and fifteen dollars. The new transmission proved an excellent investment for the dealer, who has since received more than ten thousand dollars from the cattle baron for additional cars.

Liberality That Finally Pays

EVEN experienced buyers, men who have driven automobiles for years, may get into expensive trouble through unfamiliarity with a new model. Last fall an old customer of the agent for a well-known car, having waited two weeks for the delivery of a 1910 roadster, jumped into the machine half an hour after it arrived on the floor of the salesroom and drove off in it. Five hours later the car was in the shop and an inspection showed that all of the four cylinders and pistons were scored and burnt beyond hope of repair. Further investigation revealed that the oil feed, the location of which had been changed in the new model, was almost closed, allowing the cylinders to burn out with practically no lubrication.

The buyer admitted that he should have examined the car before using it and that he would have to shoulder the damage; but his manner as he made the admission convinced the dealer that he had to choose between the cost of four new cylinders and the customer's continued patronage. Though the immediate outlay was heavy, the dealer did not hesitate to put in the cylinders gratis. Courageously he cast his steel into the water, and it came back to him twofold. Remembering the liberal treatment at the hands of the dealer, the buyer sent in several good prospects, and the factory, after a correspondence of six months, decided to reimburse the agent for the cylinders as a matter of policy.

This radical change in the attitude of the automobile dealer toward the buyer is by no means local or confined to a few centers with strong competition. Out of some sixty selling agents visited a few months ago by the assistant engineer of a large motor-car factory only one was making money out of his repair shop, and he had been in the business but a short time. All the others were barely meeting expenses or running the department at a loss, an indication of the large sums spent in advertising automobiles to the man who will not need another one for years.

The day when the circus rider, the actor and the automobile salesman were segregated in a pasture all their own

by the really good people is rapidly passing away. Whiff by whiff the spicy *haut goût*, the strong gamy flavor, is being blown out of the automobile industry. The unscented air of straight business methods is rushing into factory and salesroom, and the effect of this pure draft has astonished even the staunch advocates of the fresh-air cure.

At the convention of the agents for a certain make of car, last summer, the owner of the agency in the far southwestern corner of the country was called upon to explain why his territory with its scant half million population absorbed a larger portion of the factory's output than any other agency, the New York branch house with its field ten times larger not excepted. The selling ability of the Westerner was a mystery to his colleagues. They knew that competition among automobile dealers in the leader's vicinity had a sharper edge than in almost any other city.

Disappointment awaited them. "Put your nose to the grindstone and keep it there until the stone is worn smooth," was the substance of the leader's story. He had graduated from the bicycle shop into the garage, had learned the automobile business from the bottom up in factory and shop, he told the audience. He had stuck to his car when other agents dropped their line to chase the butterfly of a season's extraordinary faddish popularity, and had paid just as much attention to his customers after as before the sale. In his opinion joy rides, wine suppers and similar arguments were of little value. If he could not sell his allotment of cars without stimulants, he said, he would hitch up with another maker.

"I always assume that the prospective buyer has ordinary intelligence," he continued; "that he is not paying out several thousand dollars without having informed himself as to the relative merits of the various proposed investments; and I infer that his attention proves his knowledge of and interest in my car. Therefore I do not, as a rule, try to show the buyer *what* the car will do, but rather *how* it does its work. A pleasant ride of a few hours, with a hill or two, and an invitation to lunch if it happens to be the noon hour, is usually sufficient to convince a prospect who is really interested. But I never hesitate, if he wants more proof, to duplicate any of my competitors' stunts.

"I keep no special cars for demonstrating purposes. The model the customer wants is taken right out of the salesroom and tried out. If I were in the drygoods business I expect my customer would become suspicious should I quote him a price on one bolt of silk and cut his order from another bolt.

"When the car is sold I impress upon the buyer the desirability of making speed slowly, of learning the operation of the car thoroughly, and of studying the effect of every lever upon the engine and transmission before venturing far from home. Should something happen despite instructions and warnings, I always have time to help. In one case I dropped all business in the midst of the season and drove two hundred miles into the desert where a new buyer's car was marooned through his own fault. He had to pay for the repair job, but I did not charge him a cent for the four-hundred-mile trip. He has been a good income-producing friend ever since."

This agent is one of the few automobile salesmen beyond the reach of the fake prospect. The wine bought annually for these mosquitoes of the motor-car trade could float a torpedo boat; the cigars they consume would supply a thousand candidates with election arguments and a whole factory could be kept busy turning out machines for their exclusive use. Only a few months ago the automobile dealers of a Western city, stung so often that they were exasperated beyond endurance, determined to make an example of a well-to-do professional man, the worst of the city's fake buyers, who had twice made the joy-ride round of the agencies and was starting on his third lap.

A reception committee was ready when the suave prospect, by appointment, was ready for his next demonstration. It was a hot day, and the fake buyer settled back complacently into the cushions when the cool draft poured in over the lowered windshield of the speedy car and fanned his face. Over a range of hills the car shot, dropped down a long, steep descent into a sweltering, bare, lifeless valley and, after following its full length, entered the foothills of the main range. A few miles in the rear seven other machines carrying the reception committee carefully kept out of sight until the leading car stopped in a cañon blazing with the heat reflected from the walls of rock.

"I was just about to suggest that we turn back," remarked the passenger as the auto swung around. "I am satisfied that your car is an excellent hill-climber and rides smoothly over rough roads. Now let's see what speed she'll develop on the park boulevards."

Without replying the salesman completed the turn, set the handbrake and, a sardonic grin hovering about his lips, faced the fake buyer. When it came, his answer was short and to the point:

"Get!"

The passenger stared at him in speechless wonder.

"Get out! Quick, or I'll throw you out!"

The salesman stood up, grabbed the prospect's collar and accelerated his exit into the ankle-deep dust just as the other cars arrived on the scene.

"Look here!" he said triumphantly when the protesting passenger began to demand explanations. "It's just fifty-four miles from home by the speedometer, and walking is good. It's a fine exercise—much healthier than joy-riding in automobiles you never expect to buy. Step lively when you hike. We'll mark the way for you, and don't you ever show your face again in any salesroom asking for a demonstration."

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THE NEW HIRED MAN

Harnessing the Home Stream—By Donald C. Shafer

THE auto rumbled over a bridge which spanned a noisy stream, climbed a small wooded knoll, and the country home, ablaze with electric light, lay below us.

"Where in the world do you get the electricity from?" I questioned with astonishment, for I had expected no such convenience so far from the city.

"Get it out of that brook we just crossed," answered my companion indifferently.

"Out of the brook!" I cried, suspecting that he was trying to have some fun at my expense.

"Sure, out of the brook," he retorted convincingly. "We've harnessed the stream down there in the valley and are making the water do a large part of the work on this big farm nowadays, when hired help is so scarce and high-priced."

That next morning I hurried out to watch the new hired man, Electricity, milk the cows, prepare the feed for the stock, pump the water, separate and churn the cream and do most of the other chores about the farm buildings.

All this was on the magnificent country estate well named Heart's Delight, and owned by Mr. W. H. Miner, at Chazy, Clinton County, New York. This estate covers an area of fifty-one hundred and sixty acres, surrounding the old Miner homestead of one hundred and fifty acres. Twelve hundred acres are under cultivation and a like number are used for pasturage. The remainder is pretty woodland, clothing hill and dale, fell and fen in majestic foliage.

There are many things of interest about this wonderful country home, from the elk, deer and buffalo in the pretty little park to the fine herds of pure-bred shorthorn Durham and Guernsey cattle, the Dorset sheep and the registered Percheron and Belgian horses. The bird-fancier could profitably spend his time looking over the different breeds of choice fowls or the squab industry, and the sportsman would be more than interested in the well-equipped fish hatchery where trout are propagated. But for me, with an engineering bent, nothing was worth noticing until I had studied this wonderful electrical power which I found on every hand so busy with the farmwork.

Nearly three years ago it was when Mr. Miner decided to provide his farm with electricity for light and power, and so successful was this initial installation that the plant has been added to from time to time, resulting in a most complete and novel application of electricity to farmwork.

For hundreds of years two streams had noisily traversed the Miner farm, the smaller known as Tracy Brook, the larger called the Chazy River, and all this while these streams had been doing little more than make a merry noise over the rocks and pebbles. Investigation proved that they offered cheap and reliable sources of power, and the engineers decided that it was time they went to work if they were to continue "living" with Mr. Miner. Three small concrete dams were thrown across the Tracy Brook, giving a reservoir area of one hundred and seventy acres. A concrete penstock, forty-four inches in diameter and six hundred and seventy feet long, carries the water from the lower dam to a tiny power-house, under a nineteen-foot head, where it dashes against the blades of two powerful reaction turbine water-wheels. On each water-wheel shaft is fastened the revolving armature of an electric dynamo, one of forty horse-power and one of seventeen horse-power, generating direct current at a pressure of two hundred and twenty volts. This electrical energy is transmitted over a pole line one mile and a quarter to a small distributing station located in the main group of farm buildings.

This Five-Horse-Power Motor Drives All the Farm Machinery

Such was the initial equipment; but the "new hired man" did his work so thoroughly and so well, never complaining about early rising, never objecting to scrubbing the milk cans or turning the hateful grindstone, and never getting mad and quitting the very morning that five acres of hay were down and ready for the barn, that it was decided to erect a new and larger power-plant on the Chazy River, about a mile below the Tracy Brook power-house, and extend the electrification to every portion of the farmwork. A concrete dam was built to hold the water in storage, and a second dam was constructed below the first to give the water-wheels the benefit of a thirty-foot fall—for it is the weight of water in falling that constitutes its power. This water is carried to the Little Chazy power-house through a concrete penstock, forty-eight by sixty inches and six hundred and thirty feet in length, where it pours into a concrete flume. Through steel pipes the pent-up waters rush out with the force of nearly three hundred horses, madly whirling turbines and generators until the potential energy of the water is changed into two hundred electrical horse-power, alternating current, at a pressure of twenty-three hundred volts. This electrical power is carried over copper wires, strung on poles, two miles and three-quarters to the same little central distributing station.

No expense was spared to make these power-houses the most perfect models of their kind. Besides being all connected on the telephone line they are equipped with both hand and automatic governors and controllers so the service cannot be interrupted by accident and can be easily controlled under all conditions.

In the central power-station are located the switch-boards, from which the electricity is controlled over the various distributing lines, transformers for lowering the voltage or pressure and the motor-generating sets to change the alternating current from the little Chazy power-station into direct current for farm use. There is also a storage battery, so that the electricity need not stop even if some accident should happen to the generating sources. This battery, with a capacity of six hundred ampere-hours, is also used as a "balancer" to keep the

voltage steady and for lighting and power after 9:30 P. M., at which time the hydro-electric plants are shut down for the night. This storage battery is merely a reservoir for storing electricity for future use.

At Heart's Delight farm the wiring from building to building is all concealed underground in conduits. Besides the lighting of the homes and farm buildings with hundreds of incandescent lamps, the yards and roadways are lighted with flaming arc lamps. There are numerous motors on the place, ranging all the way from the tiny fellow that grinds the food for the growing trout to the twenty-five-horse-power motor which prepares feed for the horses and cattle. In the main dairy barn a ten-horse-power motor unloads and handles the hay. With this apparatus a ton of hay may be unloaded and stored in either end of the large loft by two men in less than five minutes. On the main floor of this barn is a feed-cutting machine for preparing fodder for the cattle, run by a smaller motor, and in the dairy section a one-and-a-half-horse-power motor operates the vacuum pump for the milking-machines. There are five milking-machines in use, milking ten cows at the same time, the suction being applied by an automatic valve on each device, imitating perfectly the effect of hand milking, with the added assurance of absolute cleanliness, as the machines are all inclosed. After being tested the milk is run through a motor-driven separator in the milk-room on the same floor and the cream taken to the butter-making section. This cream is "ripened" in a covered tank before it is churned by electric power. Near the dairy is an electric ice-making plant and refrigerator with a capacity of twenty tons of ice every twenty-four hours, the ammonia and brine pumps being operated by electric power. This ice is used for domestic purposes, for cold storage and for shipping perishable products.

The large motor used to drive the grist mill in another building is so arranged that it can be readily taken into the fields for threshing purposes. In all the other buildings where power is required there you will find a busy little electric motor doing the work that formerly had to be done by hand, horse or steam power. In the house the laundry has been electrified with motor-driven washing-machines, wringers, centrifugal dryers, mangles and electric flatirons. Among the other auxiliary electric devices at the cottage are an electric piano, complete electric heating and cooking devices, meat choppers, buffer and grinders, motor-driven ice-cream freezer and numerous electric fans. On top of one of the fire-tank towers is an electrical instrument which automatically records on a chart in the house a continuous record of the speed and direction of the wind, the amount of moisture in the air and the precipitation.

Electricity Everywhere at Work

IN THE fish-hatchery a small motor runs the grinding-machine which prepares the food for the trout confined in small concrete ponds. A seven-horse-power motor drives a centrifugal pump, automatically maintaining a large supply of spring water in a steel tower tank for use in the refrigerator plant. Water for fire protection is forced by two hydraulic rams to a sixty-thousand-gallon tank one hundred feet above ground on a steel tower. There is also a complete sausage-making plant, including a meat cutter and mixing-machine driven by a four-horse-power motor, which also supplies power to the machine that prepares the waste bone and gristle for chicken feed.

The time and labor saved, the insured safety and sanitation, the well-lighted buildings express more eloquently than mere words the enormous value of this electric service.

Electricity is the genie that accomplishes the hard work and the wonders about this model farm. It does a hundred things and on every hand greets one with a new and novel application of this mysterious force. The plant is as perfect as modern engineering methods can devise and has been in successful operation for several years, each month's record showing the vast amount of labor saved by harnessing the streams and the electrical conveniences enjoyed by those who live on this country estate. By night the buildings and the yards are ablaze with electric lights and by day the buildings hum with many busy motors doing the work of scores of hired men. This plant, one of the most perfect of its kind, cost thousands of dollars, and yet it can truthfully be said to be a paying investment, the annual cost of maintenance being far below the actual saving in labor and farm costs for other and inferior power and light.

"We have had electric service for a period of about three years," said the foreman enthusiastically, "and I think we have proved that the electric motor can be successfully and economically applied to all the machinery on a farm. The electrical machinery is especially long-lived and our yearly bills for repairs are very small.

"Formerly we had both traction and stationary engines and a host of horses and men to do this work, but thanks to those busy streams all that old bother and fire risk has been eliminated. Today we can have the power where we want it, scattered all over the place, always ready and willing. With a reel of insulated cable we can carry our twenty-five-horse-power portable motor anywhere about the farm. It does more work than a traction engine and requires no engineer to tend it. In our machine shops electric motors drive the band saw, circular saw, boring mills, lathe, wood planer and the drills, and our blacksmith shop will soon be completely electrified. In the sheep barn the electric power does work very similar to that done in the dairy. There are in all twenty-seven motors on the place, aggregating one hundred and thirty horse-power; such flexibility of power would be out of the question with steam or gasoline engines."

A Small Plant That Makes Money

DOWN through an old pasture on the farm of Jared Van Wagenen, Junior, at Lawyersville, New York, flows a very little stream which one can easily step across unless the water is high. A little over half a mile from the house is an old mill-dam covering about three acres, built long ago when tiny sawmills dotted the East.

"About eight years ago I began to figure on how to get this power to the house where it could do a little work," said Mr. Van Wagenen. "My first thought was to carry it there by belt cables, but figures proved that the friction would eat up the five horse-power available. Electric power, easily transmitted with little loss, was the only solution. I talked with many who understood electricity and its engineering features and most of them laughed at the idea of such a small installation. Had I wanted to construct a million-dollar plant there would have been whole libraries of advice; but a small plant to run entirely alone and be controlled by a seven-hundred-foot wire was evidently a novelty. After a good deal of studying and feeling my way the plans were made and the work begun.

"The stream being so small the most rigid economy of water had to be observed, so I installed a nine-inch upright turbine in an upright wooden case, building the case myself, where it would get the most benefit of the fifteen-foot head. This turbine, furnishing about five horse-power, I belted to a three-kilowatt or four-horse-power, one-hundred-and-twenty-five-volt direct-current generator, which would easily take care of seventy-five metal filament incandescent lamps. I next installed a water-wheel governor to insure a steady flow of electricity. It took about seventy-four hundred feet of weatherproof copper wire, strung on wooden poles which were cut on the farm, to carry the electricity to my home and the farm buildings and to the house of a neighbor. As it is more than half a mile from the house to the plant it is out of the question to go there every night and morning to stop and start the machinery. Of course it is possible to let this plant run night and day during the wet seasons, but in dry times it is best to save the water when the power is not needed. A neighbor living about seven hundred feet from the power station kindly starts and stops the machinery with a wire stationed at his bedroom window. This wire controls a valve and counterweight. At five o'clock in the morning he pulls the wire and the lights come on and at a certain hour of the night he releases the wire and they go out. In payment for this service I light his house and barns free of charge.

"Our maintenance charges are very small—almost negligible. I think our water-wheel behaves better every year. Carbon brushes for the generator last a long while and oil is a very small item. Each year I am improving the plant, and very soon I expect to install a motor-driven washing-machine and wringer to prepare the clothes for the electric iron and to put a vacuum cleaning outfit in the house.

"Although I consider the cost of our plant about $500, it was installed under the most rigid economy in every respect and mainly by my own hands. The dam was already built and needed only some trifling repairs. The gate control is my own get-up, and while the cost is trifling it took considerable study to get it to work right. I did most of the house wiring, using concealed knob and tube work for the living-rooms of the house; moulding and open wiring for the other rooms and for the barns. This material cost me about $40. Of course I do not in any instance figure in my own labor as the work was all done at odd times."

This little plant, with the dam already built, cost Mr. Van Wagenen about $500, as follows:

Installation	
Dynamo, 3 kw. (second-hand)	$ 50.00
Water-wheel, 9 kw. (naked wheel)	55.00
Governor (new)	75.00
Wire (7400 feet)	210.00
Labor (installing water-wheel)	40.00
Fixtures: lamps and the like	38.00
One small motor, 2 h.p. (new)	50.00
Total	$518.00

Profit and Loss	
Interest on investment	$ 27.50
Depreciation	66.00
Repairs, lubricating oil	5.00
Improvements annually	30.00
Total	$128.50
Hired power saved: threshing, ensilage, sawing and so on	$ 45.00
Oil fuel saved	10.00
Labor saved—one man yearly	350.00
Total	$405.00
Yearly saving	$405.00
Yearly cost	128.50
Net profit annually	$276.50

A Busy California Trout Brook

OF COURSE Mr. Van Wagenen's home and barns are well lighted with electricity, and those of his good neighbor likewise. About the barns a small but powerful electric motor of about three horse-power drives the milk separator, grindstone, milling-machines, feed cutters, runs the hayfork, fanning mill, and furnishes enough power to milk the cows, cut the ensilage and do a hundred other things about the place. It will do the work of one hired man the year around and saves countless steps and endless chores which are the bane of every countryman.

Not more than fifty miles east of Sacramento, California, near the hamlet of Colfax, Mr. Ellis Franklin owns a small farm. A little trout stream, rioting among the foothills and across the farm in a series of falls and rapids, *en route* to its destination in the Bear River, has been detained a little while at this farm, where it cheerfully dons the invisible mantle of electricity and does most of the mechanical work about the premises, heats and lights the building, and does the cooking, washing, ironing and numerous other small chores.

This little plant is as nearly fool-proof as it was possible to make it. It requires practically no attention and the power-house need not be visited more than once a week with a supply of oil. Every night in the year the plant carries an average of thirty to forty lights from dusk till midnight, and after that

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Milking-Machine Operated by Vacuum Pump Driven by Small Electric Motor

TOM MORTON

A Story of the Hard-Rock Men

By FRED R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

XII

THAT was the winter for which Snowslide is best remembered. Old-time drill-runners "driving tunnel" around stoves of far-off camps still tell of it: the winter of the forty-foot drifts at the summit, of the pneumonia epidemic, the falling rock and the big free fight.

Gray clouds hung low among the hidden peaks and the air was heavy with flakes for days at a time. Trains stuck in foothill cuts and the camp was out of the world for long intervals. Chinook winds swept lazily inland and ate the snow in a night. Right after them came zero weather, and the damp air, suddenly congealed to sharpness, left sickness in the bunkhouses. It was the winter of which they tell when the carelessly-buried dead appeared in the camp's little graveyard among the hemlocks on the mountainside at every thaw. Shaking rock masses peeled away from the heading roof three times that winter, crushing men as they fell. A heading-runner, mucking out after a shot, thrust his pick point into a stick of unexploded dynamite and vanished utterly, taking half a dozen others with him. A somber, gray winter of fatalities, and there was no sun.

It was a winter of restlessness and disorganization. Men growled over the quality of the food and quit good jobs for no tangible reason. The lust for moving on—the curse of the hard-rock men, the necessary affliction that made them ready to go anywhere where progress called for labor—descended upon many. Twenty drill-runners disappeared one payday, and it was three months before the first of them came drifting back. By bunkhouse stoves these prodigals told of work in sunny California, of work in Alaska where wages ran to eight and ten dollars a day, and of work at Galveston where Gulf breezes had fanned their cheeks. The tales made their auditors restless. Rumors of other jobs were spreading constantly and getting serious discussion: jobs in far places, inviting because the distance was great; jobs with fabulous wages magnified by those who discoursed upon them.

Tom heard the talk; he listened to it many evenings. It made something stir within him, something which he did not understand, a vague blood movement that kept him restless at night and aroused dissatisfaction when he was at work. He wanted to go somewhere else; he had been here too long. Twice, when he drew his check, it was only the accident of snowbound trains that held him to the camp.

That winter Jerry Morley got a shift of hard-fisted, reckless runners and left the job with the most of them to loaf for weeks in the Gem dance-hall, until they gave the place so hard a name that Jack Tarpy, the walker, led a storming party to drive the revelers back to work. In Mexican deserts and beneath the shadows of Alaskan glaciers they sing epics of that fight today. It was the big payday, the one that came two weeks late because of delayed trains.

Other paydays stood out in Snowslide's history; above them all the one in March of that year. The hemlock forests were black below the glistening summits that afternoon; in the cañon soggy drifts had grown dull gray. The breeze from the seaboard carried with it damp warmth; it was heavy with that mournful laziness of air that makes the blood stir in the veins and brings memories of places which one has never seen. In the darkening afternoon it sighed among the hemlocks, and the shift, emerging from the tunnel's depths, stared vaguely off into the whispering branches above the gray snow. One or two of the men halted and lifted their faces, snuffing as horses smell the air.

They were big men, strong with the animal within them. They were close to the earth. It moved them subtly; they did not know how. This first touch of spring, lowering from dark, damp skies, fell over them and enwrapped them like a blanket. It was the call of grasses in their first stirring to uncurl beneath the snow, of unborn flowers, of fair skies still uncleared; the summons of the season, that had always bidden their forebears, but little rougher and little hairier than themselves, to pick up their spears and wander. The earth called, and as the call reached them they became vaguely discontent.

Tom strode among them, his big face to the breeze, his eyes set far away. He was uneasy; the feeling that had come over him in the winter when he harkened to the tales of other places was with him now: that and something more. He walked in silence, and suddenly he caught his breath without knowing why. The stirring air carried by a faint whiff of balsam. High overhead came the call of wild geese, speeding northward.

She Lay in His Arms—a Light Burden

There were sixty of the shift, walking together to the depot where their checks awaited them; and as each man left the station window he went straight toward the town. The Old Man, gossiping with the Doctor in the post-office, heard the tramp of their passing feet and looked around at them. He knew them as they did not know themselves. He turned to the Doctor.

"There'll be the devil to pay tonight," said he.

He was of their breed; his body had grown big living their life. He stepped to the door and the soft, warm breeze came to his nostrils. He sniffed it. Looking upward suddenly, "Wild geese," he said. He stood there in the doorway while the men trooped by. "The devil to pay," he repeated to himself. The heavy air fanned his cheek, carrying damp odors of the hidden earth. He looked in at the Doctor. "I'm goin' to stay downtown an' watch ut," he muttered.

The row of flimsy wooden buildings that comprised the town showed like a yellow scar against the gray snow. Before them the sidewalk shook to the tramp of heavy feet. Overhead the cloth signs billowed lazily and ragged streamers from their edges fluttered carelessly. Within the wide doors the long rooms were filling. Groups of men talked noisily before the unpainted pine bars. The bartenders polished their glasses steadily, getting ready for the long night's work; they were beady-eyed men with hair plastered tight over low foreheads. At the green-clothed tables the lead-faced gamblers ran stacks of chips together between long, white fingers, making a clicking noise; the sound came ceaselessly, suggestive of the chips that made it, alluring. In the rear, where the raised floors extended back beneath acetylene lamps, knots of dance-hall women were laughing mirthlessly at nothing.

At the station window the last of the waiting line was melting before the agent's swift payments. He was a lean-faced man with hollow cheeks and lack-luster eyes; he had nothing in common with the men whom he served; his world was far apart from theirs, along the message-laden wires that paralleled the track. He shoved each paper check through the window with an air of weary indifference. As he got his slip the laborer stepped to one side, unfolded it and departed, and another took his place. It was like machinery. Tom waited his turn among the last, his helper behind him. "Kennedy is drunk," the helper was saying. "He's been downtown since morning."

Tom nodded vaguely; he was thinking of other things. His mind was wandering to places that he had never seen, of which he had never heard. He felt the heaviness of his blood, the surcharged life within him, the accumulation of winter's storage of heat and strength. It pulsed in every vein; it made his limbs leaden like a laziness; it made him restless, demanding that it be unloaded. Far off in the forest male animals were moving through the damp snow, rubbing their fur against the treetrunks, snuffing the heavy air, growling with the desire of the season to fight one another for their mates, preparing instinctively for their first wanderings. Tom felt a wave of disgust for the work, its steady monotony, for the black hole reverberating with noises, for the camp, the cookhouse where he ate coarse food, the bunkhouse where he slept between heavy blankets. He yawned and stretched his big arms wearily.

"Lookin' fer trouble!" he heard the helper say.

He took his place at the window. "Who's lukkin' fer throuble?" he asked half-irritably over his shoulder.

"Kennedy," said the helper eagerly. "I've been tellin' ye, he ——"

Tom turned with his check in his hand. "To hell wit' Kennedy!" he growled. "Lave him be."

He walked away alone up the track. All winter he and Kennedy had run side by side, racing in the heading. Sometimes Tom had won and sometimes the Dynamiter. As the season had worn on the former had slowly forged ahead. Most often of late it had been he who had torn down his machine first. And still there remained open the question of superiority between them. The rivalry had not subsided; it had grown. They still toiled side by side, elbow close to elbow, never speaking, the eyes of each taking sidelong note of the other's progress. And there had grown—inevitably born of the rivalry and the innate differences in these men, differences which made each antagonistic to the other—a deeper feeling. The men about them had seen this. And because these two were the biggest men in camp, the camp had come to know it. Now, knowing the thing that must come from it, the camp was waiting for this thing—the ultimate settlement of physical superiority, the testing of man against man, the fight.

But Tom was not thinking of Kennedy now. The camp lay ahead of him, the cluster of pine buildings, the bunkhouses and the cookhouse. He had a fixed idea of going there; he intended to put by all of this check; perhaps he might see some good chance calling him elsewhere this month. But the thought of these buildings revolted him; he was sick of them.

From the upper air came a wild, minor note; a male brant, leading his flock northward, was summoning the laggards where the widespread triangle flared. Tom halted in his tracks. The heavy breeze touched his cheeks in soft caress. Then he heard a burst of sound and he glanced whence it had come, toward the row of unpainted wooden buildings. In the post-office door he saw the Old Man gazing upward at the sky. He saw the crowd on the board sidewalk; from a wide-open door came a medley of noises, the scuffling of many feet, the tinkle of a piano, a shout of laughter. He watched the crowd before the bar, staring at them as a detained schoolboy stares through the open window at his companions rioting on the playground. Suddenly the vague restlessness within him centered and became a longing. He shook his wide shoulders and turned his back on the camp; he hurried whither the lure drew.

The Old Man and the Doctor were standing inside the post-office door as he passed. They were talking eagerly; their words came to him. "Wait half an hour, and I'll be with you," the Doctor was saying.

"We c'n get Smith an' Anderson," said the Old Man. "They'll be through runnin' them levels by that time."

"And have a little dinner in Dolan's restaurant," the Doctor said. "He can broil a steak and I've some wine back here. My wife's away."

"I wisht mine was," Tom heard the Old Man mutter.

The sidewalk before the dance-halls was lined with the men of Snowslide. Many still wore the garb in which they had toiled—oilskins, rubber boots and squam hats, the squam hats tilted back from their lined foreheads. They leaned against the sidewalk's rail, talking in groups; their laughter boomed; their faces were alight; recklessness blazed from them. Now and then a knot of them swaggered away together into one of the wide doors. Again one came forth from a saloon, striding aggressively; another followed, leaping, capering heavily in his rubber boots, whooping. Always from within came the babel of tongues, the click of the chips, the metallic beat of the pianos. Before the walk the gray snow was littered with heaps of broken bottles; overhead the cloth signs billowed lazily, their ragged edges fluttering in the languorous breeze.

The Heavy Breeze Touched His Cheeks in Soft Caress

The car-tender burst from the line at the sidewalk's rail. He smote Tom's chest with his gnarled fist. His broad face was expanded to a laugh; his big features reeked with happiness. "Come on!" he cried—"Come on, an' have a drink!" He struck Tom again and piled epithets upon him, endearing each appellation by the word "Old." "Where you been?" he demanded as though they had not seen each other for months. He repeated the question aggressively at intervals. They went together to Riley's dance-hall. It was the rendezvous of the older drill-runners, the hard-rock men. Among them it was whispered that the Old Man had an interest in the place, and so they clung to it instead of the others.

Riley, himself, was behind the bar, at the end by the safe, cashing pay checks. As he got his money every man moved a few feet to one side and slapped some of it down, calling for a drink. Then the bartender, pushing forward the bottle, tossed the coin into the cash register; and the garnering was begun. Giving out the money, Riley smiled constantly, a non-committal smile. He was a big-waisted man, shrewd-eyed, imperturbable. Always he kept one eye roving between the bartender and the cash register. The car-tender introduced Tom to him, and the three of them drank together. Then Riley pressed cigars upon them and insisted that they remain in the place. "Enjoy yourselves," he told them.

The car-tender tilted his cigar upward and puffed aggressively. Tom clenched his between his teeth so that it slanted downward, and looked about the room. Already the heaviness was leaving his limbs; the vague uneasiness was departing before a fierce warmth. The liquor was beginning to work. He thrust his big hand into his pocket. "Let's have another," he said.

About them the hard-faced men of Snowslide were moving restlessly like milling cattle, shouting, muttering, exploding oaths; the gamblers were droning their ceaseless invitation in singsong monotone, clicking their celluloid chips in long accompaniment; on the raised dance-floor the women were smoking, laughing drearily. He watched them, puffing slowly at his cigar, listening gravely to the car-tender now grown enthusiastic over small things.

"Kennedy's down to the Gem," said the car-tender finally. "He says he's goin' to hammer yer head off."

Tom scowled. "'Tis aisy fer Kennedy to talk," he growled. "Lave him blow if he likes ut; I ain't huntin' throuble."

As they roamed around the room many spoke to Tom; he seemed to be a center of attraction. Men with whom he had never had words hunted him out, and every one of them had something to say of the Dynamiter, some repetition of threats, for the most part wildly exaggerated. Although he responded to them lightly or not at all, Tom felt his anger rise, and he felt, more definitely, the grim antagonism that had grown during the winter. Finally, after an hour, he turned away irritably from two drill-runners who were harping on the subject. "Let's go eat," he said to the car-tender. "I'm hungry."

"Coming back?" Riley called to them as they passed toward the door. They nodded, and he resumed his placid demeanor, watching the bartender's treatment of the cash register from the tail of his eye.

In the door they collided with Jack Tarpy. The walker was hurrying in as though he had been called on business. His face was set with determination. "Come an' watch me," he said. "I'm goin' to bust that crap game. I'll get back what ut's got from me. Come on!" They shook their heads. "We're off to eat," said the car-tender.

"Come in when ye're tru," called Tarpy after them. "Ye'll find me here, gettin' that tinhorn's roll."

At Dolan's, Jerry Morley and the Gunner hailed them joyfully.

"We lukked fer ye at the Gem," grinned Jerry. "Yer friend the Dynamiter's over there."

The four of them were sitting together midway down the room. In the rear they saw the Old Man and the Doctor dining with two of the civil engineers. The table was resplendent with white linen and silver knives and forks.

At its head the Doctor sat, white-collared, his loud-patterned tweeds neatly pressed. His manner was punctilious. The engineers were badgering him about some escapade in Spokane which they had invented. He smiled, half liking it. "Really, now, gentlemen!" he said. "My word! What rot! Absurd!"

The Old Man drank his wine at a gulp and joined in the chaffing. His wit set them all into a roar of laughter.

"The ould divil," said Jerry. "He's billed fer a jamboree tonight. I know the signs."

The Gunner looked at Tom quizzically as they went out. "Want to go to the Gem?" he asked. Tom shook his head. "I'll hunt no throuble," he asserted. They followed him to Riley's.

The place was full now. Men stood in a long line before the bar; they danced on the raised platform with listless women; they moved restlessly about the middle of the room, hunting companions, hunting enemies, jostling one another, laughing, cursing. The pianos were thumping; the gamblers were droning their ceaseless singsong invitations, clicking their stacks of chips. Through the wide doors the sounds went forth where the flare of the acetylene lamps fell on the gray snow, hardening now to crispness in the clean, cold air of night.

Riley greeted them with his non-committal smile. They drank with him, and while they were raising their glasses a man shouldered his way roughly among them, throwing a yellow-backed bill upon the bar. It was Jack Tarpy. His face was grim; hard lines crevassed it. He did not look at them. "Your dice are crooked," he cried to Riley. "I'll beat them yet." He burst into curses.

"Have a drink," said Riley calmly. The walker gulped down the whisky and stamped back to the crap-table. They saw him there, half an hour later, bending over it as he threw the dice, watching them as they rolled, swearing at them, talking to them as though they were alive and would obey him.

Late in the evening the Old Man and the Doctor came; with them were the two civil engineers. Riley gave them chairs behind the bar, and they sat watching the crowd. The eyes of many went toward them. Then a nipper boy rushed in and shouted something excitedly. The Gunner turned to Tom—they were standing at the bar's edge. "Kennedy is comin'," he said.

Outside sounded the heavy tramp of booted feet, and a dozen of the Cœur d'Aleners trooped in. The Dynamiter was among them; he loomed above them all. His deep-lined face was aflame with ferocity; his bleared eyes glinted beneath his frowning brows. The noises of the long room died.

XIII

THE Cœur d'Aleners advanced straight to the bar. The tramp of their booted feet was the only sound in the place. Rough voices stopped in mid-syllables; the piano halted on a high note; the women ceased dancing and stood, abandoned by their partners. Even the lead-faced gamblers dropped their shuffling chips. Every eye was on the invaders. They gained the bar and stood, backs to it, their faces toward the room. Twelve men, they held their places as though this were to be a stand against the crowd.

They were not popular. Good drill-runners, each and all, they were of a strange breed, miners among hard-rock men. Pariahs in the mountains whence they had come, blacklisted by employers, feared by many of the workingmen whose cause their violence had hurt, they had wandered here to find sidelong looks and rivalry. And they had met both boldly. Always they had hung together, a minor faction. As they stood, shoulder to shoulder, their reckless eyes swept the silent room. Their lined faces, deeper lined this night from drink, challenged those on whom they looked. Then Kennedy moved toward Tom and the silence passed.

The crowd surged forward. Its center now, the point toward which its members were pressing, was the spot where these two giants stood, side by side. Each of them was facing the bar; the elbow of each was touching the elbow of the other. And neither yielded ground. Kennedy slammed down a coin. "Give us a drink!" he shouted. Behind their white obscuration his eyes shot fire.

Though the Dynamiter was pressing hard against him Tom did not move. He was ignoring Kennedy elaborately—too elaborately. It could not last. The situation was pregnant; the fight was there, about to burst. It needed but one slight movement from either man, a single word of direct address. Kennedy prepared to speak that word. He tossed his liquor down his thick, corded throat and turned toward Tom, a sneer upon his lips. At the same moment the Doctor leaped up on his chair. Standing on this eminence he raised a thin, white hand. "Gentlemen!" he cried.

The eyes in the room went toward him. Tom and Kennedy raised their faces to stare at him. He stood straight, tall, high-collared, immaculate in his loud-patterned tweeds, his hand upraised. His voice was elaborately formal as though this rough crowd were a polite audience. He paused a moment in this attitude, and then:

"Gentlemen," he repeated, "in behalf of my friends, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Riley, I have a few words to say to you." Those who were near heard a muttered oath from the Old Man and saw the Doctor's hand sweep toward him in a silencing gesture as he continued in impressive tones: "In the first place I have an invitation to deliver. I ask you, each and all, to take your places quietly at the bar and have a drink on me. And while you drink, gentlemen, I would ask Mr. Morton and Mr. Kennedy to step behind the bar. We have a word to say to them."

He paused. A babel rose, voices raised in exultation at the invitation, voices raised in anger, cries of disappointment. These last rose above the others. He heard them, and raised his hand. "Just a moment," he cried loudly, and the silence fell again. "There will be a fight," he shouted. A whoop of joy rose from the room's four corners, and the crowd shoved forward *en masse* upon the bar.

The Doctor bent down and whispered a word in Ryan's ear. The Old Man looked up in astonishment, then admiration. Then he beckoned imperiously to Tom and Kennedy. As they came he turned again to the Doctor. "Ye saved a merry free-fer-all," he said. "And nawthin' else wud." The Doctor's eyes were upon the two approaching giants. "Look at them!" he said. "My word! Think of the fight this will be!" He rubbed his hands.

The Old Man turned to Tom and Kennedy. "Now," said he, "listen here, ye two, to what I'm tellin' ye. Ye want to fight. There's no need to talk of that. And, anny-how, ye've got to fight. We're goin' to let ye do ut right, understand? We'll have no rough-house here. It's ye two fer ut, see? Stand up and knock down. I'll see fair play meself; and who fouls has me to deal wit'. Get back now to yer friends and sthrip. We'll call ye when we want ye."

Big Jerry and the Gunner met Tom as he came from behind the bar. With them was the car-tender. His face was no longer wide with mirth; he looked anxious. "Doc told us," said Big Jerry, "'tis London prize-ring. Fine business!"

"Come on," ordered the Gunner, squinting abstractedly as though he were thinking of many details. "Back to the dance-floor. Kennedy is sthrippin' be the sthove. Ye c'n lick him to a frazzle." The car-tender followed them in silence as they went, his grave eyes fixed on Tom.

"Now," said the Gunner as he unbuttoned Tom's shirt, "get to his shoes, Jerry. Listen to me, lad. Ye're two av a build, but ye shud tear his block off, bein' as the whisky's got him years ago, and his wind has gone. All he has over ye is the science. This is London prize-ring. That means stand up and fight fair, no bitin', gougin' or foulin'. When ye knock him down ye get a rest—and not until. And ye cannot hit him when he's down. Understand?"

Tom nodded absently. He looked at Kennedy stripping by the stove, surrounded by his fellows, laughing with them; and then he saw the car-tender staring at him, and he smiled. The car-tender smiled faintly back. "Stay wit' ut," he said as cheerfully as he knew how.

Down in the center of the room the Old Man looked up from superintendence of half a dozen drill-runners who were roping off the ring. "Where's Jack Tarpy?" he cried. There was no answer. He repeated it, and some one pointed to the crap-table, deserted now by all save the walker and the dealer. Ryan made the distance in two strides and returned, his hand in Tarpy's coat-collar. "I thought I had yer promise that ye'd stay on the work this day?" he was saying slowly. "Now, Mr. Tarpy, in the marnin' we make that trip to Leavenworth on the freight, me and ye, and ye sign the pledge fer wan year. Mind that. Here, get half a dozen men at the ropes, and keep back the crowd!"

A moment later the Gunner, hustling Tom into the ring, whispered into his ear. "Remember this," he said: "he's full of whisky, and has not the wind. Keep yer eye on his eye always, and make him move round." Looking up he saw the Doctor, a gold watch in one hand, signal to Ryan with the other that the time was up. He bent his head close to Tom's again for the final word. "He's been tellin' all over town how he'll hammer ye."

"Stand up!" The Old Man's voice came sharply. Tom rose, and saw the Dynamiter coming toward the center of the ring. He felt the push of the Gunner's hand, and went to meet him. Ryan stepped between them. "Shake hands!" he ordered. Their big palms met; their eyes were on the ground; it seemed as though they could not look into each other's face and refrain from striking. The Old Man stood back; Tom found himself facing Kennedy. And then it came over him that he did not know how to fight.

It appalled him for an instant; the realization overwhelmed him. All other things became as nothing. He could not fight! This was no rough-and-tumble mêlée in a bunkhouse—this cold-blooded arrangement, where he must fight by rule. It made him feel uncertain. He stood, his big hands clenched at his sides, and his eyes went to Kennedy. The Dynamiter was leaping toward him swinging his huge fists. Tom raised his hands and Kennedy's fists shot forward, the left and then the right. The floor seemed to rise and strike him heavily.

He was up in an instant. He did not hear the roar from the crowd. He did not feel the Gunner's arms about his waist, the push of the Old Man's fist against his chest. He only felt the sting of a blow that had come full and fair upon his mouth, and the trickle of warm blood upon his lower lip. He was mad with it. They dragged him, struggling, to his seat.

"Aisy, now; aisy, aisy," he heard the Gunner saying finally. "Ye young fool, aisy and listen to me. Do ye hear me now?" Tom nodded and stopped struggling. He saw the Gunner's puckered face close to his, while Big Jerry clung to his legs and the car-tender gazed at him anxiously. He nodded again and turned to the Gunner. "How soon do I get at him?" he asked.

"Soon enough," growled the little man. "Listen now to me. Ye must kape yer head, and watch him. Kape yer eye on his, right on his. Then ye see when he is going to hit. Never take ut off. When he leads—when he strikes at ye—dodge ut wit' yer head. Never mind yer belly; yer arms will take care av that. Kape clost to him, and hit him whenever ye can. That's what ye're there fer—to hit him. Do ut like ut was a day's work—like ye *had* to ——"

"Time!" the Doctor called.

The Dynamiter was coming toward him on the balls of his stockinged feet. He was poised, half-crouching, stepping lightly, springing with bent knees, coming closer. His shoulders bent forward ahead of his waist. His huge, knotted fists were moving constantly, rhythmically, swinging to and fro in front of him, now advancing, now retreating. The great cabled muscles were slipping and writhing beneath his white skin like thick snakes. His face was set, deep-lined, ugly; the white-filmed eyes gleamed.

Instinctively Tom raised his fists. A roar came from the crowd the Cœur d'Aleners made its bulk—a roar of derision. Tom did not hear it; he was looking into Kennedy's eyes. They met, foot to foot, and at once he saw the eyes flash a message, the message of a coming blow. Then he struck out with all the mad anger that was in him.

The movement brought a mighty change. His mind centered upon it, upon the fact that he was striking to reach a mark. And he became confident. He hardly felt the blow that crashed against his ribs. His own fist went wild, glancing from the Dynamiter's shoulder. He struck again, and again he failed to feel the punishment that he was getting. He only knew that he had hit.

The crowd was bellowing now, a deep-throated roar, the savage cry of savage men watching two fellows fight. The roar deepened, it swelled, all eyes in the room hardened and remained fixed upon these two, standing foot to foot, striking blow on blow, giving and taking; taking eagerly for the pleasure to give.

Thus they stood a full three minutes raining blows. The sound of the bare, hard knuckles striking naked flesh came in regular, sharp punctuations of the roar about them. Their huge, bare bodies touched. Tom felt the sweating flesh of the Dynamiter's chest press his. He heard the gasp of its indrawn breath. And he struck. Suddenly he felt the shock of Kennedy's fist against his cheek and he knew that he was falling. The Old Man was standing over him counting when his dazed senses came back. He saw the hand upraised above him and he scrambled to his feet. His head rang as he walked to his chair.

"That was fighting," he heard some one say.

Big Jerry was throwing water on his body, rubbing him. The Gunner bent his head. "Ye're sure to win," he said. "He's out of wind already, lad. Can ye wrastle?"

Tom nodded. "Sure," he said.

"When ye get in clost," whispered the Gunner, "grip him round the waist; grip him, but do not use yer legs to trip; t'row him wit' yer arms. And if ye cannot grip keep clost in and rough ut as ye did that time. Take all he gives ye fer the fun av givin'."

"Time!" The Doctor's face was very happy as he looked up from his watch.

This time Tom leaped to his feet. Kennedy was rushing toward him, a straight rush with swinging fists. As the Dynamiter came close the great fists hurtled out. Tom ducked his head and they flew past. He closed beneath them and gripped the naked waist with both his arms. For an instant the two men struggled desperately, locked in the embrace. Then Tom raised his arms with a mighty heave, and Kennedy swept through the air and crashed down on the floor.

The Dynamiter was breathing a little thickly when they approached each other at the beginning of the next round. He did not seem eager for the meeting. Tom ran in. As he closed the Dynamiter stepped warily to one side, then whirled and struck with all his force. The blow went past Tom's face; he felt the breath of it. Catching himself in the middle of a stride he turned and struck back viciously. Recovering his balance from the shock of Tom's fist, Kennedy drew in his arms. The two giants stood, again, foot to foot, their big fists swinging regularly. Suddenly Tom's arms flew out; they locked, and Kennedy went down.

"Ye have him now! Ye have him!" the Gunner whispered. "Kape ut up, an' wear him down. Hit him whenever ye can, an' niver lave him rest."

But Kennedy did not want rest now. He came into the center of the ring like an angered bull. His scowling face was evil with rage; his heavy jaw was set. As he rushed his fists swung out; and Tom, wise in the knowledge that he had gained, ducked beneath them, whirling round to strike back as they shot past. Kennedy caught himself as Tom's blow went home, and charged again. Again Tom avoided the rush, stepping to one side. He was cool now; his eyes were steady; and he fought as the Gunner had bade him, as though it were a day's work. He saw the Dynamiter's chest heave as he made a third onslaught; and suddenly, while Kennedy's arms were still outstretched, Tom leaped, driving his fist before him, down and inward, where the bare waist showed. The big body crumpled as the fist shot home, and Tom struck again, a swinging blow that met the jaw. Kennedy fell limply to the boards. The Old Man strode beside him and counted slowly. When he said "Ten" the roar of the crowd drowned everything.

Jerry and the Gunner fell upon Tom's shoulders. "Good boy!" the little man cried. "I knew ye'd do ut!"

"Ye sure hammered him!" shouted Jerry. "He's not come to yet." They dragged him through the crowd and helped him don his clothes. As he was buttoning his shirt he saw the car-tender standing before him. The car-tender's face was broad, radiant, reeking good nature. He was himself again.

The Doctor came and shook Tom by the hand. "My word!" he cried. "It *was* a fight; the best I ever saw, I think. A little more science, Mr. Morton, and you'll be a wonder." He looked at Tom's bulk. "What beef!" he murmured. "And the eye back of it! My word!"

The Old Man had delayed to catch the walker. He came now with one hand twisted in Tarpy's sleeve. "'Twas a stem-winder," he said. "Jeffries himself couldn't have done better. We'll have a drink on ut now."

At the bar Jack Tarpy muttered something in Ryan's ear. The Old Man looked at him steadily. "Not you," he growled. "Ye get soda-pop. Understand?"

XIV

IT WAS six hours later when Tom left Riley's. In the wan light of the mountain-shadowed morning he picked his way among the piles of broken bottles and slowly climbed the dump. He was weary with loss of sleep. His head rang with unaccustomed drinking. The earth was none too secure beneath his feet. But he was satisfied.

It was the satiation of change, the rest which comes from spent energies. He had had his playtime. Men of other environment demand books or chess, trout-fishing or the seeking of famous old paintings. The esthetic sense of the men of Snowslide called for cruder excitations; their big bodies demanded a major share of dissipation's amusements. Tom strode across the gray dump toward the tunnel's mouth, relieved of the oppression that had weighed upon him the day before. He was eager to go to work.

On his way he saw two figures walking toward the depot a large man and a small man, the small man in the grasp of his companion. It was Ryan and Jack Tarpy. The Old Man had kept his word; they were hurrying to catch the freight for Leavenworth, where the walker would sign the pledge before the priest. Tom looked at them and smiled. It was the smile of a man at a child; of strength at weakness tolerant. *He* had no

The Dynamiter Was Among Them; He Loomed Above Them All

(Continued on Page 49)

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 4, 1910

The Big Explosion Now Due

MR. ROOSEVELT'S learned addresses at several foreign capitals have been absorbed in this country with the highest interest and pleasure. His opinion of British rule in Egypt occupied the place of honor on our newspaper pages for two days, while his statement defining the proper attitude of a prospective visitor to the Pope furnished a sensation that has hardly been exceeded in extent and intensity since the San Francisco earthquake. We were glad to know his views, as unfolded before the University of Berlin, upon early German history and Græco-Roman civilization. But ——

The universal and unflagging attention with which we have hung upon these academic utterances is not due to any general idea that Mr. Roosevelt is qualified above other men to discuss them. On the contrary, the country listened most attentively to what he had to say about Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelius, precisely because it was profoundly interested to know what he had to say about Indianapolis, Des Moines and Fort Dodge at the present moment.

To this writing, very properly, he has said nothing whatever about home politics. But about now he should be on the high seas, homeward-bound, and it will scarcely be humanly or Rooseveltianly possible to preserve very long, within a hundred miles of Washington, that silence concerning American political affairs that he maintained for fourteen months on the other side of the Atlantic. And if his opinion of affairs in Egypt was good live news, the country will certainly await his opinions of the tariff and of Republican insurgency with the almost overwhelming emotions of a small boy who sees the fuse of the giant cracker begin to smoke.

The Nations' Pawnshop

FRANCE, for years, has been the world's "uncle." When a nation gets desperately hard up it runs to Paris, figuratively speaking, and hocks the family clock for a supply of ready coin. In the "Baring crisis," and since, the Bank of England has turned for help to the wonderful financial institution that Napoleon founded. In our monetary agony of 1907, when we were eager to sell prime securities cheap and to pay a premium on gold, the Bank of France kindly helped us out. It always has some hard coin to spare—on satisfactory terms.

England has taken some thirty millions of gold away from us this spring, needing the coin to strengthen her reserve. Coincidentally, London has been indulging in a wild rubber and oil speculation. Largely as a result of this speculation, the issue of new securities in London during the first four months of the year reached the unprecedented sum of six hundred and thirty million dollars.

Meanwhile, the loss of so much gold to London left us a bit hard up, and there was great rejoicing in Wall Street the other day when it was announced that we had trimmed the ship, so to speak, by placing several large issues of first-class railroad bonds in Paris. The terms were not stated, but every one knew they must have been entirely satisfactory to Paris.

At nearly the same time some vaguely pleasurable anticipations were evoked by an announcement that a certain issue of Mexican railway stock had been listed on the Paris Bourse—the point being that this was the first time the Bourse had ever listed a stock that was also listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The zealous but futile efforts of last year to induce the Bourse to list and deal in our Steel shares are still remembered with pain. France, on the whole, prefers the humdrum rôle of buying prime bonds at about one per cent under the market price and selling gold at about an eighth of one per cent premium, which probably is one of the reasons why France is the world's "uncle." For a sure supply of ready money in a pinch, it isn't the friend who plays the races that you can depend upon; but the one who prosaically sticks his money in a savings bank.

What Insurgency Means

IT IS recalled, with pain, that ten years ago the stock of the Metropolitan Street Railway of New York sold at two hundred and sixty-nine dollars a share. For some time the concern has been in the hands of a receiver, and recently its assets were put up at auction. Investors have lost a great many million dollars, and the non-investing public has lost vast sums of time and comfort; for, while the Metropolitan management was juggling securities, ancient horse cars lumbered along important lines. At present the New York street-car equipment is decidedly inferior to that of Chicago and other cities. The persons who were most prominent in ruinously manipulating the street-car system were also most prominent in manipulating city politics.

Pitiful old arks that might have been palmed off for street cars on the populace of Red Dog ten years ago now lurch through the heart of Philadelphia. Their decrepitude is so extreme that it seems a shame to ride in them. Along with the losses of time and comfort entailed by a wretched service, the people of Philadelphia have lost some millions of money through depreciation of inflated and manipulated street-railway securities. There, also, the family relationship between traction and politics was notorious.

Other cities have passed through the same harrowing experiences of a politico-financial partnership. On the broader field of national politics, the trail of the partnership, generally speaking, is less clearly defined; yet it always runs to the place that the silverware disappeared from. Business and politics never get together, except for loot. To keep politics out of business—as in the case of the Post-Office Department—is desirable. But to keep business out of politics is even more desirable. That, essentially, is what insurgency means.

The Wrong Way to Educate

IS MENTAL wood-sawing useful? Are the intellectual faculties of a child strengthened by sheer drudgery? Does brain-muscle increase by dogged pegging away at a task that fails to excite the slightest interest?

These questions are not new, but the judgment of Chicago's school superintendent against compound interest, compound fractions and memorizing historical dates in the elementary grades naturally raises them afresh. The conventional answer is that the exercises named, while admittedly useless in themselves, furnish splendid mental discipline—the harder and drier the task, the more benefit a child derives from mastering it. The pupil will certainly soon forget how to work compound fractions, for nobody ever does work compound fractions, but he will have gained much brain-muscle.

Is the mind of a child, we wonder, very different from the mind of a man; and what intelligent man ever seeks mental improvement in a task that does not interest him? What adult, for example, will deliberately read an absolutely uninteresting book? The old-fashioned educational theory was a sort of continual driving of an unwilling horse to water; and it is still suspected that the impression that a given task makes upon a child's mental faculties is in proportion to the effort that the child puts forth to master it—easy come, easy go. But every reading adult, we imagine, knows that the book to which he drove himself with a club was precisely the first one to fade from his memory, and that his mind retains things about in proportion to the pleasure experienced in acquiring them. You can drive the horse to water, but can you make him drink?

Raising Freight Rates

TWO years ago railroad revenues were declining sharply—a result of the trade reaction that followed the panic of October, 1907. For example, consolidated returns from all the roads showed that in February, 1908, net earnings fell off thirteen million dollars as compared with the year before, and subsequently an even greater shrinkage appeared. For months, as revenues dwindled, the roads insisted that they must be permitted to raise freight rates. It was intimated that such action would be viewed with disfavor by the Government, and although the railroads suffered losses that compelled many of them to reduce dividends they did not venture to fasten upon the country a wholesale increase in transportation charges.

For over a year the cloth has been of a quite different cut. Trade revived and railroad earnings expanded. In February, 1910—the last month for which consolidated returns are available at this writing—the roads showed a gain of twenty-seven million dollars in gross, and of more than seven millions in net, while in the same month of 1909 they had gained thirteen millions in gross and twelve millions in net. The Pennsylvania, in March of this year, gained nearly four millions in gross and over a million and a half in net—on top of a substantial gain made in February of last year.

The roads are not only earning more money, both gross and net, than ever before, but they are paying larger dividends to their stockholders.

In this flourishing season the Western roads give notice of a pretty general advance in freight rates, running to ten per cent and upwards, and it is taken for granted that the Eastern roads will follow suit. They say their "cost of living" is higher; but their own reports show they have a larger net income than ever. They have increased wages somewhat—perhaps five per cent—but the evidence suggests that they could well afford to.

Two years ago, with shrinking revenues, the roads did not venture to raise freight rates. What has inspired them with courage to venture now, when their revenues, already great, are expanding?

Why is Illinois Disturbed?

WE CAN'T for the life of us understand why Illinois should be particularly interested in the charge that her junior Senator procured his seat in the upper House of Congress by bribery.

In that state voters are privileged to express their choice for Senator at a primary election, and the choice, as duly declared at the polls, is supposed to be binding upon the legislature.

A primary election was held and the Honorable Albert J. Hopkins, the incumbent, received decidedly more votes than any other candidate. For reasons best known to itself, the legislature disregarded this popular mandate and, by a combination composed about equally of Republicans and Democrats, elected the Honorable William Lorimer.

Now, indubitably, the state itself, inasmuch as existing political machinery gives it an opportunity to express its will, handed the senatorship over to Mr. Hopkins, and our point is that when a state has done that it loses all moral right to take an interest in what subsequently happens to said senatorship.

Whether Mr. Lorimer gets it away from Mr. Hopkins by superior political strategy or by the use of greenbacks or by beating him at a game of pinocle is merely a personal matter between themselves.

On a broad view Mr. Lorimer and Mr. Hopkins are only two slightly different symbols for the same political system, and it is impossible to understand why the state should care particularly which one of them gets a senatorship that it was willing to hand over to either. If the people of Illinois had taken a keener interest in their senatorship, and placed a higher valuation upon it when that primary election was going on, there would have been no disagreeable charges as to how Mr. Lorimer took it away from Mr. Hopkins.

We say this not to hurt Illinois' feelings but because even now the same opportunity that Illinois had when she negligently voted her senatorship to Hopkins is presented to the people of several other states.

In Michigan, for an illustration, the Honorable Julius Cæsar Burrows is asking the people to kick their senatorship over to his corner again.

Those Wicked Country People

THE New York police of late have stopped one or two immoral shows, and from the New York press we learn that such vulgar exhibitions never would pollute the chaste stage of Broadway if it were not that hordes of rural visitors, sojourning in the metropolis, create a demand for them—to which demand well-meaning but more or less mercenary metropolitan managers reluctantly yield. We are pleased to have this fact established by such indisputable authority, for we have always believed that our large cities would shine in pristine innocence if only wicked country people would let them. The peculiar pathos of the case arises from the city's helplessness. Every tyro in economics is acquainted with the city's dependence upon the country. If cities should fold themselves away from contaminating intercourse with the country they would promptly go out of business. Their only hope lies in raising the country to their own moral altitude. One of the best ways of accomplishing this, we should judge, would be to abate the flood of scandalous reports of divorce and crime poured into the country by the metropolitan press, which, most likely, infects the rural mind with thoughts and images that react in a demand for the vulgar shows that the metropolitan press so severely and justly reprobates.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Gene—The Foss Boys—George

THE old ladies of West Berkshire, which is in Franklin County, Vermont, used to say those Foss boys would come to no good end, and here they are in Congress, both of them; and that, in the minds of some people, stamps the old ladies of West Berkshire as fair to middling prophets.

To be sure, it took Eugene longer than it did George to make the prediction good, but Eugene finally landed. This delay was through no fault of his own. It was merely because the free and untrammeled—what means that ribald laughter?—free and untrammeled voters of Massachusetts couldn't see it the way Eugene did, nor did they care, particularly, about establishing the old ladies of West Berkshire as seeresses. Still, Eugene kept patiently at it; now foraying for Congress on a reciprocity issue, now trying it for lieutenant governor on a general-good-to-the-community basis until, in a bye election, down in the Fourteenth District of Massachusetts, running as a Democrat, he landed a short time ago.

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George Edmond Foss, Representative From Illinois (Republican)

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Eugene Noble Foss, Representative From Massachusetts (Democrat)

Thus, Gene and George are both in Congress, one a Republican from Chicago and one a Democrat from Massachusetts, but both Fosses from Vermont, and not much more alike, except physically, than Sereno E. Payne and William Sulzer. Physically, they are big, strapping, upstanding persons, each at least six feet tall and each weighing more than two hundred pounds. George has a fine, open countenance, but Gene's is kind of dished in, and he wears a mustache to add to the general effect. George is smooth-shaven. Gene is nervous, active, uneasy when he isn't working or talking, and George is slow-moving, sedate, perfectly calm and easy when he is working. Nor does George talk much, except when he has a naval bill to pass. Still, he does a lot of work in committee when the naval bill is in preparation—a lot of hard, grinding, grueling work.

They are very fond of one another. George thinks Gene is probably the finest piece of work that ever came out of Vermont, and that, too, with a full knowledge of the Honorable John Barrett; and Gene is firmly of the opinion that when George gets to be President the people will probably make him King and keep him there forever. George has been in politics almost since he graduated from the law school and was admitted to the bar, and he is filled with the complaint of the high cost of living, having no income but his salary. Gene, on the other hand, has a cartload of money, is a captain of finance in Boston, owns a lot of big manufacturing institutions and street railways and all that, or has stock in them, to be more exact, and just wallows in it.

A Joke That Miscarried

THEY both began in the West. Gene is about five years older than George and when he had finished his sophomore year at the University of Vermont he quit and went West to represent a manufacturing concern with headquarters at Chicago. Presently, in 1882, Gene went to Boston to be a manufacturer. He had married the daughter of B. F. Sturtevant, the blower man, and when the Sturtevant company was formed was made treasurer of it. After that he branched out and now he is in various manufacturing concerns and mills and steamship companies and banks and street railways, and is disgustingly rich for a champion of the rights of the plain people.

George graduated from Harvard in 1885 and studied law in New York and Chicago. He was admitted to the bar in Chicago in 1889. He was a big, fine-looking young chap, with a taste for politics, and as there were not so many clients that his entire time was occupied he made political speeches and fussed around in the game out there. A few years later, in 1894, there came a Congressional campaign, and the bosses picked out Foss for a forlorn Republican hope. Foss accepted. He was nominated and began his campaign. In a few weeks the bosses found there had been a big switch and that it was a good year for Republican nominees for Congress. They went to George and said: "Now, look here, young fellow, you have got to get out of this. It was only a joke nominating you, anyhow. You have no right to go to Congress from Chicago. Withdraw, there's a nice chap, and let us put up one of the gang who needs the place."

"Gentlemen," replied Foss, "I am a serious man. Please do not make me laugh."

"Laugh, dod-gast you! We'll make you cry if you don't get out. Quit your fooling, now, and withdraw."

Whereupon, George told them to go to Milwaukee, or whatever other place he happened to think of at the moment, and stayed in. He was elected and he has been elected, regularly, ever since. He is now serving his eighth term and is chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, a most important position. Last time his majority was about sixteen thousand. The bosses have never forgiven him, but that doesn't seem to worry him any. He fights them, and beats them regularly.

George is a good-natured, even-tempered, conservative citizen. He worries his committee almost to death because he will never make up his mind until the last minute. He has two hobbies. One is the Navy and the other is the United States Senate. He has had his eye on the Senate for some years and ran in the primary year before last. But being a prudent and cautious Vermonter he did not relinquish his hold on his Congressional district. He polled something over a hundred thousand votes, and was in the fight until the combination of Democrats and Republicans in the Illinois legislature more or less triumphantly placed William Lorimer in the seat left vacant by the retirement of A. J. Hopkins.

It is different with Gene. He makes up his mind fifteen times an hour. After he got his hooks in on the blower business and had begun to branch out in his various other enterprises he became one of the busiest of Bostonese. He had energy left and he applied that energy to solving the problems and curing the ills that infested Massachusetts. Nothing came along that did not have a Eugene Noble Foss remedy suggested by that celebrated publicist-physician, Eugene Noble Foss. He whanged around in politics, ran afoul of the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, campaigned as a Republican for various offices, and, finally, became a Democrat and ran a few times on that ticket. When Representative Lovering died he took the nomination in the Fourteenth District, and what he did to the Republican majority there and to the Republican party throughout the state and country has now become historic.

Now that he is in Congress he is as restless as he was out of it, for he has nothing to do. He was assigned to a place on the Committee on Manufactures, which is a highly ornamental committee that rarely manufactures anything in the shape of law. He said, if I remember correctly, that he did not want to return. He just took his nomination as a protest, and he protested all right. There is no doubt of that. They may run him for Governor next fall in Massachusetts on the Democratic ticket. Probably he will not return to the Republican party before that time.

When he was elected some of his friends in Boston said the right thing for him to do was to come to Washington, lay out a general scheme of remedial legislation, assume the duties of Congress and get things all settled up before summer. He was willing, but there seemed to be a strange reluctance on the part of Congress to give him the chance. That is why he is fretting now.

A sturdy pair of brothers are these Foss boys. George is the youngest chairman of a great committee in the House, and has done more for the Navy than any man now in the House. Since he took the chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs 750,000 of the 950,000 tons of fighting ships have been authorized. He is an eloquent speaker, but not so persistent in oratory as Gene—that is, he makes few speeches while Gene makes many. Gene is a fighting person who has made a great success in business and taken his recreation in politics. They are inseparable companions, these Foss boys, almost absurdly fond of one another; and, good Republican though he is, it was a happy day for George when he escorted Gene down the center aisle of the House of Representatives to take the oath of membership. They are both pleasant, genial, companionable men, both with big bodies and big brains. What one has the other has, too. Each is the father of a beautiful pair of twin girls. Those Foss boys always did stick together.

Somewhat of a Stretch

A LARGE and pompous person, wearing a high hat, a long coat, yellow spats and a congenital sneer, for several days made himself obnoxious around a Washington hotel a bit ago.

He announced he was from New York, ragged the bellboys, jawed the clerks, cussed the service, roared at the food, complained about his room and the elevator and the telephones and the bar, and everything else.

One afternoon he walked over to the porter and said: "Here, you; I'm going to quit this town and go back to New York, where I can get some decent service. I want you to buy me two seats in a parlor car on the four o'clock New York train. Get me two seats, now, and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one chair to sit in and one to put my feet in."

The seats were delivered at the train just before it pulled out. One of the seats was in Car No. 3 and the other was located in Car No. 4.

An Office Engagement

ONE of Washington's gilded young men came rapidly down the steps of his house half an hour after noon the other day.

"What's the rush?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I've got to hurry down to the office or I won't get there in time to go out for lunch."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Pierre Lorillard is a great amateur pool player.

℄ John D. Rockefeller's wigs do not fit so well as Levi P. Morton's.

℄ Newell Dwight Hillis, the Brooklyn minister, is an expert on Brooklyn real estate.

℄ Secretary Knox could give President Taft half a stroke a hole at golf and beat him only he won't.

℄ When Vice-President Sherman goes to a ball game, which is every time there is one, he scores it professionally.

℄ Former Senator Fred T. Dubois of Idaho had a lot of fun running a newspaper at Boise for a year or so after he retired from the Senate, but he has left that frivolous occupation and gone to the serious work of raising potatoes on his big ranch near Blackfoot. He expects soon to be the Potato King of the inter-mountain region.

WITH Campbell's Tomato Soup at hand, no matter what happens, you are sure that the most critical course of your dinner will be exactly right.

No bother about it. No uncertainty. No delay. A mere nod at the last moment—if it happens so—and you have a soup that the most fastidious guest will appreciate.

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Campbell's Tomato Soup

No chef can produce a finer soup.

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We have unusual advantages—of location, experience, equipment, and in other ways. Our formula and methods are exclusive with us. And the result is peculiar to itself. There is nothing else like Campbell's Tomato Soup.

If you have not already demonstrated this fact on your own table why not do so today?

Campbell's Soups are guaranteed satisfactory in every particular; or money refunded.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

90 practical menus—a whole month's program—in Campbell's Menu Book. Free if you write us for it.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

I'd die for Annie Laurie,
But for *Campbell's Soup*
not I.
I'd rather live in glory
When the swallows
homeward fly.

GETTING STARTED ON A FARM—By David Buffum

THE owner of a newly acquired farm, with visions before him of sleek cattle dotting the sunny pastures; of waving grass and tasseling corn; of red-combed hens that simply have to cackle and sing because of the eggs they lay; of contented porkers that sleep and grunt through a year that, at least as far as they are concerned, is sure to be crowned with fatness, is apt to go a little too fast. He is in a hurry to buy his livestock, get his farm into operation and see it work. But there is no time when a little careful deliberation and thoughtful reviewing of the whole situation will pay him so well. For, although the farm may have been used by others right up to the time he purchased it, the chances are that the barns, stables, dairy-house, henneries and other buildings all need more or less remodeling, or at least readjustment, to fit them for his needs.

I was furnished some time since with a rather unusually striking illustration of the unwisdom of undue haste in getting a farm into operation. A city man of large wealth, whose laudable ambition was to become a good farmer, purchased a large tract of land and soon after contracted with me to lay it out for him. After examining it I drew up a plan for the arrangement of the farmlands and buildings; and work upon the latter was immediately begun. To finish them, however, required some little time and the owner became impatient. He wanted to see his farm in operation, he said; and finally, despite my advice to the contrary, he had the cows purchased and an improvised dairy set up in a little shed.

The First Things to be Done

The cows, purchased thus hastily, were not chosen with the care that the case required and undoubtedly would have received had there been less hurry. Without suitable fencing—for the fences on the place were all in disrepair—they constantly strayed and, moreover, acquired a way of breaking through old and weak fences that became a fixed habit and led later to their breaking through new and strong ones. The improvised dairy was ill-ventilated and hot and it did not work very well. With the buildings in an unfinished condition it was necessary to do all the milking out-of-doors; and although it was summer and this arrangement quite good enough ordinarily, it was unsanitary as well as unpleasant in rainy weather. The whole thing was so unsatisfactory and disappointing that finally the owner became discouraged, lost his agricultural enthusiasm and abandoned his first plan—which was to have a two-hundred-cow dairy—and decided to have only a small dairy for his private use. The decision was the more to be regretted, as the land was well suited to the project and the new buildings erected with reference to it.

This was an extreme case, but scores of new farmowners have made the same error in greater or less degree, and by starting before they were ready have provided themselves with disheartening experiences that otherwise could have been avoided. Roughly speaking, the order of work on a newly purchased farm should be somewhat as follows:

1. Lay out carefully your scheme of farming and its resultant apportionment of the lands for tillage, meadow and pasture.
2. Repair fences or build new ones, as the case may require.
3. Get your buildings into shape for the stock you intend to keep.
4. Buy your livestock.

The Importance of Fences

In the matter of fencing, it should be remembered that poor fencing is one of the greatest of all nuisances on a farm. It has been said that a leaky roof on one's dwelling-house is one of the worst of human ills; but weak and insufficient fencing where livestock is kept is about as bad. When you turn a herd of cows into a pasture you want to know where they are; and to go to bed or leave the farm for an hour or two, not knowing where they will be when you wake up or return, is a condition intolerable to any man with decent agricultural instincts. The fact, now well known to all country dwellers, that three-fourths of the quarrels and disagreements and lawsuits between abutting landowners grow out of poor boundary fencing is significant, but the annoyance that such fences occasion the owner himself is enough.

The best, handsomest and most permanent of fences is a stone wall. This, to build new from the start, is rather expensive; but on many farms the fields are already bounded by stone walls, and, if these are in a dilapidated condition, they can be pulled down and rebuilt at a reasonable cost. But, fortunately for those who have to build new fences, they need not be costly to serve their purpose and also look well. The most unpretentious of all fences, for instance, is the zigzag rail—sometimes called "Virginia worm"—but it nevertheless makes a remarkably good one and, if nicely laid up, is by no means offensive to the eye. And the barbed-wire fence, which is cheapest of all and usually considered far from ornamental, is an excellent fence for service and can be made to look very well if a little good taste is bestowed upon its building. The posts should be small—cedar, about four inches in diameter, are best. They should be all of the same height and equidistant from each other, and the wires should be put on

Sensible Talks By a Piano Dealer-No 3*

"I'm just an ordinary music dealer but I have some business **ideals** that are extraordinary.

"My clerks say I'm so particular I'm **finicky** about the goods I sell. Want to have 'em right. Want to give the best values in the market.

"I was a long time looking for the player-piano I wanted to handle.

"I investigated every make but wasn't satisfied until I saw the

Krell Auto-Grand

"It was a player after my own heart and d'y'know I found the manufacturers were just as particular about making a superior player-piano as I was about selling that kind.

"They build the unseen parts as carefully as the seen—just for the satisfaction it gives them, although they could make more money by putting in cheaper wood and cabinet work. Even the carving is done by hand. It **could** be done by machine

"An individual pneumatic for every note takes three times as long to make—requires three times the material. But think what it saves the purchaser in ultimate trouble and expense.

"Just compare this mechanism with that of any other player. No noisy chains on this silent motor. No rubber tubes. Every one of durable metal. Tracker bar of aluminum which does not wear lint off the rolls and clog the pneumatics. Metal used wherever practicable, because it does not warp. Pneumatic system **below** the keyboard, close to the bellows.

"I could talk for hours, pointing out advantages like these which no other player has.

"If you want the **utmost** in players, you will buy the Krell Auto-Grand."

Krell Auto-Grand Piano Co.
Dept. 98, Connersville, Indiana
Makers of the Celebrated Albert Krell Pianos

*These talks—12 in all—complete and neatly bound, mailed free on request.

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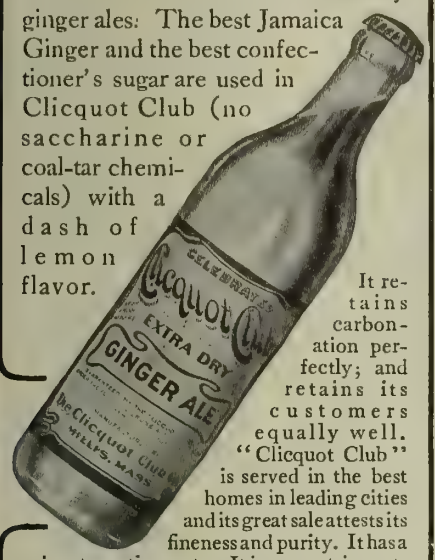
Pronounced Kleek O Club

Ginger Ale

A particularly fine flavored, perfect ginger ale, made from the best ginger ale water in the world, and without the sting and after-burn common to ordinary ginger ales. The best Jamaica Ginger and the best confectioner's sugar are used in Clicquot Club (no saccharine or coal-tar chemicals) with a dash of lemon flavor.



It retains carbonation perfectly; and retains its customers equally well. "Clicquot Club" is served in the best homes in leading cities and its great sale attests its fineness and purity. It has a spicy, tempting taste. It is non-astringent.

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Order from your Grocer, if possible. But if Clicquot Club is not sold by grocers in your locality, you may order direct at $2.50 per case (24 bottles) east of Mississippi River; $3.00 east of Rockies, $3.50 west of Rockies, we to pay carriage charges and guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet.

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THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO.
MILLIS, MASS.

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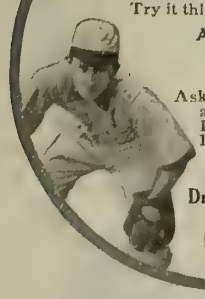
It is made *right* in every detail of design and material by experienced workmen. Try it this year.



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YOU Should Have My FREE BOOKS
telling HOW OTHERS will do the same IN THE FUTURE. "WHAT and HOW to INVENT" BOOK FREE!
E. E. VROOMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, 856 F, Washington, D. C.

"hand-taut"—that is, as tight as they can be drawn by the hand, with no lever or other device for the purpose. This gets all the wires of the same tension and the posts will not be pulled out of place. Barbed-wire fences built in this way, with regard to their looks as well as best method of construction, are not very common; but they cost no more, and whoever builds one will doubtless be surprised at its neat and tasteful appearance, especially when compared with the slovenly kind most commonly seen.

The question of buildings—whether to build new ones or to refit the buildings already on the farm—is an important one and always comes up for consideration. If the owner can afford new ones and also has a sufficient grasp of the situation to know what is needed—which is assuming considerable sagacity on the part of an inexperienced farmer—he can, of course, have a better equipment in this way. But while, as already intimated, the existing buildings are hardly ever just what is wanted, they can almost always be adapted to the uses desired without very much trouble or expense, and, for all except the rich, this is by far the best and most economical plan. Nor is the work by any means devoid of interest. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the refitting and rearranging of buildings, with the ingenuity required to turn them to the best account and the opportunity afforded for the exercise of good taste, is, if anything, of more absorbing interest than the building of new ones.

As to the feasibility of such readjustment I can speak from experience. As a breeder of horses I have all my life made use of barns not originally intended to hold horses. And in the changes I have made I have never found it necessary to deviate so far from the original scheme of the buildings as to weaken the structure or occasion any inordinate expense.

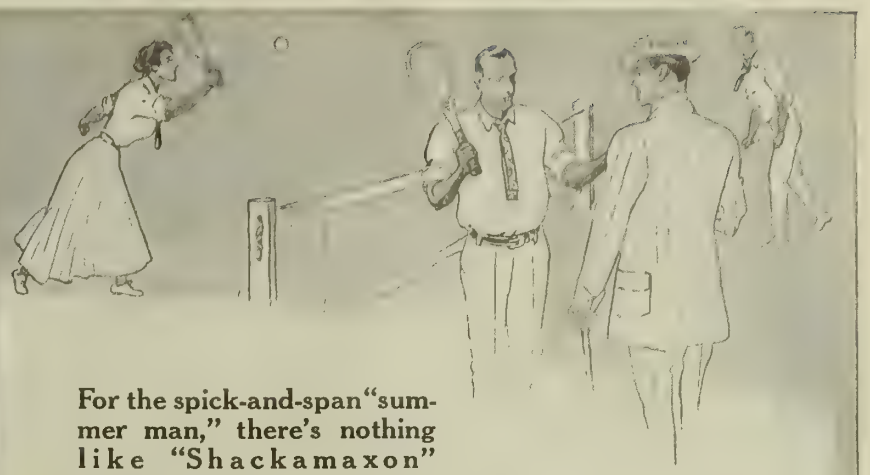
Modern Cow Barns

Let us see what are the chief requisites of a farmstead; and as dairy cattle on most farms hold the chief place, assume that our barns must be arranged with a view to their needs.

The cows, for sanitary reasons, should stand on a platform raised a few inches from the floor, and of such length that their droppings will fall behind it. To keep them snugly up in their places they should be fastened by stanchions. These are of two kinds, the old-fashioned fixed stanchion and the swinging one. Both are good, although the swinging kind is doubtless a little easier for the cows. The droppings should not be thrown into a cellar beneath the cows—a common but very bad practice—for then the fumes come up through the floor and pollute the air; but they should be carried entirely out of the barn to an adjoining manure shed. In small stables this is easily done by hand; in large ones an iron hod is used, which is suspended from a truck on an overhead track running the length of the stable and thence into the manure shed. The stable should be reasonably light, warm in winter and well ventilated.

Now all these features can be very easily introduced into almost any building that is large enough for the purpose. It will be seen, as the barn cellar, once deemed so important as a manure pit, is not used under modern methods for that purpose, that a building either with or without a cellar will serve our purpose equally well. The successful adaptation of an old-fashioned building to present-day needs often depends, it is true, upon the amount of thought and study that is brought to bear upon the subject; but the opportunity usually exists. Thus, in a certain barn that I refitted there was manifestly no suitable place for the manure shed. The only possible wagon-way was from the cellar. But this did not mean that the manure must be stored in the cellar in the old way. From the trap-door in the cow-stable floor I built a wooden chute and under it had a large wagon always standing to receive the manure. This held all that was made in two or three days and it was then hauled out into the fields. In this short time it would not heat or ferment, and thus the ordinary objections to a cellar were obviated and the impossibility of building a manure shed successfully met.

In another barn, which also had a cellar, there seemed no good place for the horses, as the cattle occupied all of the



For the spick-and-span "summer man," there's nothing like "Shackamaxon" Outing Serges.

In a large variety of plain and fancy weaves — pure white and with many delicate stripe effects, these fabrics are refreshingly seasonable and attractive.

They are far better than flannels in every way—cooler; more distinctive in appearance; keep their shape better; will not bag nor shrink; and after cleansing they are fine and fresh as new.

Why not be "summery" and also summary? Ask your tailor to show you these handsome serges *today.*

Two things are positively necessary to make the well-dressed man.

High-grade fabrics and a good tailor.

Men are not ten-pins. Every man has his individual proportions. His clothes, to fit properly, should be shaped to his figure by a competent tailor, *on the spot.* But without high-grade reliable fabrics the most skillful tailor cannot make clothes that will *keep* their shape and style; nor look even presentable after you have worn them a little while. You have to think of all this when buying clothes. Tell your tailor you want

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GUARANTEED FABRICS

All pure wool. Thoroughly shrunk

Made for merchant tailors only

In clothes correctly fashioned from these fabrics you are as well dressed as it is possible for a man to be.

They are made of the highest-grade wool produced anywhere—the long silky staple fibre; perfectly woven; perfectly shrunken; perfectly dyed.

They make up and drape properly. And they hold their distinctive quality and style as long as you wear them.

Every year we make more than 4000 styles of these beautifully-finished worsteds, serges and cheviots in a large variety of rich colorings and tasteful exclusive patterns.

No better fabrics are made in the world. Dollar for dollar, no foreign fabrics can compare with them.

We sell them from the mills direct to tailors; so that the tailor and the wearer both receive exceptional value.

Any good tailor will get them for you. Insist on having them. And look for the name "*Shackamaxon*" on every suit-pattern. That is your guarantee of permanent satisfaction.

If any fault develops at any time in any Shackamaxon fabric write to us and we will make it good.

If you haven't seen a copy of our little booklet "A Well-Dressed Man," write for it *today.* Every careful dresser ought to read it.

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The Brisco-Kleanwell seal on the box and the name Kleanwell on the brush, guarantee the genuine. For sale everywhere.
SEND 4c for Dolly's Kleanwell, a miniature tooth brush.

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BRUSHES ARE BEST FOR THE HAIR

BRISCO Hair Brushes are made in every style and shape for men, women and children. You can't get a better brush. Though the price varies with the style of brush and bristle, the same high quality is in all.
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Collar Button Insurance

means that if a

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is broken or damaged from any cause, you can take it to the nearest dealer who is authorized to exchange it for a new one

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We insure all Krementz Buttons because they are so well made that not one in ten thousand ever breaks. Solid gold and rolled plate, at all dealers. When dealer fails to supply you write us giving dealer's name.
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Your bed and table linen, plain clothes, flat pieces, 80 per cent of family wash, can be ironed **Easier** (no backache or tired feet), **Quicker** (in 1-5 the time), **Better** with finish, far superior to hand work, by using the

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main floor. From this floor all the cattle fixtures were removed and the space transformed into a horse-stable, with a large adjoining room for wagons and carriages. Then, in the cellar underneath—the erstwhile manure pit—cement floors were laid, new windows cut in the south walls and the whole floor fitted for cows. At the end of the barn a new manure shed was built, and this received through a chute the droppings from the horses and by hod and track those from the cows. The walls of the cellar were now whitewashed; and the result was a great, sunny stable, unusually attractive in appearance and fulfilling the most exacting sanitary requirements.

Now both of these barns were old-time farm buildings, having antiquated live-stock accommodations and in no way more promising than the generality of such structures. The simple and comparatively inexpensive changes by which they were made to conform to modern needs show the ease with which this can usually be done.

Of course, it need hardly be said that some old farmsteads offer better opportunities than others, for this is self-evident. But, in some way or other, the needed transformation can almost always be made; not, perhaps, in just such manner as we would have chosen, but still so as to prove satisfactory both in working and in appearance.

Of the owner's dwelling, whether large or small, new or old, only this need be said—that its exterior should be in keeping with the other buildings. This does not mean that it should match them, as the term is often used. This is entirely unnecessary; but it should harmonize with them. On one of the most attractive country places that I know, for instance, the house, which is new and which stands quite near the farmstead, is of brick; while all the farm buildings are old and built of wood. And yet the house so fits its surroundings that it seems essentially one of the group: there is an indefinable, homogeneous quality about the assembled buildings that shows they are all of the same family and on the best of terms with each other. This impression of relationship is not always obtained in the same way: often it depends no less upon the grouping of the buildings—their arrangement with reference to each other—than on the style of the buildings themselves. But, however obtained, it should always be present.

Selecting the Stock

With the completion of the buildings and the fences the farm should be ready for its livestock. It is impossible to say how many head a given area can carry; for there are one-hundred-acre farms that can carry only a dozen head or so, while others of the same size carry forty or fifty. Most of the farms that are offered for sale in the market are not in a very high state of cultivation and, as a rule, cannot carry anywhere near the amount of stock they can be made to carry later. But the kind of stock is equally important and can be decided irrespective of the farm's capacity.

The breed of cows chosen must depend partly upon what is wanted—whether butter or milk—and partly upon the character of the land. The Holsteins stand at the head of all breeds for the quantity of milk given; but they are also the largest in size, and on the majority of soils other than rich prairie or river-bottom a smaller breed, like the Ayrshire, is generally more satisfactory. The astonishing milk-records and splendid qualities of the Holsteins, when under right conditions, are very apt to mislead the novice, and, if his aim is milk-production, tempt him to decide in their favor, regardless of other considerations. But, in choosing a breed, some thought must be had of its natural environment. The Holsteins were perfected in the rich, level meadows of the Netherlands, where they had no hills to climb and could shove their noses eye-deep into the lush pasturage. The Ayrshires, on the other hand, were developed in a rougher country, where they had to hustle for a living. They are a more active breed and are used to hills and rocks and short pasturage.

For butter the Jerseys and the Guernseys stand at the top: both are suited to all conditions of land and both are so good that the choice between them is entirely a matter of individual preference. They are not large milkers, but in butter-making it is cream, not quantity of milk, that is wanted.

A Single Blade Shaved

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Nearly Two Years

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"After several years' trial of the AutoStrop Safety Razor, I have decided that it is all right, finding it preferable to strop than to change a blade. I find that very few blades are needed. Have used my present blade nearly two years. I also find it extremely simple to strop or clean, and your claims for its shaving accomplishments are fully justified."

Try It Free
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No dealer can lose anything by selling AutoStrop Safety Razors on 30 days' free trial, for if he should have any razor returned, we exchange it or refund him his cost.

Therefore, don't be timid about asking a dealer to sell you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial. He's glad to do it. It's profit in his cash register.

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Quick Handy Great

Men who "do things" act—act quick. No delay. No procrastination. No "to-morrow" for theirs.

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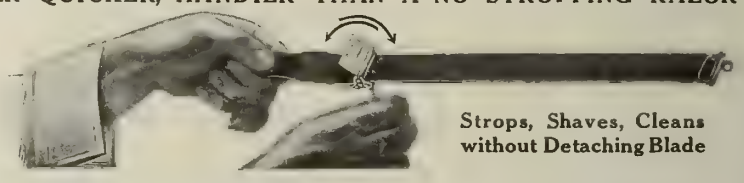

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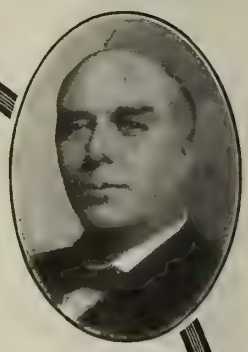
"Charlie Case says:"



Walking

has almost become a lost art. Muscles of the feet are becoming relaxed and the bony arches broken down. Wearing shoes not anatomically correct in construction helps along the trouble. Many artificial arch supports have been devised to rectify fallen arches, but most of them are painful and ineffective. Being inserted loosely in the shoe they get out of place and stop the circulation. I build shoes with elastic arch supports as a part of the shoes. There is no discomfort to the wearer, the support is always in exactly the right spot and the fallen arches are brought back into their correct position.

CASE ARCH SUPPORT SHOES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

FALLEN foot arches cause aching muscles of the leg, backache, headache and other pains frequently attributed to rheumatism. CASE Arch Support Shoes not only remedy your foot troubles, but will prevent them. CASE shoes possess style, wear and solid comfort. Try a pair and be convinced. The majority of persons can be perfectly fitted from our regular stock shoes, for sale by shoe dealers generally. Dr. E. A. Dakin, of Boston, writes: *"Shoes purchased of you have proven very satisfactory to me for fallen arches. You have solved the problem of proper support for flat feet. A number of my patients are using your arch supporting shoes with utmost satisfaction."*

CASE Royal Worcester Arch Support Shoes for Women.
PRICES: Single Sole Index Kid, $5
Single Sole Index Calf, $6

CASE Arch Support Shoes for Men.
PRICES: Single Sole Index Kid, $5
Double Sole Index Kid, $6
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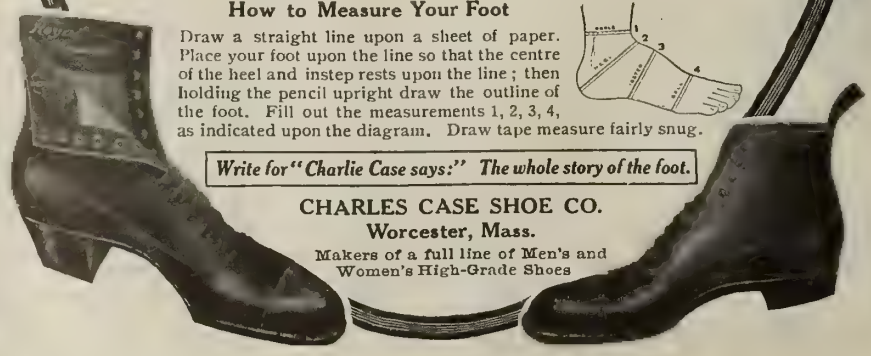
Shipped anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Shoes made to order $2 extra.

How to Measure Your Foot

Draw a straight line upon a sheet of paper. Place your foot upon the line so that the centre of the heel and instep rests upon the line; then holding the pencil upright draw the outline of the foot. Fill out the measurements 1, 2, 3, 4, as indicated upon the diagram. Draw tape measure fairly snug.

Write for "Charlie Case says:" The whole story of the foot.



CHARLES CASE SHOE CO.
Worcester, Mass.
Makers of a full line of Men's and Women's High-Grade Shoes

A Church and

Bay State Brick and Cement Coating

A Mission Church, constructed of stucco, in one of Boston's beautiful suburbs was unprotected against weather and moisture. An ugly crack caused by the action of water on the stucco now extends diagonally across the upper part of the front wall. Each time it rains the crack becomes wider and the dampness makes an ugly stain on the otherwise beautiful church.

It would not have occurred had THIS been used to protect the stucco against the disintegration by moisture.

BAY STATE
BRICK & CEMENT COATING
THE ORIGINAL COATING FOR
CEMENT, CONCRETE, BRICK OR PLASTER
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO. INC.
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It would have prevented the ugly discoloration as well. The spotted, stained appearance of different batches of concrete can be overcome when coated with Bay State Brick and Cement Coating. This coating is being used in the drying rooms of textile and paper mills, in subways, in swimming pools, Italian gardens, and for interior decoration all over America. It does not destroy the distinctive texture of concrete and will not peel or fall off when applied on ceilings over delicate machinery.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters endorses it as a fire retarder, and it will therefore lessen your insurance.

Address for color card No. 5 and booklet which tells all about it, mentioning this medium.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co., Inc.
Paint and Varnish Makers and Lead Corroders
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"Ay, there's the rub!"

ARCO SPOTZOFF

Shines motor car brasses as they never shone before—and there's hardly any "rub" at all.

This is the name of the quickest, cleanest, snappiest metal polish on earth. We like to send samples, especially to motor car owners. Your name on a postcard brings one.

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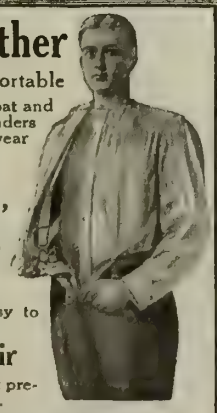

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Admirers of the distinctively milk breeds, especially the Holsteins, often make the claim that, while the percentage of butter-fats in their milk is much less, the quantity of milk yielded is so much greater that it still contains as much cream; and that, if this is the case, the milk breeds can beat the butter breeds on their own ground because of the greater quantity of skim-milk which can be fed to pigs. I have little inclination to argue this question; but, as a horseman, I should not think of entering a trotting-bred horse in a running race, nor a thoroughbred to compete with trotters—and the breeds of cattle were developed with the same reference to their respective purposes that horses were.

It often happens that, in starting a farm, pure-bred stock, from its cost, inaccessibility or some other reason, is not available at first. It may, therefore, be a comfort to the beginner to know that, while the best stock is never any too good, the inability to procure registered stock often makes very little difference to the result in the dairy. High-grades can always be had, as well as good cows of unknown breeding, and it is needless to say that if a cow is good individually it makes no difference what blood is in her veins. In the matter of expense, high-grades cost about one-half to one-third of what pure-breds do. And if a cow has, for instance, seventy-five per cent of Jersey blood she does not differ very much from a pure-bred as far as her qualities at the pail are concerned. Two of the best cows that I ever owned were, one of them half Jersey and half Ayrshire and the other three-fourths Jersey and one-fourth Holstein. And while, generally speaking, I am an advocate of pure-bred stock, I have no hesitation in saying that one of the very best ways to start a good dairy herd is carefully to select cows of high individual merit, regardless of their blood, and then, by keeping a pure-bred bull, gradually work to the breed that is desired.

Sheep and Poultry

Whether sheep shall be kept or not should be determined by the size and character of the farm, and the extent to which other interests prevail. According to the labor bestowed upon them they pay better than any other stock. But they are not very well adapted to small farms, or to pastures that are fenced by stone walls, as it is as natural for them to go over a stone wall as it is to eat. They do best when given a fairly large range of short, sweet grass, inclosed by fences that they cannot go through or over, and they are to be recommended only on farms where these conditions are present.

The profits of poultry keeping have been so largely discussed of late that I think I need say little more here than that the owner of a farm will always find it to his advantage to keep hens. But it should be added that, while poultry, rightly managed, is very good stock on a farm, the inordinate profits claimed for it by many people cannot be realized under any ordinary circumstances.

The question of farm help is, unfortunately, one of the most serious on a farm and one of the hardest satisfactorily to settle. Good farmhands are not plentiful. For, with the variety of work to be done, almost all of it requiring more or less judgment on the part of the worker, getting a man who will do it even passably well is a very different thing from getting a man to work in a factory where only one kind of work will be required of him and even that done under exactly the same conditions every day. Even if under pretty constant supervision, there are minor matters every day that the farmhand must decide for himself; and the ability to decide is not a conspicuous feature in the average worker. The farmowner must set it down as an assured fact that he cannot be fitted out with farm servants as easily as he can with livestock. Still, the matter is not without hope: it is simply a condition in farming which has to be met; and patience and the waiting, which cannot be escaped, will ultimately bring about a more satisfactory condition of things. For among the farmhands that are hired there are always a few that are much better than the others, and these should be encouraged to remain. It should be remembered that the difference in value between a good farmhand and a poor one is very great; often a good one, with no greater capacity for hard work, is worth twice as much to his employer as a poor one.

The Story of THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By Alfred Henry Lewis

"Picks him up in his cradle * * * his graduation from Harvard and * * * Splash! * * * into politics as a bold swimmer takes a header from some dock-head, the Roosevelt whom we know shall begin. Likewise the excitement.

"Politics is to Mr. Roosevelt what water is to a fish or air to birds. * * * He has not only put other men in office—as Mr. Taft—but has himself been in succession Assemblyman * * * and President. He has had his peep into every angle of government, and both Mr. Roosevelt and the world have come the better off for the peeping. * * *

"There be folk, whose wishes doubtless are fathers to their thoughts, who believe that Mr. Roosevelt will succeed Mr. Taft as President of these United States. For myself I do not share their views. * * * However, that is all another story and must be left for telling to 1912. Meanwhile, I shall take up the story of Mr. Roosevelt as it has already occurred—the story of the flesh-and-blood Roosevelt—the Human Life Roosevelt. * * *

"His career should be a lesson to everyone—the boy, the youth, the man of middle age, the grandsire hobbling on two canes. All activity, Mr. Roosevelt has often shown that it is better to do the wrong thing than do nothing at all. * * * He has followed off the wrong trail as often as any man. He has never been infallible. He has proposed the wrong thing, supported the wrong thing. He has helped the wrong man, hated the wrong man. But he was always honest; and while his head took sometimes the left-hand turn, his heart never did. * * * Knowing him to be honest, the people would never be parted from him. * * *

"I have known him personally for well-nigh twenty years. * * * I shall write of Mr. Roosevelt—write what I know and how I know it, what I think and why I think it. That should, I think, mark the proper line between us. To do more would be an invasion of his rights; to do less would be a surrender of my own."—*Alfred Henry Lewis.*

This Life of Roosevelt will start in the **June Issue of**

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Great men and women of all time are just the same sort as we are; have the same loves, ambitions and hates, the same faults—varying only in degree. Nothing is so unchanging, and yet so complex, so fascinating, as human life. Nothing so interesting as to see how the same people we are act and have acted under circumstances we have never been afforded.

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Rufus H. Gilmore	Margaret Rohe	Bailey Millard
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Ada Patterson	Clara Morris	Jay E. House
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Catherine Cavanagh	Earl W. Mayo	Bruce Barton
Charles Edward Russell	Upton Sinclair	David Belasco

and many others.

Human Life is a magazine for the strong of both sexes, those having gray matter and rich, red blood—for YOU. Through it you will meet face to face the people the world is talking about—know them intimately.

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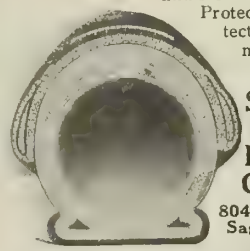

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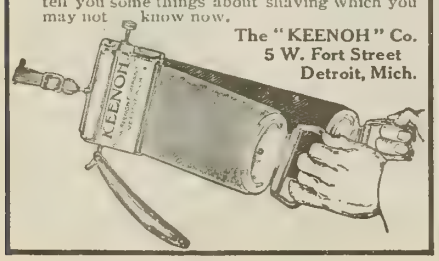


Keeping Tab on the World With Clippings

By LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH PETROSINO, of the New York police force, was killed early in the year 1909 while running down Black-Hand criminals in Italy. The news of his assassination, as you will doubtless recall, had scarcely reached America before the newspapers had brought out editions giving a brief but comprehensive history of his entire career. When, six months later, Prince Ito, the Japanese statesman, was murdered by a Corean fanatic, you will remember that the same thing happened again. Hardly was the ink dry on the cablegram announcing the death before Prince Ito's biography was in print. Probably these journalistic achievements were generally accepted without question, as is the daily rising of the sun; for such achievements belong to that class of every-day miracles, like the standing of unhitched horses, that are so familiar as to cause no comment. But had any one paused to ask how it was possible to print such stories at such short notice, he would have raised a very interesting question indeed.

Each of these men was killed in a foreign land. Naturally, neither man had prepared any obituary notice for himself. The possible sources of biographical information that suggest themselves in these cases are the dead men's families, biographical libraries, and old magazines and newspaper files. To get a story from any of these sources would have required time. The newspapers had to have the story at once. They got it. And they got it from that journalistic compendium of biographical knowledge—the newspaper morgue.

The newspaper morgue is a combination rogues' gallery and hall of fame. It is a Who's Who and Why, with especial emphasis on the Why. It is a kind of unofficial police bureau for recording pedigrees. It is the means by which the newspaper in times of leisure prepares for times of stress. And the keeper of the morgue is a mundane counterfeit of the recording angel.

Specifically, the newspaper morgue is a collection of clippings. These clippings come from newspapers, periodicals and biographical bureaus. So great is the thirst for publicity that many persons are willing to pay such bureaus for sending out information about themselves to any publications that might print it. So these little "bio-bulletins," as they are called, find their way into the morgue along with the more usual clippings. Of the latter, at least one hundred thousand are cut and filed away annually. There may be many more. To cut, arrange and index them requires the services of from one to a dozen persons. It costs one New York newspaper fifteen thousand dollars a year to maintain its morgue.

A Democratic Hall of Fame

Alphabetical indexes, cross references and card catalogues make every clipping instantly available. These clippings are either pasted in books or else kept in strong envelopes. The envelope system has the advantage that in a pinch the clippings themselves can be used as copy and sent direct to the compositor. The book system has the advantage that the clippings are seldom lost. For these clippings are like collections of rare editions—once gone they can never be replaced. Hence the most elaborate precautions are taken to safeguard them. Every clipping taken out is charged up to the man who gets it. If the clipping is not returned within a certain time the offending reporter is fined. Where the book system is used, every book taken out is charged to the taker, just as books are in a public library. In one New York newspaper office the morgue staff sits inside of a steel cage, like tellers in a bank. The morgue itself is made of sheet iron as a precaution against flames. Easily the most precious thing in a newspaper office is this collection of clippings; and whenever a newspaper office takes fire the cry that first goes up is: "Save the morgue!"

Unlike its prototypes, the rogues' gallery, the hall of fame and the Who's Who, the morgue is not exclusive. On the contrary, it is as democratic as the grave. It is the one place in the world outside of the United States Constitution where all men are equal. Naturally, then, the standard of selection for morgue items is a broad one. To get into the morgue it is not necessary to be either famous or infamous. To object to the flavor of your prunes and in consequence be ejected from a restaurant will answer the purpose quite as well. Anything that directs public attention to one serves the ends of the morgue keeper. He considers that almost any item of news that is worth collecting and printing is also worth keeping. Like the Irishman with the shillalah, who hit a head wherever he saw one, the morgue keeper clips a name wherever he finds one, and stores it up against the day when its owner shall marry, be divorced, be arrested or die.

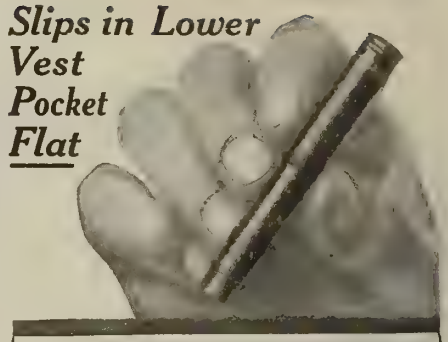
The Choice of Material

Nothing would seem easier, at first sight, than the task of clipping and filing morgue items. Yet, like many another apparently easy task, the work of keeping a newspaper morgue calls for rare intelligence and judgment. A morgue has physical limitations as to size, and the keeper of the morgue must put into it only those items that are likely to prove of use. It is according to how well he distinguishes the useful from the useless that he is of value. The wider his experience, the more extended his editorial training, the better will be his work. He must have a wide acquaintance with names and things. He must have a keen nose for news. He must have the sixth sense of the trained newspaperman which makes him see news where none is apparent. He must exercise continual vigilance against the misplacing of clippings; and he must have a memory like fly-paper, to which every news item sticks fast. For in such a complicated reference library as a newspaper morgue clippings are certain to be misplaced; and when the city editor sends to the keeper of the morgue for the "dope" about any particular person, the St. Peter of the newspaper office must know that person's record, whether it is in its proper envelope or not.

I recall one case in which the misplacing of a clipping led to a paper's printing a story of a young woman's marriage to a man who afterward proved to be her grandfather. Such mistakes may easily lead to costly libel suits. Above all, the keeper of the morgue must be incorruptible and loyal to his paper. There are persons who would give thousands of dollars to get their pictures out of the rogues' gallery. There are others who would give tens of thousands to get their names out of the newspaper morgues. Nothing could be easier than for a morgue man to deceive his city editor as to what is in the morgue, or to destroy entirely any record that he chose to destroy. It is an interesting commentary on the loyalty of newspapermen that the doing of such a thing is unknown.

Perhaps you wonder just what is in a newspaper morgue. Everything is there, from Halley's comet to Doctor Parkhurst's Thanksgiving Day sermon against woman's suffrage. It would be easier to tell what is not in the morgue. On second thought that statement must be retracted. It would be extremely difficult to tell what is not in the morgue. There are stories of crime, wrongdoing, self-sacrifice, heroism, success, failure, hatred, love—the entire gamut of human emotions exemplified in concrete acts. Here are filed away the stories of Galveston, Johnstown, Martinique, San Francisco and Messina, with their horrors and their heroism. The story of Joe Atkinson is there—Little Joe—the last hangman of New York State, with his prized piece of the last gallows, who so much reminds one of the hangman in Barnaby Rudge. The terrible story of the burning of the Slocum is there, offset somewhat by the wonderful tale of the sinking of the Republic. Recorded here is the career of Walter Scott, the Death Valley miner. The full details of Madame Anna Gould's marriage to

Slips in Lower Vest Pocket Flat



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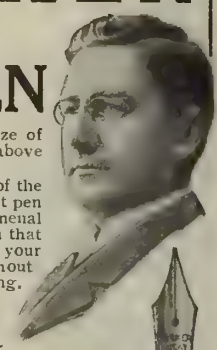
Jack-Knife
Safety Fountain **PEN**



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The Parker Jack-Knife Safety is simply constructed, without valves, pistons, or disappearing devices, and so is durable. It will last a lifetime, and is as convenient as a lead pencil shortened down just to your favorite length. It's not an ink pencil, but a regular fountain pen with the Lucky Curve ink feed, Spearhead ink controller and all the other exclusive Parker features.

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Any Parker dealer will sell you the Parker Jack-Knife Safety, or any other Parker fountain pen, on ten days' free trial. If you can't find a dealer, I will mail your order prepaid on receipt of price, and refund your money if you should care to return the pen inside of ten days. State if soft, medium or hard pen point is wanted.

Baby size, like illustration (with No. 2 pen) **$2.50**

You will find among Parker Lucky Curve fountain pens a pen that will exactly suit you.

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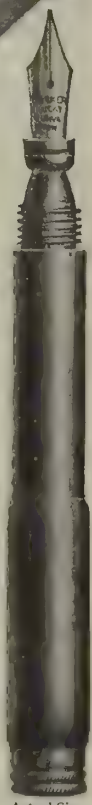

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No metal touches the leg!

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CONGRESS GARTER

Here is a new garter with a light, open-weave, non-elastic band that cannot bind. It fits the leg, lightly, coolly, and will not grow stringy. All the strain is taken up by the "happy thought" elastic triangle. This instantly adjusts itself to every moving muscle without pressure. The fastener grips the sock like a vise and never slips, will not tear nor let go until you loosen it.

Ask for and insist on the CONGRESS GARTER.

Sold everywhere at 25c a pair. Blue, pink, tan, navy, black and white.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct sending dealer's name.

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A large bird's-eye view of "Wonderland," handsomely lithographed in colors on fine plate paper, suitable for framing—size 32 by 48 inches—sent to any address in United States or its possessions, Canada, Mexico, Great Britain, Ireland or Germany, for *ten cents* (elsewhere for fifteen cents) to cover postage and tubing.

Send U.S. stamps or a postal money order. Requests filled in order of receipt as long as pictures last—postage returned on unfilled orders. Offer expires with present supply of pictures—write QUICKLY.

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Any bank or Pittsburgh daily newspaper publisher as reference.
Jewelry possible to expect for less than 3 times the money. Our Scarf Pin Novelties surpass anything in this line in the entire world.
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Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago; 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis; 736 Old South Bldg., Boston; 206 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco; 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles.

Count Boni are here stored away. Preserved for future use, also, are the sordid stories of the murder of "Cæsar" Young, of Stanford White, of Grace Brown, of Ruth Wheeler. And if such reading shakes one's faith in the good in human nature, to get that faith back again it is necessary only to turn to other envelopes and read of Fireman "Jack" Howe, the hero of the Windsor Hotel fire; of that beloved old hero, Chief Kruger, who died while leading his men at a Canal Street fire; of Fireman Seufert, who lay for four days beneath tons of dripping débris; and of Policeman Coyne, who in the blackness of a winter's night swam out into the freezing currents of the East River and brought a drowning man to shore. And finally, there is the record of those magnificent philanthropies, Trowmart Inn, the Sea Breeze Hospital with its famous inmate, Smiling Joe, the Sage Foundation, the St. John's Guild, the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, and scores of others, the very memory of which brings tears to the eye.

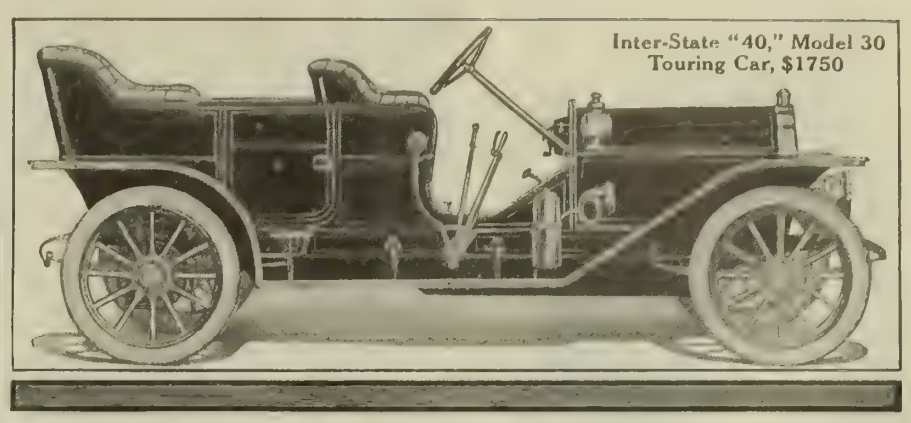
It would be equally interesting to know why people get into the morgue. The best explanation is given by the clippings themselves. Of these the following list is taken from a morgue at random:

Bishop Blesses the Bottle (Opening of the Subway Tavern)
Mary Johnson Wears Pants
Receives Degree of Doctor of Commerce
Tom Johnson's Son Married in Secret
Gives City of Philadelphia Paintings Worth $100,000
Big Minister Resigns Pastorate
Millionaire, Broke, Lives in Barn
Minister Gathered Slum Dwellers and Parishioners Complained
Dentist Denies Woman is His Wife
Jersey Gelatine Works
Jerusalem Swindle
Handsomest Member of Democratic Party in the United States. (General Ben Le Fèvre is his name)
Edwin Lefèvre Writes a New Novel
Says That Colors Affect Us
Defends Symbolism in Modern Painting
Will Try for the Pole
Invents New Kind of Electric Car
Groceryman Systematically Robbed
Last Night of Leggett's Hotel
Process Server After a Poet
Seeks Re-Divorce From Wife, Fearing Dakota Decree Invalid
Legion of Honor Dinner
Art Treasures Burned
Ethel Leginska—a Young Pianist With a Future
Hayti Left to Hippolyte
Oscar Hammerstein Says Mary Garden Was in a Tantrum
To Fly Slow is Now the Problem

From this abbreviated list it is easy to see that the morgue man has adopted for his own the motto of Terence, the Latin poet: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me."

Such a wide range of subjects, like politics, sometimes makes strange bedfellows. Side by side are found the stories of John Burroughs, the naturalist, and Burr Brothers, the promoters. The late Dr. James H. Canfield, librarian of Columbia University, and Richard Canfield, the dead gambler, rest side by side in the newspaper morgue. With them is Frederick W. Canfield, the artist, who got into the morgue by marrying an Indian bride. Close to the army canteen is found the name of the Princess Cantacuzene, the daughter of General Fred. Grant. The history of the Legal Aid Society is filed away beside the story of the anarchist who tried to kill Premier Crispi of Italy. Filed away near each other are the histories of Cassie Chadwick and of Andrew Carnegie. Here, too, are Cook and Peary, but fortunately not in the same envelope. Even Messrs. Jeffries and Johnson are intimately associated in the morgue.

So little gets into print about the average man that clippings concerning him can easily be handled. Many a morgue envelope contains but one tiny clipping, and very seldom is an envelope uncomfortably full. Yet there are certain men whose names are so continually in the newspapers that it taxes the ingenuity of the morgue man to know how to file his clippings about them for the first essential of a morgue is that every clipping be instantly available. The newspaperman seldom has time to read through scores and scores of clippings to find the item he wants. He must be able to lay his finger on any particular



The Car That Has Proved Every Claim

For Performance, Comfort, Style, Finish, Power, Size and Delivery

Instead of spending thousands and thousands of dollars in making our car famous by advertising, we have concentrated our entire efforts in making a car that would make itself famous. Our claim of greater value is based on actual results achieved. The proving of this one great claim alone has sold more INTER-STATE cars than all other efforts we have put forth. We have convinced our dealers, owners and ourselves that we can offer greater value at the price than any other manufacturer on the market. Now we are ready to convince you.

40 H.P. Inter State $1750

40 H. P. Special Torpedo Model, $2000

If we could take you through our factory and point out the methods, modern equipment and material which enter into the construction of the INTER-STATE car, there would no longer be a question in your mind as to the INTER-STATE coming up to your highest ideal in every way.

You would see how painstakingly we test each motor, how we put each chassis through a 12-hour fan dynamometer test at full power, then adjust it so as to overcome every little defect and noise. Then you would see how our head inspector goes over each chassis personally before it is finally reported satisfactory for use. This represents the very latest step in final testing methods.

After this trip, you would understand why our motor is second to none in the country and why the INTER-STATE car gives such universal satisfaction.

15% More Value Than Last Year

This year we are giving even 15% more value than last and the prices remain the same. Our greater value is found in a 14% increase of motor power, a 6% increase in wheel-base, the adoption of rolling push rod contact on the cam shaft, and many other improved features we haven't room here to tell about.

The very highest critics at the New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Omaha, Cleveland and Pittsburg shows have been enthusiastic in the praise which they have accorded to INTER-STATE construction. These opinions are the unbiased, neutral views of the cleverest men in the country.

Prompt Delivery Guaranteed!

We have not made contracts which overtax our production. We are able to handle all of our dealers efficiently. All INTER-STATE cars are shipped the day promised. If you have been disappointed and have experienced long delays in getting cars, you will appreciate this great advantage.

Send for New Catalog

Our new catalog tells about the extra long 118 in. wheel base, the graceful lines and the roominess of our big 40 horse power models. It describes the highly efficient 4½ in. x 5 in. motor in detail and tells about the U & 11 Imported High Tension Magneto, double ignition system, multiple disc cork insert clutch, three-quarter elliptic rear springs, 34 in. x 4 in. tires, and many more high priced features that we haven't room to tell about here.

The INTER STATE can be had with Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau or Roadster Body for $1750 Torpedo Model with special equipment $2000.

Write for information regarding choice territory for dealers.

Inter-State "40" Torpedo
Model 34—$2000

A REMINDER

Inter-State Automobile Co.,
Muncie, Ind.

You may send me your 1910 Catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

S. E. P.

Inter-State Automobile Co., Muncie, Indiana.

Another Duntley Wonder!

The Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper

A housecleaning machine for daily use.

Light, compact and handy.

Sweeps a broad path—sixteen inches wide—and cleans astonishingly.

You may buy it in the usual Duntley way—a monthly trifle.

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner

Has helped to enrich civilization.

Do YOU possess this treasure, that relieves woman of her burthen of drudgery and never tires—that wars so savagely on the sinister foes of health and makes life safer?

It is VERY EASY to possess. We are willing to send it to you and let it win its own way. You may try it, and then have a whole year to pay for it if you wish.

Duntley Manufacturing Company
490 Harvester Building, Chicago

clipping that he is after. So the man in charge of the morgue subdivides the matter about these prominent men, and classifies it under different heads. The clippings about Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, are thus divided in one New York newspaper morgue:

Biography	Pair
Autobiographical	Home
Comment	Miscellaneous
Fortune	Standard Oil
Gifts	United States Steel
Golf	Rockefeller Foundation
Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research	

Then there are separate envelopes for Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the Rockefeller Family Association, and for the other Rockefellers.

Mr. Carnegie is another man who has to have separate envelopes for his different activities. He is classified as follows:

Biography	Peace
Author	Politics
Civics	Skibo
Gifts	Speeches
Imperialism	Spelling
Kiss	Steel
Labor	

But it remains for Mr. Roosevelt, here as in so many other things, to excel all others. He is at once the joy and the despair of the morgue keeper. As one morgue man put it: "We had to choose between running a Roosevelt morgue with the world on the side, or a world morgue with Mr. Roosevelt on the side. We finally chose the latter." Mr. Roosevelt is thus classified:

Biography	Miscellaneous
Administration	Navy
Africa	Negro
Ancestry	Panama Canal
Anecdotes	Peace
Athletics	Peace of Portsmouth
Author	Police Commissioner
Comment	Politics
Dangers	Presents
Fads and Fancies	Race Suicide
Hunter	Railroads
Governor	Sagamore Hill
Harriman Episode	Spanish War
Home Life	Speeches
Labor	Third Term
Mayoralty	Tours
Messages	Vice-President

One of the things that is to be found in Mr. Roosevelt's file is, I think, not generally known. When Mr. Roosevelt formed his Ananias Club he gave expression to that now famous phrase, "A short and ugly word." That expression was not new to Mr. Roosevelt, although everybody supposed it was. The morgue shows that on October 19, 1895, when Mr. Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York, he was asked what he had to say in regard to Mr. Perry Belmont's statement that he, Mr. Roosevelt, was using his office for personal aggrandizement and was trying to wreck the Republican party of New York City.

Mr. Roosevelt's "Short and Ugly"

"My reply," said Mr. Roosevelt, "is that the statement is the kind of willful falsehood which is best characterized by a short and ugly Anglo-Saxon word of three letters." The phrase passed unnoticed. Mr. Roosevelt treasured it in his wonderful memory for ten years until the psychological moment came to employ it again.

To go back to the Roosevelt classifications: it might be stated that since the above list was compiled another envelope has been added to the file; it is "The Pope." Even this long list of subjects under which Mr. Roosevelt is classified will hardly suggest to the lay mind the enormous mass of material stored away. For twenty-eight years the newspapers have been clipping "dope" on Mr. Roosevelt. If all this material were to be reprinted in book form it would make scores and scores of volumes, and probably hundreds. So you see why Mr. Roosevelt is such a problem to the morgue man.

But if Mr. Roosevelt is a problem, Mr. Bryan is a complete distraction. From the morgue keeper's point of view he is entirely beyond the pale. There are clippings about him by the hundreds, but it is impossible to classify them, because, as a morgue man explained to me, "Mr. Bryan can't be classified. He is on all sides of all questions." And so Mr. Bryan's clippings are put in envelopes marked 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and so on. You can picture to yourself the frame of mind of a reporter who has to find some particular story about the Nebraska Colonel, especially if it is near time to go to press.

In the Carnegie classifications you may have noticed the Carnegie "Kiss." A while back the statement was made that some persons would like to get certain items about themselves out of the morgue. I suspect that this item falls within that class. The kiss in question was given during a reception in the Carnegie Library at Atlanta.

It would hardly be fair to Mr. Carnegie not to print his side of the story. Here is his version, as given to the press by a close friend: "Mr. Carnegie was holding a reception in the Carnegie Library at Atlanta, and a great crowd was filing past him, shaking hands and offering hearty felicitations. Two well-dressed women stopped, and after exchanging some bantering compliments one of them put her hands on the astonished laird's shoulders and kissed him. The act was quickly followed by the next woman in line. Mr. Carnegie laughed and blushed, and then raised his hand in good-natured but firm protest, and checked any further attempt at osculation."

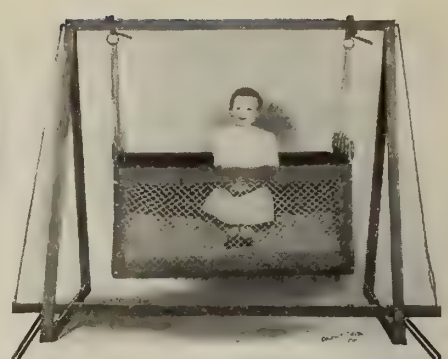
Some Strange Neighbors

Far more serious are some of the things that certain other people would like to get out of the morgue. There are the humiliating records that tell how a business man was swindled out of $50,000 by wire-tappers; that tell how an absconding bank cashier lost $350,000 of his stolen money in the same way. Then there are stories of crimes, and swindles, and get-rich-quick schemes, and so on, without limit. Where arrests have been made the same facts are on record in the police blotter that are hidden in the morgue. But many and many a man who has escaped the toils of the police has been less fortunate with the newspapers. The only earthly record there is against such men is in the newspaper morgue. That record they would give a good deal to expunge.

With some of these men the desire to get their names out of the morgue is more than a natural desire to bury the story of their own disgrace—they fear that the newspaper record may get them into trouble. Sometimes the newspaper morgue becomes an unofficial police record. It has often happened that the police or the Pinkertons, arresting a man of whom they have no record, have called the newspapers to their assistance and got from the morgue information that enabled them to make a case against their prisoner; for in a newspaper morgue there are sometimes incriminating items, which, though certainly true, cannot be proved to be true, and so remain unpublished.

The real reason for the existence of the morgue, of course, is that it is invaluable to the newspaper in the preparation of its news items. What the compass is to the mariner and the official clock to the railroader, the morgue is to the newspaperman. A disaster occurs in the Cherry Mine. To the story of that disaster must be appended brief histories of other bad mine disasters. The reporter finds them in the morgue. A criminal escapes from prison. The reporter must tell why he was imprisoned. He finds the reason in the morgue. Mr. John Smith is appointed consul to Germany. What other offices has he held? The morgue will tell. Half an hour before presstime comes a cablegram with the brief message, "Vesuvius again in eruption." The story in the morning paper must tell something of the history of Vesuvius. The cable editor finds that history in the morgue. So it goes day after day, the newspaperman squaring his story with the T-square of the morgue.

The paper that has the best morgue naturally has an advantage over its rival publications. Thus one city editor, unable to find anything in his morgue about the person he is investigating, discontinues his investigation. Another city editor may find in his morgue some little clew that will lead him to a good story and a "scoop." A Chicago dispatch one day informed the New York papers that Marshall Field was on his way to New York. He was due at the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Jersey City at a certain hour. At this particular time it was thought that Mr. Field would be made Secretary of the Treasury. The New York papers were



Keep the Wee Ones Out in the Open

With the Alamo Junior Hammock-Crib—they are as safe as though in your arms—and you are free for other duties.

Alamo Junior

is a canvas swinging crib of strongest cotton duck, laced together with rope. Deep enough to prevent any possibility of falling out. Baby will play happily in it by the hour and be perfectly safe.

Cotton felt mattress rests on rope laced frame, giving elasticity and couch comfort. The little chap can toddle or tumble around or go peacefully to sleep in the Alamo Junior at his own sweet will.

Take It with You on Vacation trips, Outings, Picnics, etc.

There's nothing like the Alamo Junior for carrying with you everywhere. Light, compact, put up or taken down quickly, always ready for use, uninjured by rain or sun. A perfect crib or bed for indoors. A perfect hammock or playroom for out in the open.

Remember the Alamo Trade-Mark

Always look for it before you buy. There's no substitute for the Alamo Junior—there's nothing as safe and complete—nothing like it.

Write for free Booklet, "The Alamo"

Tells you all about the Alamo line—the hammock of today—Includes the Alamo, Alamo Junior and Dixie Hammocks.

They are sold by highest class dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not have them, write us. We will see that you are supplied.

Atlas Belting Co.
158 Lake Street, Chicago
Largest Manufacturer of Canvas Belting and Canvas Products

Floors Waxed for a Third Usual Cost

Columbus Hard Drying Liquid Wax—the only liquid wax on the market—covers much more surface than common paste and powdered waxes do. One gallon covers 2,500 to 3,000 square feet. The saving in cost is considerable. But more important, is the ease with which **liquid** wax is applied.

Less Than an Hour

The whole operation takes less than an hour. No heavy brush is needed. Apply and polish with a soft cloth. Water doesn't injure the finish or turn it white; heel marks don't show. The finish is hard but elastic.

Sample Free

Ask your dealer, or if he hasn't it, send his name and 4 cents in stamps for postage, and we'll send you a liberal sample bottle, also our book on floors. Try Columbus Liquid Wax on a floor or piece of furniture. Note what it does and how easily it does it. Ask your dealer. Put up in different size cans—25 cents to $3.00. A $3.00 can lasts a year.

Always look for "Columbus" on the label.

Columbus HARD DRYING Liquid Wax

The Easiest Applied Floor Finish.

The Columbus Varnish Co.

Dept. 10 (29) **Columbus, Ohio**

No more holes in your stockings

You can wear stockings of the thinnest and most delicate fabrics without having the toes poke through.

Togards prevent it by protecting the toes of the stockings. They are worn over the forepart of the barefeet underneath the stocking and make darning a thing of the past.

They give longer life to the stockings and insure foot-comfort at all times. They absorb perspiration, protect tender feet and make walking easier.

Soft, light, snug-fitting and elastic; take up little space, and are sanitary and washable. Natural color—not dyed—in sizes for men, women and children.

Lisle—10c a pair; 12 pairs **$1.**
Silk—25c a pair; 12 pairs **$2.75.**

Every pair in a sealed wax envelope bearing the Togard trademark

Sold by over 5000 dealers. If yours should not happen to have **Togards,** we'll send them prepaid on receipt of price—be sure to state size of stockings.

H. L. NELKE & CO., Nelke Building, Philadelphia

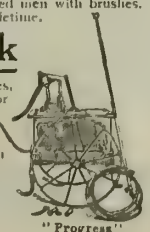
Togards

Quick, Cheap Way to Clean and Lighten Up Store, Factory, Home

With a **Dayton Sprayer and Whitewasher.** Whitewash or water paints can be applied by inexperienced hands to walls, fences, outbuildings, etc., *better* and *1000% faster* than by skilled men with brushes. Pays for itself often in one trial and lasts a lifetime.

Try It At Our Risk

Ideal for spraying cattle, poultry, trees, vines, vegetables; fine fire extinguisher. Write for catalog today. Will send any machine you may select on approval. Progress, 12 gal., $21; 20 gal., $40; other guaranteed types, as low as $10. Every factory, institution and farm needs one. Attractive proposition for dealers.



"Progress"

McCORMICK MFG. COMPANY
Former Mfg. Dept. Dayton Supply Co.
453 E. First Street, Dayton, Ohio

keen for an interview with him and a host of reporters met the train. Mr. Field was not on it. The reporters went back disconsolate. Every hotel in New York was questioned. Mr. Field was at none of them. "Boss" Clarke, of the Sun, the night city editor *sans pareil*, began to search in his morgue. After a long time he found a little item saying that Mr. Field had one time stayed in New York with his brother in Fifth Avenue.

"That's where he is," said Mr. Clarke to the reporter covering the Field assignment. "Go up there and you will find him." That is where he was, too, and next day the Sun had an exclusive interview. Mr. Field had changed cars at Newark, landed at Hoboken and had slipped into the city without being observed. The morgue found him out.

After all, the ultimate end of the morgue is to furnish material for obituaries, and practically every morgue item becomes sooner or later obituary material. Every person in the world must die and about every prominent person that dies a story must be printed. This the city editor never for one minute forgets. He watches the great ones of the world as a hawk watches chickens. They make him as nervous as a pocketful of dynamite would make the average pedestrian. Always he is afraid that something will happen and find him unprepared. So, at the first hint that a prominent man is not feeling well, he sets a reporter at work writing the sick man's obituary notice. It has come to be a proverb in newspaper offices that this is a life-saver. So many men have recovered from sicknesses after their obituaries have been written that every morgue is full of these unprinted annals. For instance, I came across the "obit" of a prominent educator who is still hale and hearty. The story was written February 7, 1910. An examination of the envelope revealed the fact that the morgue keeper had been following this man's history since February 22, 1890. Twenty years' work to write one story!

Recently Senator Thomas Platt died. The "obit" that was printed by one New York paper was written ten years previously by a man who died two years before Senator Platt.

Forehanded as all this is, it is not forehanded enough to suit the city editor. When a man dies a natural death this method may answer well enough. But when a man meets a violent death it will not do. The dead man may have a long history and his death may occur just before presstime. It is not enough that his "obit" be written. It must also be kept set up in type. Thus there may be found in the office of every big newspaper biographical articles concerning every crowned head of Europe, the "big" men of America, and every great figure the world over that is subject to assassination. Probably every New York paper keeps enough such stories set up to print an entire edition of a newspaper. And it is by methods such as these that the papers were able so quickly to print biographies of Prince Ito and Lieutenant Petrosino.

Unlike the people whom it watches, the newspaper does not need any obituary notice. At least, it is mercifully seldom that it does. Like the brook, it goes on forever. One morgue man may pass, but another takes his place. And so the generic morgue man comes to be the nearest earthly approach to the all-seeing eye. He may be watching the crowned heads of Europe. He is also watching you. To paraphrase a famous rhyme of childhood:

"The morgue man will git you if you don't watch out."

A Friend on the Bench

A MAN from the West was looking for a friend in New York who had gone to the bad. He heard his friend had been sleeping on the benches in Bryant Park and went over there to look for him. There were a good many unfortunates on the benches, but the particular friend the Westerner wanted to find was not there. However, the Westerner did find another man from his own town, whom he knew and who knew the man for whom he was searching.

"Where's Jones?" asked the Westerner, prodding the man he knew.

"Aw," replied the hobo sleepily, "he ain't come in yet."

Nero Fiddled while Rome was Burning

"CRIMINAL indifference" you say. And you are right. But how much worse is it than what you are doing every day? You have read these advertisements of the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** for a year or more, telling you that you ought to know all about the company that carries your fire insurance, but have you done anything about it? Many have, but the majority of policyholders have done nothing about the selection of a company. They are still "fiddling."

In the history of fire insurance in America, a large majority of the fire insurance companies organized have failed or retired from business. To be insured in a company like the **Hartford,** that has been in business a hundred years and will be in business a hundred years from now, costs no more than to be insured in one that may go out of business next week.

It's your property which is to be insured. It's your money that pays the premium. You are to get the indemnity in case of fire. In short, it's your business and this matter is up to you. Why then, don't you **do** something? And here's what to do. At the bottom of this advertisement is a coupon. Cut it out, write in the name of your insurance agent or broker, sign your name and mail it to him.

Any agent or broker can get you a policy in the **Hartford** if you tell him to do so. Don't be a "fiddler" in the face of fire. Cut out, fill in and mail the coupon. **Do it now.**

STATEMENT JANUARY 1st, 1910

Capital,	**$ 2,000,000.00**
Liabilities,	**14,321,953.11**
Assets,	**23,035,700.61**
Surplus for Policy-Holders,	**8,713,747.50**

June , 1910

Name of Agent or Broker

Address

When my fire insurance expires, please see that I get a policy in the HARTFORD.

Name

Address

One Taste and They Are Yours

TRADE MARK

Yours truly PORK AND BEANS

— for Flavor and Cleanliness. Mealy—tender—whole—hand-picked Beans, permeated with the delicious nut-like flavor of succulent Streak-o'-Lean Pork and an Epicure Sauce.

Every can sterilized to guard against the slightest contamination of this inimitable flavor.

Yours truly ? PORK AND BEANS

"Yes," says your Grocer. Ask him. He KNOWS.

ly

PORK AND BEANS

THE FUNK & WAGNALLS
STANDARD DICTIONARY

always was and is *now*, the *best*, because made on *original* plans, aiming to *overcome all the defects of other existing dictionaries*, it is kept *revised to date*.

MARK TWAIN said: "I have found that one can do without principles but not without the Standard Dictionary."

The Standard's Vocabulary— The most satisfying, the most comprehensive and the easiest to consult because the common meaning of the word is given first, and the vocabulary is not broken up into two or more divisions on the same page, thus causing confusion. The Standard includes every *living* word—every word likely to be sought by any considerable number of people. The Standard Dictionary contains 317,000 terms and *rejected* as useless over 200,000. As much discrimination was used in *excluding* terms as in *including* terms. It does not swell its vocabulary bulk by giving such useless, obsolete mis-spellings of pre-dictionary days as, for *ale*—aale, alle, ail, yal, yil; for *bless*—blis, blisse, blissen; etc., etc.—thus saving consultant's time.

Scores of Other Exclusive Features make the Funk & Wagnalls Standard pre-eminently the best dictionary ever made in any language. It is not the work of a small group of men; over 250 of the world's greatest specialists joined in its making, stamping every department with authority. It is magnificently illustrated with color plates.

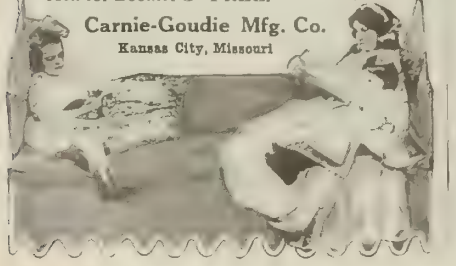
FREE Do not buy a dictionary until you investigate the Funk & Wagnalls Standard. Send for descriptive circulars and easy terms of purchase. If you will include 5 cents to pay wrapping and postage, we will also send the valuable cloth-bound Booklet "Noted Names Who's Who in History"; a handbook packed with useful information.

Funk & Wagnalls Company
Department 41 NEW YORK CITY

Hammo-port
TRADE C/G QUALITY MARK

The improved 1910 **Hammo-port** is better in every way. Back rest adjustable to any position—use as a wind shield or back rest. The patent spring cannot sag and will support 450 lbs. Use as a hammock or bed for outdoor sleeping. Solid colors and handsome stripes, positively fast colors. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Buy from your dealer or we will ship complete, east of Rockies for $9.75 Ask for Booklet G - FREE.

Carnie-Goudie Mfg. Co.
Kansas City, Missouri



OUT-OF-DOORS

Where Ignorance is Not Bliss

THE slightest reflection on the part of any average man will convince him that his annual output of actual independent thought is very slight. For the most part he will take his religion, politics, food, clothes, art, sport, ideas and everything else, ready made and handed to him by some one else. In a general way most of us know that there is an out-of-doors somewhere in the world, but for the city or town dweller the matter ends about there. We are even ignorant of the total figures covering the use or enjoyment that other people in our own or other countries get out of the outdoor world.

We Americans ought to be the most out-of-door nation in the world because we have more out-of-doors than anybody else. In old and supposedly outworn Germany, for instance, there are six hundred thousand sportsmen, or about one gun to each one hundred inhabitants. These sportsmen kill each year four hundred thousand hares, four million partridges, half a million rabbits, one hundred and forty-five thousand woodcock, two hundred and fifty thousand pheasants, twenty-two thousand five hundred deer, fourteen hundred wild boars, and a great many other game animals. This amount of game weighs about twenty-five million kilograms and is worth over six and a quarter million dollars, and it cost in licenses about a million and a half dollars for the privilege of shooting.

What would be the corresponding figures for America? No one seems to know. It is certain that more than one man in one hundred owns and uses both rifle and shotgun in America. But, so far as is known, no tables have ever been compiled showing accurately the number of our sportsmen, the total cost of all our game licenses, or the total value of the game that we annually kill. As to the total value of the out-of-doors to us in other forms, which we have had or might have had or ought to have had, we are yet more ignorant.

The Smoking Revolver

We profess a ready-made military quality as a people, yet in our newspaper stories, in our conversation and even in our literature, we show astonishing ignorance and tolerance for ignorance in matters of firearms, or the like. On the front page of almost any newspaper, almost any day of the year, you will read of a suicide or a murderer detected while "clutching a smoking revolver in his hand." Sometimes the hand is described as "cold in death," and very often the reporter artlessly adds that the suicide evidently had been dead for some hours. But the revolver still smokes. No good reason is ever assigned for this rash act on the part of the revolver. As a matter of fact, no revolver, even a long-barreled, black-powder revolver, ever did smoke one fraction of an instant after the discharge, in spite of the fact that the newspaper artist always makes a picture of the revolver with a nice thick curl of smoke running out of it. Generations hence city editors will be telling us of smoking revolvers clenched in cold hands that have driven bullets crashing through brains.

Not long ago a certain prominent novelist of this country, in a piece of vivid description which told how the hero was attacked by a band of robbers, told how the besieged one bravely waited, "with his thumb on the trigger of his rifle." It is almost impossible even for a hero to sit with his thumb on the trigger of his rifle. The novelist probably meant the hammer and not the trigger.

Nature-Faking in High Places

Sometimes odd bits of misinformation creep into columns where they do not belong. One remembers a statement in a sporting monthly not long ago which, in describing a part of South Carolina, said: "Wild pigeons are numerous in this country. They flock in December and afford good shooting in cornfields and cotton rows. They are rather tough, more like rubber pads than meat." There have been no wild pigeons in America for many years. No bird ever was better to eat. There are none in South Carolina. They never did flock so much in December as in the spring. The same writer in the same article goes on to say: "In the low swales, where the ground is soft and the boring is easy, the woodcock makes his home. He surprises you daily when you do not suspect his presence, as he wobbles up and zigzags away with his derisive *scaipe*." No woodcock ever made a sound like that. The jacksnipe very often does. But, if we find these things in the accredited sporting press, where shall we look for accuracy?

It is this deep-seated ignorance, or carelessness, that bids fair to nullify all our late campaign of back-to-Nature and back-to-the-soil. We know little of our open-air country and are careless of the fact that it cannot long endure or long furnish its present attractions. A species passes away, exterminated by our ruthlessness. Who misses it? Posterity manages to get along without that which it never knew. The wild pigeon and the buffalo proved not indispensable. Also, we now irrigate sand and sell it for four hundred dollars an acre, whereas once any man who liked could get a farm of the best soil in the world for nothing. Sir Ray Lankester thinks the horse once lived all over this continent, and that man once killed off the species. He thinks that man used to hunt the mammoth and was the prominent cause of its extinction. From these things it seems that the faunal naturalist was not unknown in prehistoric times, although his trophies were not collected in any permanent form. The elk was exterminated

To Every Woman One Box Free

We want to send to every girl and woman a box of assorted dainties.

They are biscuits that are better than bonbons—different from anything that you ever saw.

We cannot describe them, so we want to send them and let them tell you about themselves. They are called

Sunshine Specialties

There are many styles of Sunshine Biscuits, from soda crackers up. And each is a master creation.

They come from the world's finest bakeries—the bakeries with a thousand windows.

But these Sunshine Specialties are biscuit confections. You have never tasted anything like them.

Simply send us your address and the name and address of your grocer and we will mail you an assorted box. Do this today—now, before you forget it. Then judge for yourself.

One of the many Sunshine Specialties. Two chocolate wafers filled with sweet vanilla cream.

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.
181 Causeway Street
Boston, Mass.

(1)

Coupon Real Estate Notes

$500 Denomination

Secured by First Mortgages on Improved City Real Estate.

Valued at Over Twice the Amount Of The Loan.

Interest Rates, 5 and 6%

(Write For Circular No. 147.)

Mercantile Trust Co.
REAL ESTATE LOAN DEPARTMENT.
8th and Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

Why Pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?
THE CLENDENING 190 W. 103 St., N.Y. Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet G with map of city.

A Table Wherever You Want It

A light, graceful, handsome table that can be carried about by a child, or folded into small space—that's the advantage of having the

Lightweight

PEERLESS

Folding Table

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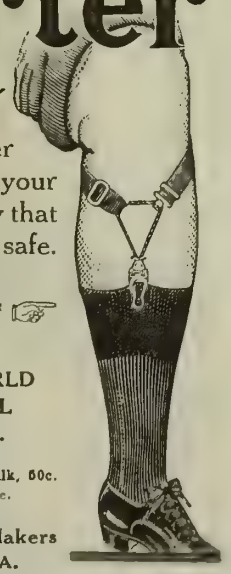

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in Europe long, long ago. The wapiti, or American elk, will be gone before very long; the mountain sheep, or bighorn, a little later. In 1627 somebody killed the last of the aurochs of Europe. The beaver and the wolf were once known in Great Britain, but not for hundreds of years. The wolf and the stag eventually will pass from knowledge in France. The bear also was native to Great Britain, and the lion was once a European animal. The larger apes are doomed; the giraffe, the elephant and the eland are doomed, although Africa seems far away to the average mind. We do not know or care about these things.

Now many of these old species were exterminated in days when there were other places to go hunting. Few stop today to reflect that there is no place left to go. We no longer have any West, and the world has no wild country. Most of us are quite ignorant of the extent of wilderness travel done by European and American sportsmen. Alaska, India, Africa and the remotest parts of Asia are pretty well combed out today. In spite of this fact, we take only the most lukewarm interest in the remaining great game of our country; although Great Britain gives strict legal protection to elephants, giraffes, and many other species of large game in far-off Africa. We admire the manhood requisite for the chase of dangerous big game; but we face with perfect equanimity the fact that our own manhood soon must have entirely different training grounds, indeed, none at all of the old sort. Our percentage of illiteracy and our average intelligence remain about as satisfactory as those of most countries. Yet we are so ignorant as to believe that the past is the present, that the out-of-doors of yesterday is that of today.

But even yet we print as attractive illustrations pictures of inordinate kills of fish or game. The writer remembers the photograph of a pile of prairie chickens higher than the top of the prairie shack near which they were stacked up. Four men killed these birds, which numbered many hundreds. It was a few years ago. Today you pay three or four dollars for a prairie chicken in a café. Similar instances abound for every species of game. We are ignorant or careless about it. Geronimo, the Apache, killed men, but had a vast contempt for American shooters who slaughtered more game than they could use.

Reckoning the Slaughter

We do not stop to think. Thus, in California, let us say, there are more than one hundred thousand gun licenses taken out each year. Suppose each gun killed the limit of thirty-five birds, of only one species and on only one day. It doesn't sound so large until you figure that it is three and a half million birds on one day. Divide that sum by any figure you like, and multiply it by the total days of the legal and illegal shooting, and multiply that by several different species. Then you begin to see that millions of pounds of game are killed in one state and that nobody knows or cares about a product so very valuable. In California four men not long ago killed seven hundred geese in one day. In Mexico one hunter killed over a hundred ducks at a single discharge of a heavy swivel-gun. Who knows or cares about these things? Our factories turn out half a million guns each year, one year after another, at an average price of less than twenty dollars. Multiply each of these guns by ten days' shooting per annum, or five days'; and extend their field over all the older and the newer states. How much do they kill? How long will they have anything to kill? We do not know or care.

We are ignorant and careless of the balance of Nature, and we add all sorts of killing agencies in our attempts to wipe out certain species that interfere with civilization. We put bounties on wolves, wildcats, cougars, bears, raccoons, gophers, prairie dogs, jack-rabbits, owls, crows, eagles. As illogical as we are unscrupulous, we attempt preservation with one hand and extinction with the other.

For the average American it is enough to believe that we have a Government at Washington, the best Government in the world and quite able to take care of everything that needs attention. We are sure that in some way those highly enlightened citizens, Aldrich, Cannon and others, will do about what is right for the salvation of the country. The average American cannot tell how many departments there are in the Government at Washington, or what lines of activity are assigned to each department. Few, for instance, know that the Department of Agriculture has game supervision under its charge. As a matter of fact, the work of this department ought to be known and approved. It is edging along and doing a little something in spite of our ignorance and carelessness. Not long ago this department printed a *résumé* of the game situation in the different states. From this we may learn that eight shooters from Alabama were fined nine hundred and seventy dollars for not taking out licenses in Louisiana. Illegal shipment of game in Illinois cost one man six hundred and seventy-five dollars; another in West Virginia five hundred dollars; another in Oklahoma three hundred dollars. Fines of one hundred dollars are very common. Colorado and Maine are credited with fines of over five hundred dollars; Michigan with one of two hundred and fifty; Pennsylvania with one of two hundred and twenty-five; Iowa with one of two hundred and sixty; Connecticut three fines of over one hundred dollars each. A hundred dollars fine for breaking a game law is not unusual.

The Waning Wild Population

We cannot hunt all over the country as once we could. Pennsylvania now bars aliens. Arkansas does as much with her statutes, at least, although there are loopholes of local invitations. Within two years the entire situation as to gun taxes and licenses has been revolutionized and the cost of shooting licenses has steadily mounted. At the same time the daily bag limit has grown smaller in average over all the states. Grouse, deer, ducks, all upland game, will soon be extinct or allowed to be killed only in very small daily numbers. Illinois cut down her quail limit to fifteen a day, then to twelve. Last winter was an exceptionally severe one on game birds all over the North. The coming fall will in every likelihood be one of great scarcity. Once we could go South and be sure of good shooting, but this last winter, as the writer very well discovered, marked the beginning of the end in Southern upland and cover shooting. Scores of localities that were excellent for quail a few years ago are now reported as shot out.

But who knows or cares about these things? Is it not the business of the Government at Washington to give us plenty to eat, plenty to wear, plenty to kill? Is this not America! An annual increase of a million population surely cannot much affect the resources of so great a land as the West! Yet from all parts of that West from Utah, Washington, Wyoming, the Panhandle of Texas, every corner of what was once known as the Dry West—come now countless prospectuses inviting us to come out and till the "most fruitful soil in the world," and incidentally to kill the last remaining auroch, jack-rabbit or sand snipe.

Meantime we go in for airships and automobiles, and in general gear up in our national tastes. We put a tax on sport, a tax on the out-of-doors and outdoor pleasures. Incidentally we tax ourselves and our coming sons, but are too ignorant or careless to reflect on that. We spend a lot of time arguing on what our Constitution is or ought to be, and we even do a stunt in conservation talk once in a while; but the great body of the American people is ignorant or careless regarding matters that in the belief of governments older and quite as wise as ours have been of the most vital importance. We never will know until it is too late what a splendid inheritance we had and how recklessly we threw it away. What we really need is the strong arm and the woodshed.

There was some hope that the movement so boldly begun by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Pinchot and others would be carried on to some point of great value to those ignorant and careless Americans who know little of the past, the present or the future of their own undivided and common wealth. The struggle between shrewdness and carelessness is old as the ages. It is the same old struggle between oppressor and oppressed, between monarchy and democracy. We came over here a few hundred years ago to run a government of our own. Now we are doing about all we can to set in effect here the age-old struggle between those who have and those who have not, between those who are bold and shrewd and those who are careless and ignorant. Never in the history of this or any other nation was a day showing so immediate and pressing a need for a private session in the woodshed.

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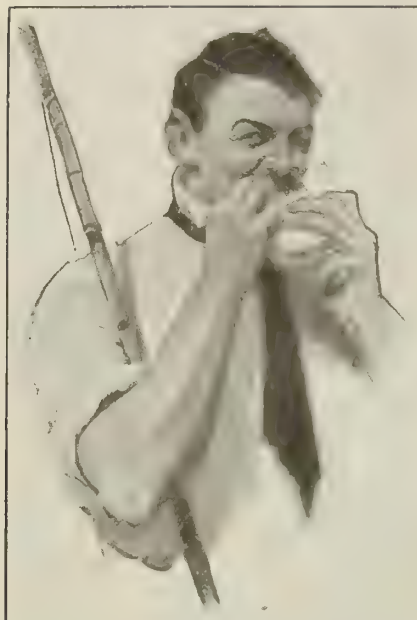

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The Senator's Secretary

A FIXED habit of mind is a hard thing to overcome, but there are signs, at this writing, that the Republican regulars in Congress are beginning to have a few glimmerings of understanding of the temper of the people concerning the tariff.

The Republicans have been in power in Congress so long they have come to think that whatever they do the people will applaud and approve. They were firmly of this conviction concerning their Payne-Aldrich tariff law. They knew there was a protest, but they said one to another that it would pass away in a short time, and that the people throughout the country would gratefully accept this evidence of the further fostering care of the majority for the producer, notwithstanding the crimps put into the consumer, and all would be well. "Just wait," they said, "until the voters understand the beneficence of this tariff. Be perfectly calm until the law gets to working and then they will all rally around us, and we can wipe out this insurgent movement without leaving our seats. It will all vanish into thin air."

So they waited, first debonairly, then anxiously, and then affrightedly. They discovered this was one time when their friends back home would not applaud. They discovered it was firmly fixed in the thoughts and evidenced by the actions of the men in the districts that the Payne-Aldrich tariff was not what was wanted—a downward revision of the tariff—and not all the oratory in the universe, to that general effect, would change that opinion. President Taft tried it and so did many of the lesser lights. They explained and argued. They showed that the Payne-Aldrich tariff was the best that could be done in the circumstances. They implored the people to give it a chance.

Instead, the people listened impatiently to the arguments and prayers, and shouted a derisive "Rats!" at the regulars. Hence, it finally percolated into the intelligences of the regulars that something must be done. But what? It was impossible, of course, to admit that the Payne-Aldrich law is not a jewel of tariff-making. That would stultify them too much, although they had arrived at a stage at which they were not averse to acknowledging they had been foolish—in a limited degree, of course, but foolish, if that acknowledgment would get them any votes or switch any sentiment.

A Graceful Retreat

There were weeks of tearful conferences, when the leaders told one another of the news from home and when the various bye elections were considered and cussed. It was a hard proposition. There could be no direct disavowal of the tariff law. But there must be some hedging. Finally, it was decided to ask for an appropriation for the gathering of tariff information, in a scientific way, to be available for the next Ways and Means Committee that might want to tackle another tariff revision. It was distinctly to be understood there was no tariff commission about it. That could not be thought of, particularly as Senator Beveridge and some others of the advanced thinkers on tariff matters had pointed out that the only scientific way to revise a tariff and avoid all the business upheaval that goes with our present system of revision is to appoint a commission to examine into the whole matter and give that commission power to change a rate when it is shown that a rate should be changed.

Oh, no! there could be no suspicion of a tariff commission about it. That would be too much of a surrender. Then, too, the Congress is jealous of its tariff-making power, and the Constitution says all revenue bills must originate in the House of Representatives; and what would be the result if it were even hinted by the regulars that, perhaps—it might be, possibly a tariff commission would be an excellent thing for this country? The result would be, they knew to a certainty, that the regulars would be greeted by hoarse hoots from all parts of the country.

Still, there was a situation, and it was absolutely necessary to whip the devil around the stump in order to try, at least, to get back into the good graces of the protesting Republicans in every state in the Union. They fussed and fussed for weeks, trying to draw a paragraph for the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill that would not be subject to a point of order as new legislation, and that, while virtually helping along the tariff commission idea, would not do so in any way, by name, or by implication or construction in the language of the paragraph. After weeks of toil a paragraph was drafted for the Sundry Civil Bill appropriating two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to be expended for the securing of tariff information in all parts of the world. This information is to be classified and arranged and fixed for the Ways and Means Committee in the House, and the Finance Committee in the Senate, to the pleasing end that next time there is any tinkering with the tariff the tinkers may have a few items of exact knowledge to help them out instead of a few tons of inaccurate information.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a good-sized sum of money and, it is quite likely, will obtain a large assortment of tariff information. The regulars hope the inclusion of this item in the Sundry Civil Bill will prove to the country that they are really and truly in earnest in this matter of getting a satisfactory tariff, and that they are working conscientiously toward that end, only they must have time. But they are generous and honest about it. Witness the appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

Trying a New Bait

In the present condition of Congress any person who might try to predict what Congress would do from day to day would be a fit subject for the padded cell. Hence, as this is written before the House has considered the item, no predictions are to be made. Nor are any necessary. The House may accept or reject the item and the plan. That is not material. The point is that the regulars in the House have decided something must be done and are seeking to let themselves down as easily as possible. Scared stiff, they hope this plan to get tariff information, the making of this appropriation, will prove to the people that they are sensible of the demand for a proper tariff and are going about getting one in the best way possible. That may wash, and it may not. The fact is that instead of being economic this proposition is purely political. In their hearts the regulars hate any tariff proposition, of any kind, that changes any existing order. They do not believe in tariff boards or tariff commissions or in any other kind of tariff-making machinery than the Ways and Means Committee and the Finance Committee and the old familiar methods of N. W. Aldrich and his corps of rate-fixers.

They had to do something, and they thought they might get past with this appropriation, hoping that the people would be credulous enough to take the proposition as an evidence of good faith, a step forward economically—hoping that, but hardly believing it; but seeing no way out except to take the chance. They fought over the plan for a long time among themselves. Probably they will have fought over it on the floor before this is read. Still, whether they fight or not, they have determined this is a grand coup; that it will take the wind out of a lot of insurgent sails, and help to rehabilitate sundry gentlemen who are in grave danger of being unseated at the coming elections, in addition to helping Mr. Taft out of the hole he fell into when he signed the Payne-Aldrich tariff and then went out and defended it.

This is the lure they put out for the voters: "Though we are firmly of the opinion that the Payne-Aldrich tariff law is the best tariff law ever spread on our statute books, we are not unaware that the tariff-makers in Congress are but human, and that there may be some inequalities or injustices in that law. Now, by making this appropriation we show our good faith, for it provides the tariff board with a sum adequate for financing investigations as to the cost of production and the workings of schedules. Thus it will give us information that will help us to adjust these inequalities and injustices—if there be any such—and prove to the American people that we have none but their best

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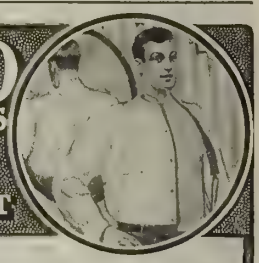

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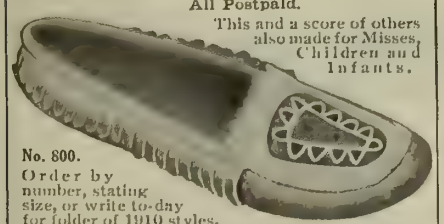

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interests at heart and that we should be continued in power for the very reason that we alone are competent to conduct the affairs of the Government, and that we listen to the voice of the people."

Now that is a fine line of argument for grown men to make to other grown men, isn't it? Here come a lot of politicians in blue funks, hearing from their home districts that the people are in revolt, that they do not like the tariff and will not like it, that they consider that tariff a violation of party pledges; and these same politicians now endeavor by a transparent subterfuge of this kind to deceive those protesting Republicans throughout the country into saying that all is well, and that the regulars in the House and Senate really have no political idea in this, but, entirely, the common good.

Meantime, the condition of the regulars continues pitiful. They are the most scared, most disconsolate, most depressed, most disturbed lot of statesmen who ever sat on Capitol Hill. If you pass one of them and say, "Look out! Insurgent!" he will leap in the air like a jumping lumberjack and come down with his hair standing on end. Most of them have quit reading their letters. They wander about wondering where it will break out next. They are all shot to pieces. They consider legislation perfunctorily, and are inclined to blame President Taft for a good many things, especially for his insistence on railroad legislation—when, they contend, there was no public demand for it—and for the consequent tangle and row and trouble that ensued when they were trying to keep faith with Taft and pass him a bill of some kind. They want to go home and try to get their fences fixed, and they dare not, for they do not know what minute some insurgent may bob up and present some sort of a resolution that will put them even further to the bad. It is no fun to belong to the Old Guard in Washington now. In other days the Old Guardsmen were the arbitrary boys, who wore the medals and the red carnations and told the common variety of Representatives who meekly affiliated with them what to do, when to do it and where to get off.

Why There Are Insurgents

That is all changed. Membership in the Old Guard now entails a nervous apprehension that somebody is fixing up something at home to defeat the guardsman, and a vivid comprehension that the insurgents are fixing up something in Washington that shall have the same general effect. When the news comes in, as it did a short time ago, that John Dalzell, High Priest of Protection, is having a very hard fight in his district in Pennsylvania, and will have to contest for every vote he gets, and that, too, in what the Republican orators used to call the Citadel of Protection—Pittsburgh—it is not strange others of the regulars should be seeing things at nights.

The haughty rulers of the majority, in both House and Senate, are haughty no longer. They are trying to save something out of the wreck. They are conciliatory, even tearful, in their efforts to bring back into line some of the men who have quit them and are fighting the progressive battles. They deprecate the political expediency—which it is, of course—that urges the insurgents to act as they think their constituents would have them, and vote that way, instead of standing by the machine. They denounce expediency in unmeasured terms. It is hateful and unpatriotic. It is abhorrent. It is subversive of the true principles of government.

And, uttering these condemnations, they hitch a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar tariff clause on the Sundry Civil Bill for the purpose of trying to square themselves with the party!

It makes a vast difference who tries to be expedient, or who is. It is frightful in an insurgent, but necessary in a regular. Those who have watched Congress for any length of time, from the outside, are not much impressed with the sincerity of the motives of either side. The fact is that it is all politics, and the real reason for the insurgency that prevails is to be found not so much in the convictions of the men who are insurgent as in the convictions of the people in their districts. The basic difference between an insurgent and a regular is that the insurgent has better information as to what his people back home think and want, and sense enough to act on it.

Our claim of absolute purity is borne out by our label. The Food Laws do not make grape juice pure, but they insist that any adulteration be stated on the label.

Welch's Grape Juice is all that the most stringent pure food law requires—and more. Grape juice under this label can be secured from your dealer and is served from the original bottle at first-class fountains. Welch's is just choicest Concords in liquid form. The skin, seeds, and fibrous pulp are eliminated and all that is of value in the grape is retained. Welch's has richness and body without concentration or addition.

Avoid grape juice containing corn syrup (glucose) which is added to make it palatable and give it body. Its presence indicates the use of inferior grapes.

Insist on Welch's. It is the ideal summer drink—pleasing, healthful, and invigorating.

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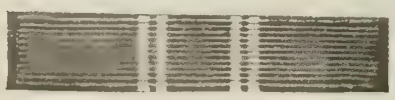

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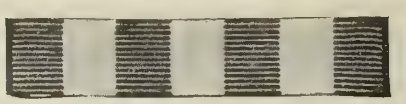
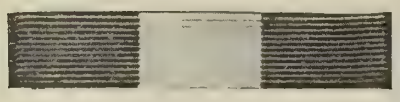
614 Purple and Gold
1104 Red and Black
1105 Gray and Red
1106 Gray and Navy
1107 Green and Black
1683 Black and Purple
1851 Green and White



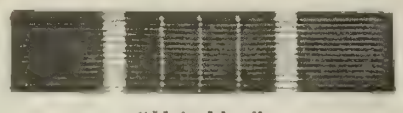
"Even Stripes"
2 inches wide—50 cents

576 Black and Orange
577 Navy and White
578 Black and Red
579 Black and White
580 Navy Blue and Red
1152 Red and White
1153 Yale Blue and White
1154 Yale Blue and Gold



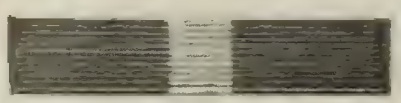
"Tricolor"
2 inches wide—50 cents

364 Navy, White and Navy
365 Navy, Red and Navy
366 Brown, White and Brown
367 Green, Red and Green
368 Black, White and Black
369 Black, Orange and Black
370 Black, Light Blue and Black
371 Black, Yale Blue and Black
372 Black, Red and Black
549 Navy, Orange and Navy
550 Maroon, White and Maroon
551 Yale Blue, Tan and Yale Blue
552 Green, White and Green
553 Yale Blue, White and Yale Blue
554 Maroon, Old Gold and Maroon
555 Red, Black and Red
556 Gray, Navy and Gray
557 Gray, Red and Gray
558 Yale Blue, Gold and Yale Blue
559 Yale Blue, Black and Yale Blue
1509 Red, Light Blue and Red
1550 Brown, Red and Brown
1586 Navy, Light Blue and Navy
1834 Old Gold, Navy and Old Gold



"Hair Line"
2 inches wide—50 cents

2225 Black and White
2226 Gray and White
2257 Maroon and Black
2258 Black and Orange
2259 Tan and Yale Blue
2261 Brown and White
2260 Maroon and White
2262 Black and Red
2263 Old Gold and Green
2264 Yale Blue and White
2265 Green and White
2266 Purple and Gold
2267 Navy Blue and Red
2268 Purple and White
2269 Navy Blue and White
2270 Red and White
2271 Red and Orange
2272 Green and Red
2273 Seal Brown and White
2274 Brown and Light Blue
2275 Military Blue and White
2276 Elephant's Breath and Green
2277 Coal Dust and Red
2278 Prune and Crushed Strawberry
2279 Plum and Copenhagen Blue
2280 Copenhagen Blue and Red
2281 Copenhagen Blue and Green



"Center Stripe"
2 inches wide—50 cents

425 Navy Blue and White
426 Navy Blue and Red
427 Black and Orange
567 Black and Red
568 Navy and Orange
569 Maroon and White
566 Black and Light Blue
1124 Purple and Old Gold
1125 Purple and White
1127 Red and Purple
1129 Red and White
1130 Black and Green
1579 Yale Blue and White
1580 Brown and White
1581 Green and White
1679 Brown and Light Blue
1680 Brown and Gold
1681 Green and Orange
1682 Purple and Orange
1712 Black and Lavender
1852 Maroon and Gold
1861 Yale Blue and Red
2422 Navy Blue and Gold
2441 Gray and Blue
2442 Navy and Brown
451 Black and White

"North Pole"
2 inches wide—50 cents

2340 Black and White
2341 Black and Orange
2342 Black and Red
2343 Navy and White
2344 Navy and Light Blue
2345 Navy and Red
2346 Gray and Navy
2347 Gray and Red
2348 Black and Lavender
2349 Coal Dust and Red
2350 Maroon and White
2351 Yale Blue and White

"Disappearing Stripes"
2 inches wide—50 cents

2361 Navy and White
2362 Black and Orange
2363 Black and Red
2364 Black and White
2365 Navy and Red
2366 Military Blue and Red
2367 Copenhagen Blue and Purple
2368 Plum and White
2369 Burgundy and White
2370 Coal Dust and Red
2371 Gray and Navy
2372 Gray and Red
2373 Brown and White
2374 Green and White
2375 Navy and Light Blue

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Wick Narrow Fabric Company

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DOCTOR BULLER'S MAGIC OATS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Course," Pliny suggested, rising, "if any questions was asked, all you'd have to say was that a stranger handed in the message."

"Sure! Sure!" said the agent, with a touch of reproof. "I've took part in jokes before!"

Driving away from Ora, however, Pliny's thoughts were far from jocular. "The poisonin' old hog!" he muttered vengefully. "I'll show him! As though Pat Kelley would send for him when he's got a horse-doctor right at home! But he's too conceited to think of that—the old hog!"

On that same Wednesday Banker Rose was decidedly uneasy. Of course, if Doctor Buller should poison Pliny, and Old Bill Thompson should shoot the doctor, and Mr. Rose should get half a chance at the little safe in the doctor's office, all would be well. But suppose the doctor or Pliny should run off with the money and the enraged farmers should come down on Mr. Rose? There were enough uncertainties in the situation to make a prudent man watchful and unhappy.

Editor Bascomb was no less disturbed. He had set up the handbills and struck off a proof, which Judge Toller had corrected. Nothing remained but to print the bills—and thereby invite upon his devoted head the vengeance of Banker Rose. Or if he propitiated the banker by telling him about the handbills, he might suffer the no less fatal vengeance of Judge Toller and the farmers. Pondering this dilemma throughout the afternoon, the editor swallowed his Adam's apple enough times to have made a meal for a harvest hand.

At length the thought that there was no moon at that time of the month cunningly tempted his upright mind. About half-past eight he nervously climbed the fence that surrounded the residence of Mr. Rose's brother-in-law, stole through the dark yard and tapped at the back door.

"I thought you ought to know it," he said under his breath to the banker as they stood together in the doorway. "Personally I don't approve of any such inflammatory proceedings. It's likely to hurt the town. I thought you ought to know about it. I trust you not to give me away. Remember, Jim, it might ruin me."

Nobody had ever called the banker "Jim" before, although many had called him other names. But perhaps nobody had ever been quite so anxious to secure his good will and good faith.

In his own room Mr. Rose carefully read the handbill, a proof of which Editor Bascomb had given him. It increased his uneasiness tenfold. If Doctor Buller or Pliny got word of this mass-meeting, probably one or both of them would instantly decamp with the money; and if the farmers, in mass-meeting assembled, learned that he held their notes, consequences of an impetuous and disagreeable sort would probably ensue. In this dilemma he really didn't know what to do.

About noon Thursday, however, he received intelligence which opened up a more or less promising course of action to him. He had secretly set a watch on both the enemies, and he learned that Pliny Leffingwell would not ride into the country as usual that day because he was sick in bed at the Tibbetts House. Mr. Rose naturally concluded that Doctor Buller was about to make away with the cash and had prudently poisoned his partner.

Now, in the excellent quality of being cautious Banker Rose was hardly excelled by a rabbit. All thought of violence was abhorrent to him. But, obviously, if he didn't wish to see the money get away he must do something. Carefully shutting himself in the back room of his little bank, therefore, he took the proof of the handbill and penciled on its margin, in a disguised hand: "Doctor Buller has got the money for your note."

Inclosing the handbill in a plain envelope he summoned Johnny Bane, upon the contents of whose livery and feed stable he held a chattel mortgage. He told Johnny to send the note that afternoon by one of his hands to Old Bill Thompson, without letting the hand or Old Bill or any one else know who the real sender was.

Strange as it would have seemed to the other persons involved, Doctor Buller himself was much disturbed that Thursday. With ponderous motion he paced the floor of his little office and stroked his short, coarse beard in an earnest attempt to think. Twice at least he got down one of the little-used medical works and slowly read over a certain chapter in it, puckering his brows and occasionally gnawing his nether lip. Never before in his professional career had the doctor so genuinely regretted his inability to comprehend what the book meant.

His uneasiness was caused by the condition of his friend and partner, Pliny Leffingwell. Being notified about eleven o'clock that Pliny was ill he had hastened to the patient's bedside and found him very pale, with bloodshot eyes, feeble voice and irregular pulse. The doctor had prescribed calomel and quinine, as usual in all cases, and gone back to his office to consult the cryptogrammatic medical work and pace the floor.

The day wore on. Soon after four o'clock Pliny arose and shoved his chair in front of the one window in his room. This window commanded an uninterrupted view of Doctor Buller's office, half a block away on the opposite side of the street. The sick man fixed his bloodshot eyes on the doctor's door and waited. At twenty minutes to five he saw Tom Tobin, the assistant station agent, amble loose-jointedly up the street with a telegram in his hand and enter Doctor Buller's office.

Pliny's heart leaped. In about fifteen minutes, he calculated, the doctor would drive rapidly away toward Kelley's ranch—which would be the last Tupperville would see of him for at least twelve hours. By seven o'clock it would be fairly dark. The key to the doctor's office was in his trousers pocket, the combination to the little safe was in his mind. The eastbound passenger train reached Tupperville at 8:45 that evening, and by 8:45 next morning Pliny expected to be far away with an obscure trail in his wake.

Engaged with these thoughts, Pliny stared intently at Doctor Buller's office while his pulses tingled. He thought the doctor stepped to the back door of the office and shouted across to Johnny Bane's livery to have the tough little buckskin broncos harnessed to the light top buggy. Two or three minutes passed. Then the doctor came to the front door of the office and looked over at Pliny's window in a doubtful, inquiring sort of way. Pliny saw him tug at his beard like a man unable to make up his mind. He withdrew into the office, and after a couple of minutes reappeared—stepping out upon the sidewalk and striding toward the hotel.

Unquestionably he was going to make his patient a visit. Pliny realized it and was panic-stricken. For a moment he thought wildly of fleeing, even in his nightgown. As he sprang into his bed and pulled the sheet over him, he attempted, with demoralized faculties, to reassure himself by thinking that the doctor, after all, was merely dropping in to see how he was.

He tipped his head as far back as the pillow would permit, then half-opened his mouth like a person struggling for breath, half-lowered his eyelids and tried to make his eyes look glassy. Thus Doctor Buller—striding in without the formality of knocking—discovered him. The physician briskly pulled a chair to the bedside and bent over the patient professionally.

"How you feeling, Pliny?" he asked solicitously.

"Pretty bad," Pliny muttered weakly and rolled his eyes.

"I been reading up on your case, Pliny," said the doctor with kindly gravity. "This here encardosisis, in acute attacks like you got, upsets the stomach. It's a reflex action, you understand."

Pliny nodded feebly and held his breath.

"I got a call out of town," the doctor continued; "long drive—to Kelley's ranch. So I brought you up some medicine to straighten out your stomach, Pliny, and that'll fix you up fine."

Pliny's heart stopped beating and his eyes became glassy indeed. In a kind of nightmare he saw Doctor Buller step deliberately to the stained pine bureau, pick up the tablespoon beside the bottle of whitish medicine, return to the chair and take a vial full of red liquid from his coat pocket.

"Say, Doc—I'm feelin' some better'n I was," the patient managed to gasp.

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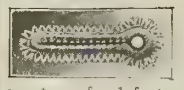

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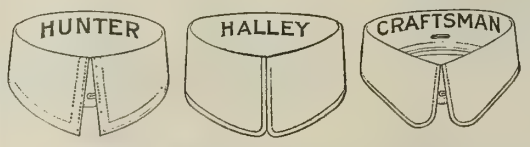

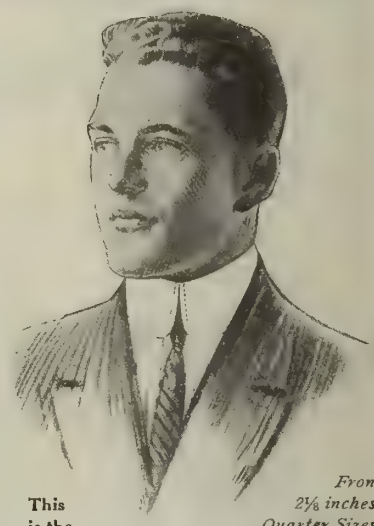

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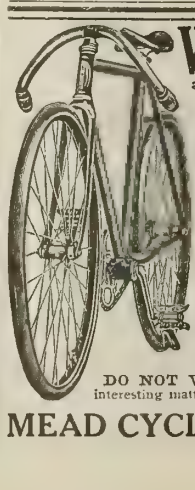

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"Sure! Sure!" the doctor replied, as with steady hand he poured the liquid into the spoon.

Pliny's struggling will half broke through the paralysis that bound him. He realized vividly that a life-or-death crisis was upon him.

"Just put the medicine on the bureau, Doc," he said more steadily. "I'll take it by-and-by."

"Better take it right now, Pliny," Doctor Buller said, poising the level-full tablespoon—"the sooner the better. I want to get action on that stomach of yours just as soon as I can." He bent over and placed the vial on the floor without spilling a drop from the spoon.

"No use. I couldn't keep it down," cried Pliny in a frightened voice. "I been vomitin' all day. I'll wait till my stomach's settled."

"This'll settle it all right. Come on, now," the doctor replied firmly, and advanced the spoon toward the patient's mouth.

With wide and terror-stricken eyes, Pliny threw himself back from the fatal instrument. "No! I won't take it!" he fairly screamed. Lifting himself a little on his left elbow he started to draw his right arm defensively from under the sheet.

The next moment he lay gasping and sputtering on the pillow. Doctor Buller had firmly seized his nose with a mighty thumb and forefinger. Pliny had instinctively opened his mouth, into which the physician had briskly popped the dose. Under those conditions one performs the act of swallowing automatically.

Pliny heard Doctor Buller laugh hoarsely and say: "That'll fix you all right." A moment later the physician was gone.

The patient almost swooned from pure terror. He regarded himself as a dead man, and scarcely knew what he was doing when he sat up in bed. Then an awful commotion in his vitals racked his soul with a more definite concept of fear. He sprang from the bed and rushed down the stairs toward the kitchen in his nightgown, yelling at the top of his voice for warm water and salt. But he never reached the bottom of the stairs.

By the time Doctor Buller regained his office the team was standing in front of it. Gathering up his medicine case and the few surgical instruments which he possessed, he climbed into the buggy and shook the reins over the tough little broncos. As regards Pliny, with that red dose inside him, the doctor felt decidedly reassured. A doubt that Patrick Kelley, being in need of a surgeon, would send for him had never even remotely occurred to his essentially simple and egotistical mind It meant a hard night's drive; but there was a cash fee of five hundred dollars at the end of it. Also there was twenty thousand dollars in the safe at the head of his bed. Even if the twenty thousand were divided by two Doctor Buller felt himself in possession of a fortune fairly equal to his dreams. Perhaps the doctor had first caught the dreaming habit from the ruminating creatures upon whom he practiced while serving his surgical novitiate in a modest butcher shop in Wisconsin. At any rate his dreams, like theirs, were exceedingly concrete—so many acres of pasture; so many bushels of fodder. Pleasantly employing his imagination with translating ten thousand dollars into concrete terms of fodder, Doctor Buller sped on, giving little heed to his surroundings, but keeping the broncos at a brisk pace to make the most of daylight and good roads.

Presently he was aware that the sun was getting low and that a team was approaching; but neither phenomenon really arrested his attention until the approaching team, instead of turning to the right of the narrow roadway, halted full in the middle of it, fairly blocking his progress. It was a bony, ill-conditioned roan team drawing an ancient buckboard. In the buckboard sat William P. Thompson sometimes, behind his back, called Old Bill Thompson. It being evident that William wished to speak to him, the doctor drew rein, finally halting when the horses' heads were a yard apart.

"Good evening, Mr. Thompson," said the doctor affably, after waiting a moment for the other to begin the conversation.

"Good evenin', you lyin', pin-headed, chicken-stealin', flea-bitten old dog!" William replied, very deliberately.

Naturally, Doctor Buller was surprised. It was well known that Old Bill was quite eccentric when in drink, and if he had been

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headed away from town the doctor would have attributed his unconventional greeting to that cause. But William was headed toward town and seemed ominously sober. He was a tall, lank, very round-shouldered old man, with a thicket of tousled iron-gray beard, a beak rather than a nose, and beady eyes.

"Yah!" he observed dispassionately, but as though he were biting off somebody's head. "Midnight Sun Oats! I been thinking them oats wasn't any good for quite a spell, and now I know it. So turn around, you unfort'nate he-sow, and go back to town with me."

Doctor Buller calculated that he stood a good show of making a sharp swerve to the right, across the weedy ditch, without upsetting. He pulled the lines, to back the ponies for this manœuver, and replied mildly: "Can't do it. I'm going to set a patient's leg."

Mr. Thompson thereupon stooped and lifted a double-barreled shotgun from the bottom of the buckboard. "I'll set legs on you where there ain't never been none before," he said decisively and cocked both barrels.

Doctor Buller slackened the reins.

"I'd like you a heap better, anyhow, with a couple of handfuls of buckshot inside you," Mr. Thompson assured him impartially. "So turn around, you skunk."

"Yes, sir," the doctor replied promptly and respectfully.

"Hit 'em up now. We don't want to be all day gettin' there," Old Bill directed when the doctor had turned.

The little broncos, being headed homeward, responded cheerfully to the hitting up and the two sped toward Tupperville in the gathering twilight. Before the lights of the village appeared Doctor Buller's figure was an undefined bulk above the swaying buggy—rather dim, yet offering a fair mark for a double-barreled shotgun at close range, as both himself and Mr. Thompson calculated.

Although disappointed, Doctor Buller was engaged with somewhat hopeful thoughts. As the first village light twinkled ahead, without venturing to check the horses he called into the gloaming: "Your note was for two hundred and fifty dollars, wasn't it, Mr. Thompson?"

"It were," Mr. Thompson's voice pronounced grimly behind him.

"I ain't got the note, Mr. Thompson," the doctor called again; "but I'll give you the cash for it."

"You bet you will," Old Bill replied ungraciously; "the note or the cash."

The doctor felt relieved. If Old Bill would simply take two hundred and fifty dollars and go home, the loss would be trivial. It was at his suggestion, therefore, that they drove down the alley, hitched their teams to a back fence and entered the office by the rear door—for he was modestly reluctant to appear on Main Street accompanied by a gentleman carrying a shotgun.

There was a handlamp on the washstand in the corner of the bedroom. The doctor lighted it while Old Bill stood in the doorway, his weapon under his arm. Lifting the lamp, Doctor Buller turned to the safe at the head of his bed and seemed stricken with paralysis. His jaw dropped; his eyes almost popped from his head for the little safe was wide open and empty.

Mechanically, as one in a dream, the doctor knelt in front of the safe, placed his lamp on the floor and stared long and silently into the vacant interior. Then, foolishly, he put his hand to the knob of the safe door and slowly worked the bolts back and forth.

Old Bill was perplexed. Doctor Buller's amazement seemed perfectly genuine; yet Mr. Thompson was somewhat suspicious. At any rate, there was evidently no use in the doctor's spending the evening vacantly working the bolts of his empty safe back and forth.

Mr. Thompson closed the office door behind him, doubtfully pawed his tousled beard, then stirred the kneeling physician with his foot.

Doctor Buller merely looked up—with an expression so dazed and woebegone that Old Bill was more perplexed than ever. Sitting back on his heels, the doctor clasped his enormous hands in his lap, again staring at the vacant safe. "Bill," he said heart-brokenly, "such is life! Such is life!"

This observation, however true, struck Mr. Thompson as irrelevant. He was naturally impatient to extract some more lucid and detailed statement that would be helpful in the practical matter of recovering his two hundred and fifty dollars. So he was about to assist the doctor in collecting his wits by poking him sharply in the ribs with the muzzle of the shotgun when the back door opened and Charley Vance stepped in, grinning broadly.

"I was watchin' for you at the front door, Doc," said Charley with irrepressible good humor. "Guess I wouldn't 'a' knowed you was here at all only I happened to see the light. You're wanted over to the bank right away."

The doctor stared at him as at one more amazing phenomenon in a world turned topsyturvy; and Old Bill glowered forbiddingly.

"They's a kind of oats' caucus in session over there," Charley added.

At that significant word the doctor rose in bewildered obedience, and Mr. Thompson, although impatient, judged it as well to go along. They proceeded silently to the bank.

The drawn window-shade of the bank's parlor showed there was a light within. Charley opened the door without hesitation, leading the way. The small room had a crowded appearance. At the farther side of the table in the center sat Judge Toller, who seemed to be presiding. At one end of the table sat Banker Rose, who was paler than usual and who started like a frightened gazelle when Doctor Buller's formidable figure appeared in the doorway. At the other end of the table sat Pliny Leffingwell, who also was pale, but whose chinless face wore an air of sullen defiance. Eight farmers stood gravely around the wall.

Judge Toller surveyed the group that entered and bestowed a frown of open disfavor upon William Thompson's shotgun.

"Sit down, Buller," he said crisply to the doctor, nodding toward the chair at the side of the table opposite himself.

The doctor removed his hat respectfully and took the chair. He noticed that a number of objects lay upon the table, one of them being a neat pile of handbills fresh from the press.

"Midnight Sun Oats are a rank swindle," said the judge in his most snappy, business-like tones, laying a handbill in front of Doctor Buller. "There's the copy of a letter from the Department of Agriculture about 'em."

The doctor took up the handbill and stared at it with the same air of solemn deliberation which he used to impress a patient when he consulted one of the medical books that he could not understand.

"We're going to wipe the slate," Judge Toller continued brusquely. "We would have called a mass-meeting; but I didn't want you fellows hung except by due process of law. We decided to give you a quieter chance. So we called on Rose, for I knew well enough he'd discounted the notes. Rose told us the money was in your safe."

Mr. Rose, without venturing to look at the doctor, clapped his hand to his beard and gurgled an inarticulate appeal.

"We went over there and found this fellow robbing the safe," the judge added, turning to Pliny; "so we brought him and the money over here."

The other objects on the table which the doctor had noticed were a familiar-looking pile of greenbacks and gold coin and a stack of notes payable to the Midnight Sun Oats Company.

Pliny Leffingwell stirred in his chair. "You wouldn't 'a' got me or the money either if I'd had a gun," he declared sullenly.

Judge Toller's severe face relaxed a little. "He's mad," he explained, "because he got gay and Tom Preston properly choked him a spell."

A large young farmer, standing against the wall, grinned modestly at the compliment, and Pliny mechanically felt his smarting neck.

"So Rose gets back the money and the farmers get back their notes. You understand?" the judge demanded.

"Yes, sir," said the doctor respectfully. It seemed to his dazed mind that this simple assent was scarcely adequate. "I was always intending," he said gropingly; "I always calculated—it was our intention—to give back the notes if the oats wasn't satisfactory."

Several farmers laughed and the unfortunate physician dropped his explanation.

This is a clothes advertisement without a pretty fashion picture or an empty adjective. It is simply a plain-spoken reminder to

you, that when you are ready to order your next suit, whether for Summer or Fall, you can have it built to your *own dictation* in a New York or Chicago custom tailor studio. You can have it cut and draped to harmonize with your every bodily requirement—

—yet the cost, for the finest tailor workmanship, will be no more than you've paid for mere "stock" clothes.

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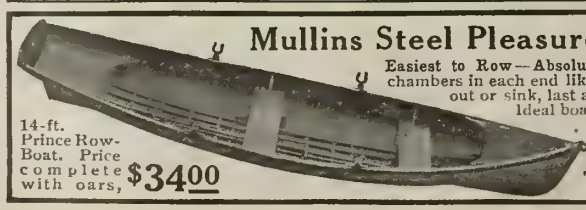

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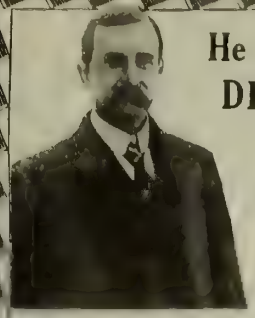

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It came from Lorain, Ohio, to the offices of Henry Disston & Sons.

"Dear Sirs:

"I am using a Disston saw that has been in service 70 years. My foster father bought it at the Disston Saw Works in 1840, the first month the works were in operation.

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Fob is 5 Inches Long

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Monogram and Fob Complete Only $1.00

Sent prepaid the day order is received. Delivery and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. (Monogram hung on silk ribbon fob if preferred, at same price.) Catalog "R," showing belt buckles and bag monograms sent free.

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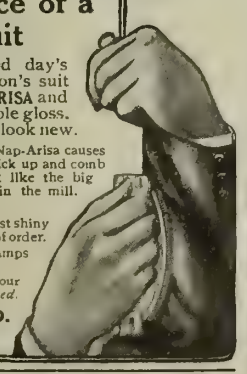
Mfg. Jeweler, Dept. "R,"
43 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

Save the Price of a New Suit



There's many a good day's wear in that last season's suit of yours. Buy a **NAP-ARISA** and remove the objectionable gloss. Makes an old garment look new.

The rocking motion of the Nap-Arisa causes hundreds of tiny hooks to pick up and comb the nap of the cloth—just like the big "napper" machines used in the mill. That's the secret.

Anyone can remove the worst shiny spot with it. Never gets out of order. Send 50c in silver or stamps today—try it yourself. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. *Agents wanted.*

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8% A SAFE INVESTMENT

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of 2% now being paid. This Company deals exclusively in Farm Mortgages. Over 60 Bankers are shareholders and officers. Shares $12.50 each. For details about this safe investment, *Write for Booklet "S."*

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$40 UP

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No center-pole or guy ropes. Defies strongest winds. 1, 2, 4 or 5 room sizes. Awnings work from inside. Not a nail or screw. Built in units. Parts fit automatically.

For descriptive booklet address Dept 1.

CARNIE-GOUDIE MFG. CO., 307 Delaware St., Kansas City, Mo.

But Pliny Leffingwell straightened up and faced Judge Toller fiercely. "A set of highbinders! A gang of robbers!" he exclaimed.

The judge eyed him with calm disapproval.

"You ought to have found your tongue earlier," he said. "If you'd told us where Buller was and come along like a gentleman, you wouldn't have got choked."

Pliny sprang up. "I'm going to have my money back! I won't stand it!" he cried defiantly. "I ain't afraid of you! I'm out a thousand dollars, to say nothing of my time. So's Buller. We had to pay for them oats, if they ain't any good. Buller can set there like a cow that's been hit in the head if he wants to, but I'm going to have my money back. I'll go to law!"

William Thompson, theretofore silent, set his shotgun against the door and stepped forward. "I got a suggestion," he said hopefully. "What's the good of due process o' law when we can get a rope in two minutes?"

An elderly farmer in the corner spoke up firmly. "I'm set aginst vi'lence," he said; "but I dunno"—he looked at the others, as one willing to be guided by the majority—"as I'd draw the line at tar and feathers and a rail."

The meeting seemed to deliberate in silence upon this suggestion, and after a moment Doctor Buller seemed to recover his power of speech.

"I'm satisfied, gentlemen," he said hastily; "I was going to leave town, anyhow."

Mr. Thompson thrust his fingers, fork-like, into his bushy beard and sidled suggestively toward Pliny.

"I'm goin'," said Pliny sullenly, and turned toward the door.

Doctor Buller nervously picked up his hat. "I think," he said apologetically, "I'll be going also."

No objection was offered, and the doctor followed Pliny out. Mechanically the two turned toward the little office, walking on in dead silence. The lamp was still burning in the bedroom. Doctor Buller brought it to the office proper, closed the door and sat down dully in the chair by the desk. From mere force of habit Pliny climbed into the operating chair. Contemplating the doctor's formidable bulk, surprise and perplexity increased in his mind.

"Doc," he said finally, in an almost impersonal way, "you plumb beat me! When it come to a show-down you didn't have any more nerve 'n a sheep. Yet you had nerve enough to poison me."

The doctor looked startled. "Why, Pliny, that ain't any such thing!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"Strychnine," Pliny reminded him, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Strychnine is all right, Pliny," the doctor assured him earnestly. "It's good in lots of cases. Me go to poison you!" he continued, with greater emotion. "Why, Pliny, I never thought of such a thing. I wasn't real sure what ailed you—whether 'twas your heart or your liver. And I wasn't real sure how much of the blame stuff you oughta take. Why, Pliny, when I heard you was sick this morning I was real worried. Yes, sir, I was some scairt! Why, Pliny," he appealed convincingly, "didn't I go over there, before I left town, and give you a good dose of eppycac, so's you'd throw it all up? Didn't I now?"

"Eppycac?" Pliny repeated incredulously. Then he recalled the consequences which had ensued as he was hastening downstairs to get salt and water. His surprise increased, and he now seemed to perceive, in the doctor's fear-inspiring bulk, a mere inert side of beef.

"Why, Doc," he exclaimed, almost affectionately, "I wasn't sick. At least I just swallowed a cud of tobacco to make me sick."

"What for?" the doctor asked blankly.

"Don't you see?" said Pliny, with a touch of pride in his superior wit. "Pat Kelley didn't send for you at all. The telegram was bogus. I wanted to get you out of town. And I thought you'd be likelier to go if you thought I was on my last legs so's I couldn't get up and swipe the money."

The doctor considered this painfully. "I never thought of your swiping the money, Pliny," he confessed sadly; "I never thought of it any more'n I thought of poisoning you."

"Doc," said Pliny earnestly, "you oughta be honest. You ain't got sense enough to be anything else."

Grape Mint Cup

Arrange sprigs of mint in tall glasses, fill two-thirds full of cracked ice, then fill with the following: add to one quart of Walker's Grape Juice the juice of two lemons and sugar to sweeten. Serve with straws.

A book of surprisingly good grape juice recipes sent free if you send us the names of your grocer and druggist.

For Social Refreshment

there's nothing like grape juice in its universal acceptability. Everyone likes it. Those who do not care for the usual insipid "soft drink" find satisfaction in the rich flavor and body of pure grape juice. Those who avoid alcoholic beverages find in pure grape juice all that is good in wines *without* the injurious alcohol. Walker's Grape Juice lacks the puckerish after-taste that used to be considered a natural attribute of some grape juice, but which was really an excess of tannin, due to over-pressing the skins and seeds, and in no sense a necessary or proper element of good grape juice. Walker's is without tannin.

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People don't tire of Walker's Grape Juice. It is a habit to be encouraged in men, women and children. It is a long step toward health and pleasure. Keep a case of it always in the house. Be sure you get Walker's. Sold by the best grocers and druggists. Also served at soda fountains. In the "ten pin" bottles.

Write for the recipe book.

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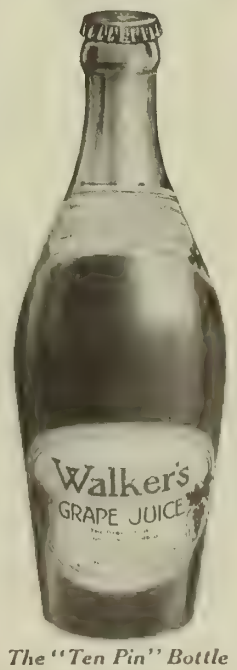

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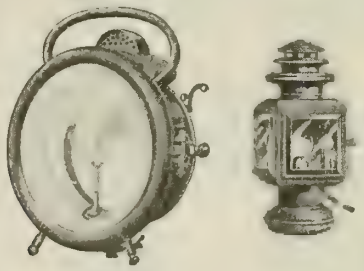

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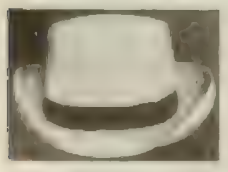

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FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. B 6, Mesilla Park, New Mex.

THRIFT

Being Your Own Landlord

TWO men in a certain suburban town bought homes the same spring, paying their savings on account and assuming mortgages for the balance. Both houses cost about the same, and the two transactions were practically alike except in one important particular—each purchaser had his own idea about mortgages.

The first man had, for several years, deposited his savings with a building and loan society in the city. When he wanted to buy a home, therefore, he went to this society to borrow the money. He got it at six per cent. His mortgage was put on such a basis that he had to make regular monthly payments, clearing off part of the principal each time he paid interest. The officers of the society supervised his purchase, so that the man who sold him the property had to safeguard him in a number of minor matters that might never have been thought of had he engineered the deal himself. For instance, the house was in a new section through which a sewer was to be extended at some future time. Pending its construction, the builder had led the house drain into a small creek. The building-society officers insisted that, if the sewer were delayed and any objection should be made to such use of the creek, the seller would agree to supply a cesspool for the house. There are several hundred points of this sort to be considered in purchasing property, and the building-society officers, through their practical knowledge of real-estate transactions, are often able to safeguard purchasers better even than a real-estate attorney, for sometimes the latter will have an eye only for strictly legal details.

As for the second man, he thought it well to shop around for a rate of interest below six per cent. Times were good just then, and he found a widow who was satisfied to let him have money at five and a half per cent. His mortgage, unlike that of the building society, merely bound him to keep up interest, permitting him to pay off the principal as he found it convenient.

Two years went by, a business depression came, money was at a premium. The widow who had lent the second man funds at five and a half per cent found it necessary to call the loan for her own protection. He had to shop around for money in a panic market, and considered himself lucky to obtain another loan at seven per cent. The difference in interest that he had saved during the two years amounted to about twenty-five dollars. The cost of making out a new mortgage ran to nearly one hundred, and he was now paying one per cent more than the man who had got his money from the building society. The latter, too, had been held to regular monthly payments, and so cleared off nearly one-fifth of his debt; whereas the second man, having no obligation but actual interest to meet, had paid hardly anything on his principal. The building and loan mortgage, not being subject to call under any circumstances so long as the payments were kept up, ran right along through the panic.

A Generous Employer's Plan

An employer in an Eastern town has a form of betterment work peculiarly his own. During his business life he has planned and financed home-owning projects for more than seventy men with families, some being his own employees, and others hard-working fellows in whom he has taken an interest. These men have had, on the average, not more than fifty dollars' savings to start with, and he has given attention to this sort largely because men with more savings finance themselves. When a willing young fellow with a family could scrape together fifty or a hundred dollars toward the purchase of his own home, this employer has helped him in selection of a good piece of property, got him a loan covering two-thirds of the price from a building society of which he is an officer, and arranged for the other third by lending it out of his own pocket at three or four per cent, or getting the money for him elsewhere.

A typical case was that of a clerk, earning twenty-five dollars a week, whose landlord raised the rent beyond what he could pay. Somebody told him of this

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Fabrics of inferior quality and out-of-date patterns are as fatal to a tailor's reputation as outlandish styles and defective fit.

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S. Stein & Co's WOOLENS

Because every *good* tailor knows that S. Stein & Co.'s Woolens embody all that is *reliable* and *new* in weave and material.

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S. STEIN & CO., Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York City.

The Traveler's Friend

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WHEN traveling or visiting, the Junior Tattoo makes you automatically avoid embarrassing delays. The Junior Tattoo is suitable for the guest room whether in your own house or whether you yourself are the guest. For each table function, each theatre engagement, in short any event where promptness is desirable, you will find that the Junior Tattoo is always in season, so there will be no disagreeable delay. If you and your guest are to be ready, it depends upon your maid in her room, your cook in the kitchen, the chauffeur in the garage, and the coachman in the stable. A small outlay will insure you and your entire household being on time.

The Junior Tattoo is a tiny alarm clock, three inches in height. Its alarm is **insistent,** but not loud. It rings intermittently every 20 seconds for 5 minutes or until you turn the silent switch. It has not a fire-alarm gong that awakens everybody in the house. There is nothing about it that is easily injured. It can be carried in your bag with perfect safety.

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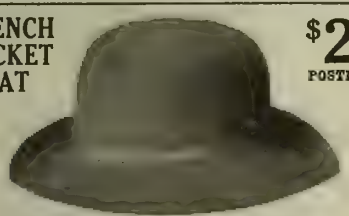

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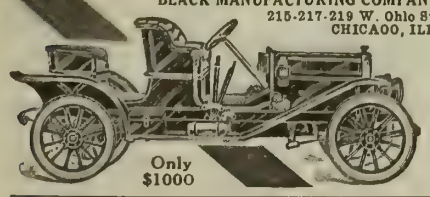

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employer, and the clerk went to him. All he could raise in cash was fifty dollars, but the employer found upon investigation that he paid his debts promptly even though nothing had been saved, and that he had adopted a child. A plot of ground 100x150 feet in area was purchased for five hundred dollars, and a three-thousand-dollar house built upon it. The building was paid for by a first mortgage in a building society at six per cent interest, while the ground was paid for with a loan of five hundred dollars from the employer, covered by second mortgage at three and a half per cent. This clerk had been paying thirty dollars a month for a flat, and the landlord wanted thirty-five. He now moved into a home of his own, with plenty of land for a garden, reducing grocery bills, and the whole cost was just what he had formerly paid for his flat, thirty dollars a month, paying interest on both mortgages and steadily extinguishing the principal. Some months ago, when this clerk died, he left his home clear of all debt. It is now worth five thousand dollars. He also left substantial savings, as the work of buying his home taught him how to manage his income. Without this kindly start he might have died poor, with nothing but a lot of rent receipts to show for his lifework.

Two Typical Experiences

A young couple in a small village got married. The husband, a grocery clerk, earned only fifteen dollars a week, and had saved nothing apart from premiums paid upon a moderate life-insurance policy. He saw no way to set anything aside. After paying ten dollars monthly rent for a year, however, the wife began to figure on owning their own home. The nearest savings bank was twenty miles away, but a local building society had just been started in the village, and she determined to save two dollars every week. When she had nearly seven hundred dollars to her credit there came an opportunity to buy a piece of land for two hundred dollars. They secured it, and a house costing two thousand dollars was built, being paid for with the remaining five hundred dollars on deposit and a mortgage for fifteen hundred dollars at six per cent. As they now had no rent to pay the monthly installment of fifteen dollars was easily raised. In eleven years and ten months the debt was cleared off, and when the husband died his widow was left with a home worth twenty-five hundred dollars and a two-thousand-dollar life insurance.

A stereotyper working on a city newspaper was led to move from a flat, renting a cottage in a suburb where several fellow-workmen lived. After living there a year, getting acquainted with the place in winter as well as when it was on dress parade in June, he asked what the cottage could be bought for. The owner was willing to sell for twenty-one hundred dollars cash. The stereotyper had no money of his own laid by—it had taken him twenty years to wake up to the elemental fact that he could buy a home for what he paid out in rent. On the advice of others, however, he laid the situation before a local building and loan association. Its officers investigated the property and found it such excellent value for the price asked that they were justified in lending the full purchase price on mortgage. This was an exceptional procedure in extending such loans, for they are rigidly restricted to two-thirds of the value. The stereotyper had simply found a good bargain in real estate, and the place was worth a third more than was asked for it. The building society officials also investigated the borrower and took his character into account. They found that, though he had not saved anything thus far in life, he was a steady workman of good habits, and that counted heavily in approving the loan. His rate of interest was six and a half per cent, a trifle high for that locality, yet quite just. His payments came to twenty-one dollars a month, of which more than half went to clear off principal. Six months after he became his own landlord the city wanted a small strip of his lot for a new street. He sold it for one hundred dollars, paying the money on his mortgage. Two years later his wife got homesick for the city again, and he sold the place for twenty-eight hundred dollars cash. When the remainder of his mortgage had been paid off, there was more than one thousand dollars left, representing the net profit of two years' operation as his own landlord.

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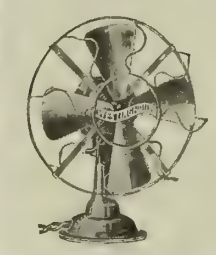

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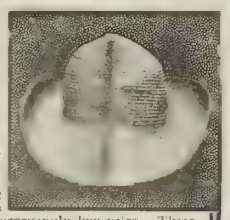

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THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 11)

organized the banner and effigy committees of the demonstration and had helped concoct the fiery speech of protest that Doc Macnooder, as spokesman, was solemnly pledged to deliver for the embattled school.

Four hours later the Kennedy House, led by Toots Cortell and his famous Confederate bugle, defiled and formed the head of the procession. Each member carried a pole, attached to which was some article that had been wholly or partly shot to pieces.

The Woodhull proudly bore as its battle flag a few strings of linen floating from a rake, with this inscription underneath:

THE GRAND OLD SHIRT OF THE WOODHULL!
WASHED 16 TIMES AND STILL IN THE GAME!

Several poles, adorned with single hose in the fashion of liberty caps, were labeled:

WHERE IS MY WANDERING SOCK TONIGHT?

But the premier exhibit of the parade was admitted by all to be the Kennedy float, conceived and executed by the Honorable Dink Stover.

On a platform, carried by eight hilarious members, was displayed Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, clothed in a suit of dark gymnasium tights, over which was superimposed a mangled set of upper and lower unmentionables, whose rents and cavities stood admirably out against the dark background, while the Irishman sat on a chair and occasionally stuck a white foot through the bottomless socks that were fed him.

Above the platform was the flaring ensign:

RATHER FRANK NUDITY THAN THIS!

Now it happened that at the auspicious moment when Dink Stover led the apparently scantily-clothed Finnegan and the procession of immodest banners around to the Esplanade of the Upper, the Doctor suddenly appeared through the shrubbery that screens Foundation House from the rest of the campus, with a party of ladies—relatives, as it unfortunately happened, of one of the trustees of the school.

One glance of horror and indignation was sufficient for him to wave back the more modest sex and to advance on the astounding procession with fury and determination.

Before Jove's awful look the spirit of '76 vanished. There was a cry of warning and the hosts hesitated, shivered and scampered for shelter.

Now, at any other time the Doctor—who suffered, too, from the common blight—would have secretly if not openly enjoyed the joke; but at that moment the circumstances were admittedly trying. Besides, there was the delicate explanation to be offered to the ladies, who were relatives of one of the influential members of the board of trustees of the Lawrenceville School, John C. Green Foundation. As a consequence, in a towering rage he summoned the ringleaders, chief among whom he had recognized Dink Stover, and corralling them in his study that night exposed to them the enormity of their offense against the sex of their mothers and sisters, common decency, morals and morality.

The ringleaders, being veterans, viewed the speech from the point of view of artists, and were unanimous in their appreciation. The episode had for Stover, however, unfortunate complications. With the closing of the scholastic season came the elections in the Houses. The Kennedy House, unanimously and with much enthusiasm, chose the Honorable Honest John Stover to succeed the Honorable King Lentz as administrator and benevolent despot for the ensuing year.

This election, coming as it did as a complete surprise to Stover, was naturally a source of deep gratification. His enjoyment, however, was rudely shocked when, the next morning after chapel, the Doctor stopped him and said:

"Stover, I am considerably surprised at the choice of the Kennedy House and I am not at all sure that I shall ratify it. Nothing in your career has indicated to me your fitness for such a place of responsibility. I shall have a further talk with Mr. Hopkins and let him know my decision."

The Roman! Of course it was The Roman! Of course he had been raging at the thought of Dink's elevation to the presidency! Dink, forgetting the hundred and

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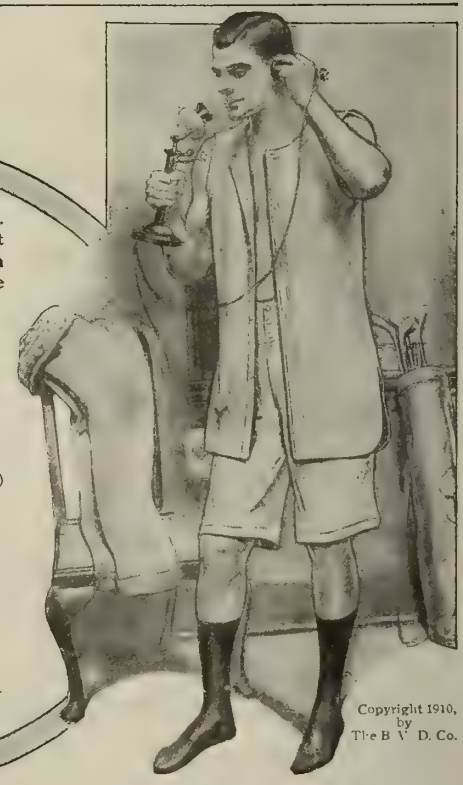

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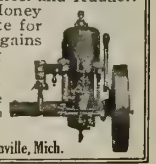

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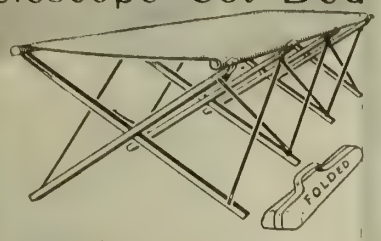

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The Greatest of all Beautifiers

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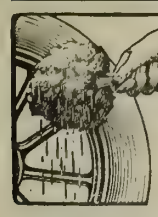

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one times he had met the Faculty in the Monday afternoon deliberations, rushed out to spread the news of The Roman's vindictive persecution. Every one was indignant, outraged at this crowning insult to a free electorate. The whole House would protest *en masse* if the despot's veto were exercised.

At the hour of these angry threats The Roman, persecutor of Dink, was actually saying to the tyrant:

"Doctor, I think it would be the best thing—the very best. It will bring out the manliness, the serious earnestness that is in the boy."

"What, you say that!" said the Doctor, a little impatiently, for it was only the morrow after the parade. "I should think your patience would be exhausted. The scamp has been in more mischief than any other boy in the school. He's incorrigible."

"No—no. I shouldn't say that. Very high-spirited—excess of energy—too much imagination—that's all. There's nothing vicious about the boy."

"But not as president, Hopkins; not as president!"

"No one better," said The Roman firmly. "The boy is bound to lead. I know what's in him—he will rise to his responsibility, Doctor, you will see. I have never lost confidence in him."

The Doctor, unconvinced, debated at length before acceding. When he finally gave his ratification he added with a smile:

"Well, Hopkins, I do this on your judgment. You may be right; we shall see. By-the-way, Stover must have led you quite a dance over in the Kennedy. What is it you like in him?"

The Roman reflected and then, his eye twitching reminiscently:

"Fearlessness," he said, "and—and a diabolical imagination."

When The Roman returned to the Kennedy he summoned Stover to his study. He knew that Dink misunderstood his attitude and he would have liked to enlighten him. But unfortunately, complete confidence in such cases is sometimes as embarrassing as the relations between father and son. The Roman, pondering, twisted a paper-cutter and frowned in front of him.

"Stover," he said at last, "I have talked with the Doctor. He has seen best to approve of your election."

Dink, of course, perceiving the hesitation, went out gleefully, persuaded that the decision was gall and wormwood to his inveterate foe.

The last day of school ended. He drove to Trenton in a buggy with Tough McCarty, as befitted his new dignity. He passed the Green House with a strange thrill. The humiliation of a year before had been well atoned, and yet the associations somehow still had power to rise up and wound him.

"Lord, you've changed!" said Tough, following his thoughts.

"Improved!" said Dink grimly.

"I was an infernal nuisance myself when I landed," said Tough, President of the Woodhull, evasively. "I say, Dink, next year we'll be licking the cubs into shape ourselves."

"That's so," said Stover. "Well, by this time next year I probably won't be so popular."

"Why not?"

"I'm going to put an end to a lot of nonsense," said Dink solemnly. "I'm going to see that my kids walk a chalkline."

"So am I," said McCarty, with equal paternity. "What a shame we can't room together, old boy!"

"That'll come in the Upper, and afterward!"

They drove sedately, amid the whirling masses of the school that went hilariously past them.

"Good-by, old Sockbuts," said Tough, departing toward New York. "Good-by, old geezer!"

"Au revoir."

"Mind now fifteenth of July and you come for one month."

"You bet I will!"

"Take care of yourself!"

"I say, Tough," said Dink, with his heart in his mouth. McCarty, laden with valises, stopped:

"What is it?"

"Remember me to your mother, will you?"

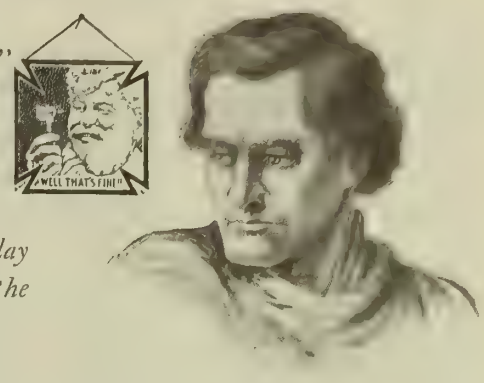
"Oh, sure."

"And—and to all the rest of your family!" said Dink, who thereupon bolted, panic-stricken.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"Every Man His Own Barber"

Both near and far this actor "star"
To playgoers is known,
His clean, smooth face bears not a trace
Of hair that's overgrown.
The reason why? Because each day
GEM JUNIOR shaves the beard away.



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Keen blade, properly angled for correct shaving. No pulling, no scraping. Protective bar to draw the skin taut and prepare the hair for clean, quick cutting.

Blade Ready For Stropping | $1.00 Outfit Complete | Razor Ready For Shaving

GEM JUNIOR SET Includes nickel-silver-plated frame with Bar, combination stropping and shaving handles and seven selected blades in handsome case **$1.00**

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GEM de LUXE Outfit with 12 wide bevel-edge blades, of heavy Damascene steel, especially constructed for men with heavy beards or tender skin who have difficulty in shaving, prevent all irritation. **$3.50**

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A CIRCUIT RIDER'S WIFE

(Concluded from Page 15)

I used to get tired of being poor in spirit. There came days when I wanted to inherit the earth, the real earth, you understand. The figure of speech might have been better for my soul, but what I hankered after was something opulent and comfortable for just the human me. And this brings to mind an incident that happened when I was in one of these moods.

We were stationed that year at Celestial Bells, a place where the people had some kind of happy beam in their eyes. They were not only willing to be Christians, they were determined to be. But they were equally determined to enjoy every other good thing that was in sight. This led to many social occasions, afternoon teas, receptions, innocent entertainments, to no end of visiting and to a fashionableness in everybody's appearance that was scandalously fascinating to me. Now and then I have heard some stupid stranger refer to Celestial Bells as an ugly little town, but in my memory it is spread forever in the sun, sweetly shining like a flower-garden wing of Paradise. It was there, after so many years, that I came in contact again with simple human gayety, with women prettily gowned, with the charming clatter of light conversation, and within the sound of music that was not always hymnal. I do not say, mind you, that I did not listen always reverently and gratefully to William's higher talk, or that I have ever ceased to enjoy good church music; but I am confessing that, in spite of long training in experience-meeting monologues and organ tunes, I was still ecstatically capable of this other kind of delight.

As the minister's wife I was asked everywhere. In all well-bred communities the preacher's wife is given the free moral agent's opportunity to draw her own line between the world and the church. If she refuses a series of invitations to teas and clubs and receptions, it is understood that she is not of the world, will have none of it, and she is left to pursue her pious way to just the church services and missionary meetings. But I refused to draw the spiritual line between tea parties and the Bible-class study evening. I accepted every invitation with alacrity. There was nothing radically wrong with my heavenly mind—it simply extended farther down than that of some others in my position.

One circumstance only interfered with my pleasures. This was the curious sag and limpness and color and style of my clothes. It is no mystery to me why dress fashions for women connected with the itinerancy tend to mourning shades. When you put the world out of your life you put the sweet vanity of color out. You eschew red and pink and tender sky-blues, and present your bodies living sacrifices in black materials. I do not believe that God requires it. The Maker of the heavens and the earth, of the green boughs and of the myriad-faced flowers must be a lover of colors. But I have never seen a circuit rider's wife in my life whose few garments were not pathetically dashed with this gloom of mourning darkness.

So, when we came to Celestial Bells, I say, I had a black sateen waist and a gray cheviot skirt still worthy to be worn to church and prayer-meeting services, and a sadder, blacker gown that had done service for four years upon funeral occasions, and others equally as solemn, like weddings. These were all, except the calicoes I wore at home. The result was that I must have looked like some sort of sacrilegious crow at every social function in Celestial Bells during the first few months. But as the spring advanced I took my courage in my hands and resolved to have a blue foulard silk. It was frightfully expensive, seventy-five cents a yard, in fact, to say nothing of a white lace yoke and a black panne velvet belt. But no bride ever contemplated her "going-away" gown with more satisfaction. I pictured myself in it, before I even purchased it, attending Sister Z's tea party, looking like other women! I do not recommend this as a high ambition, but those preachers' wives in the remote places who have worn drab and sorrowfully-cut clothes for years will know how I felt. I think there is something pitiful in women just here. No matter how old and consecrated they get, they do, in their secret hearts, often long to be pretty, to look well-dressed and—yes, light-hearted. The latter is so becoming to them.

But it is in the itinerancy as it is in other walks of life. Just as you think you are about to get your natural heart's desire somebody slams the Bible down on it, or gets an answer to prayer that spoils your pleasure in it. So it was in my case.

It was the first foreign missionary meeting of the new fiscal year, one day in March. We met at Sister MacL's house. Sister Shaller was presiding with her usual dignity. She was a beautiful woman, childless, and much praised for her interest in church works. She was rich, and enjoyed the peculiar distinction of wearing very fashionable gowns even to church. Upon this occasion something reserved, potential and authoritative in her manner made me nervous. I had a premonition that she was after somebody's dearest idol. And I was not left long in suspense as to whose it was.

Fixing her wide brown eyes upon us with hypnotic intensity she said she had felt moved, unaccountably moved, to tell the auxiliary that we must support a foreign female missionary this coming year. The silence that met this announcement was sad and submissive. We were already paying all the dues we could afford; this meant fifty dollars extra.

She went on to say, in her deep mezzo-soprano voice, that she knew it meant sacrifice for us, but that it was by just such sacrifices that we grew in grace.

"Suppose each of us resolves to do without our spring gown for Easter. Oh, my sisters! we could probably send two instead of one missionary then. And we will have at the same time curbed the weakness and vanity of our female natures!"

The rich plumes in her hat trembled with the depth of her emotions, her pretty silk skirts rustled softly. But the silence continued. If she had asked for the sacrifice of any but our Easter things I reckon we could have borne it better, but probably there was not a woman in the room whose imagination had not already been cavorting under her prospective Easter bonnet. As for me, I never felt so circumvented and outraged in the whole course of my life as a preacher's wife. I had the samples in my bag at that moment, and was only waiting for the meeting to end to go to the store on my way home to purchase my foulard.

There is one thing we have all noticed about a silence, especially in a company of friends—if it lasts too long it gets sullen and pregnant with the animosity of unspoken thoughts. When the silence was approaching this stage Sister MacL., who had a sort of cradle heart for soothing every one, murmured in her crooning voice:

"Let us take it to the Lord in prayer!"

And we were about to rise and kneel like a set of angry children before our smiling Heavenly Father, when something either moral or immoral stiffened in me, and I startled even myself with these words that seemed to come of their own accord out of my mouth:

"I'll do nothing of the kind!"

I was oblivious to the horrified gaze of my companions. I felt some spirit strengthen me and give me courage. I had a quick, tear-blinded vision of the years behind me, and of the figure I made walking always down the aisle of some church by William in my dismal black dress, or sitting at a funeral or even at a feast, always in that ugly black garment.

"Sister Shaller," I said, looking steadily at her, as a child looks at another child who is trying to take some cherished plaything from it, "you can do as you please about sending that missionary. You are perfectly able to do it without new Easter clothes. As for me, I have promised the Lord to dress better, more like a human being and less like a woman-raven, and I intend to do it. I am tired of sitting in retired corners at parties and receptions because I look as if I belonged to a funeral. It is a matter of conscience with me, just as the missionary is with you."

I never told William what I had done. It was one of those good works that he could not have measured or appreciated. And I never knew whether Sister Shaller sent her missionary or not. She was a good woman and perfectly capable of doing it. But the other women were as grateful as if I had rescued their Easter things from a highwayman.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two additional chapters taken from the experiences of a circuit rider's wife.

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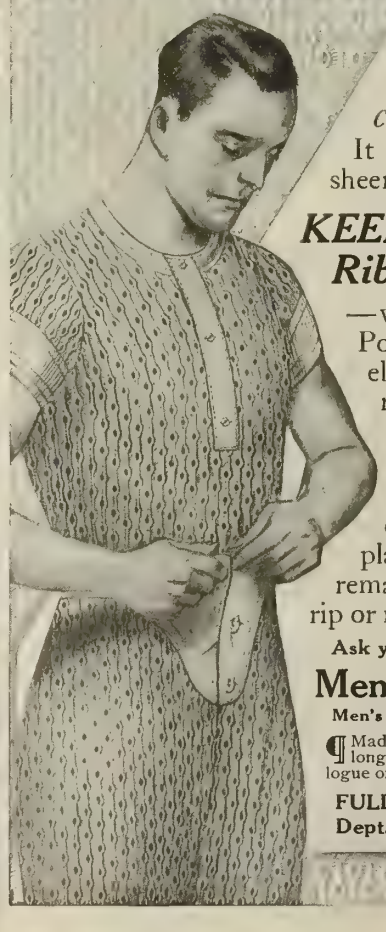

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TOM MORTON

(Continued from Page 21)

appetite. And his youth made him confident of moral strength where temptation had never attacked.

He had a feeling of security, of sureness in himself. For he had grown; he had developed in a night. As he walked his head rang, but it was back; his eyes ached, but they looked straight before him masterfully. He knew he was a leader with a following. Bully of the camp, they called him. It meant that the camp was at his heels. He had prestige.

From this day he toiled in the heading a little apart from the men about him. He walked to and from the work among the shift, a figure of distinction. In the evenings, when he went downtown, men asked him to drink with them and he knew that they had pride when he accepted the invitations. Heading bosses nodded familiarly to him now and called him by his first name. Men asked him to arbitrate small disputes; his word had weight in the bunkhouses. Once or twice, off the work, the Old Man questioned him tersely regarding the rock in the heading.

He answered the questions with wisdom. For he was learning many things still, as he had learned them under the Gunner's tutelage. He was absorbing what others had to give him, watching always what they did. Even when he loafed about the machine-shop and timber-sheds he was picking up knowledge while he gossiped with the mechanics.

When Jack Tarpy gave him the bench gang, three months after the fight, no one was surprised. He took it proudly with a leap of joy in his heart, but he took it as his due.

Kennedy got a similar position at about the same time. His shift preceded Tom's. When they met at the change of shifts they had to consult regarding details of the work. Responsibility had not taken anything from the Dynamiter's recklessness. But it had made a change; it was as though there had been a tempering process, and the absolute wantonness was lacking now. Meeting him on the jumbo every day Tom learned to respect this man whom he had fought. The two of them had found a new rivalry, a rivalry of emulation, each of them trying to make his gang do all that there was in them. And although this competition was a big thing with them, they found themselves dealing with fairness in their conferences, generously giving to each other every necessary bit of information. They had grown bigger with their positions.

Tom stood these days near the edge of the fourteen-foot shelf of rock with the reeling tripods thundering about him, and beneath his feet the crew of sweating muckers shoveling the broken rock. He supervised it all. Occasionally he gave an order, shouting it deep-toned from his chest. And as he shouted he saw men leap to obey him. His assertiveness grew and with it his self-sureness. There developed also—with the knowledge that what these men did would be charged to his account—a tendency to make up his mind upon sure premises, and a gravity. He was boss; but there was no wantonness in his autocracy.

Fall came and with it the concrete gangs. Far in the wake of the roaring heading they lined the tunnel with a thick coating of crushed rock and cement. There were more than one hundred of these men, wandering craftsmen, members of the same great army of floaters to which the hard-rock men belonged. They had something of the recklessness that belonged to the drill-runners, the lack of care of homeless men. They rioted on paydays and among them were fighters. Rivalries sprang up between them and the tunnel workers. Fights followed. Twice Big Jerry and Kennedy came back to the bunkhouses, bruised and battered by a new champion, an unknown fighter. The fame of this man grew and his name became a byword. The camp began to mention it along with Tom's, to compare them, speculating on what would be the outcome of a battle between them. Finally, drawn by public opinion, the encounter came, and Tom went back to the camp with additional prestige.

That winter they made him heading boss, and some of the best runners in the camp, the older men who had worked in every corner of the continent where there was rock to rend, came to him—a hard-faced, big-limbed crew. During the month they bent their energies to toil beneath his hard, gray eyes, and they loved the mastery that the eyes spoke. On paydays they were ruffians.

"They'd go to hell fer him," Jack Tarpy told the Old Man one afternoon.

The Old Man growled. "They'll go to hell *wit'* him some day if they don't mind," he said. "Riley tells me they tore his new pianny up by the roots and throwed ut through the dure the other night—and he was wit' them."

"'Twas one af them canned-music piannys," explained the walker. "And 'twould not play The Wearin' av the Green. They can pull the rock, though; they do more than the other two shifts put together."

During that winter Tom came to a belief in hard men and giant powder. Handling them both, coming in contact with them daily, he looked upon their sort of strength as all there was of might.

XV

CHRISTMAS EVE fell with Yuletide softness upon that portion of Snowslide across the cañon from the boarding-camp—the little space occupied by the cottages where the families of the Old Man and some of the more responsible mechanics lived. Here there was talk of the season, happiness of anticipation and mystery of hidden presents.

In B bunkhouse Christmas Eve was a little more than three weeks ahead of one payday and one week behind the next. It was a quiet night and cold. The men were in their bunks or around the heater stove, driving tunnel, and if any of them thought of the date they spoke of it in rough jest as being the easiest way to pass a subject not belonging to their world. The growl of their heavy voices went through the door into the foreman's office where Tom sat.

He did not hear them; he was going over his timebook. His thick fingers were busy with a stub pencil. Now he raised it to wet it between his lips; then went on writing awkwardly, breathing heavily with the excess of mental effort, scowling into the book. It was a large room; its floor was bare. On the board walls hung half a dozen pictures from a sporting paper—portraits of prize-fighters crouching with their gloved fists upraised before them, and of women clad in tights. There was a photograph of two men standing side by side, a table between them; on the table a bottle and glasses; the two men held cigars in their mouths. Some previous occupant had left it; dust covered it and it hung askew. In the corner was a bedstead made from undressed lumber; the blankets lay in a knot upon it; the pillow hung limply half over the side. Under the bed showed a corner of the wooden chest where Tom still kept his father's hat and coat. There were two chairs: the back of one was broken; Tom sat on the other before the pigeonholed desk made from two goods boxes. On the walls his oilskins and squam hat hung from nails. He was shirt-sleeved and in his stockinged feet. His hair was in uncombed riot. Occasionally, as he labored over the timebook, he ran his left hand through his locks.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in!" he cried, and turned to face the man. It was the car-tender. Tom swore in astonishment; the car-tender was dressed up. He wore a round-rimmed hat of black felt, flat-crowned, stiff as it had come from the bandbox, undented. It was tilted back from his forehead, that one carefully-combed lock of hair might show. His clothes were black; the sack coat showed deep creases from long packing in a trunk. He wore a glistening celluloid collar, and a pattern-tied four-in-hand of lilac tint thrust itself outward beneath his bronzed throat; the strap had slipped up over the collar in the rear. His square-toed shoes glistened with polish. His big brown hands hung straight down, as though they were trying to escape the relentless pursuit of a pair of celluloid cuffs. He stood in the doorway, all his teeth showing in a self-conscious smile. "Merry Christmas!" he said.

"That's so," Tom said. "How did ye remember?"

The car-tender came in and seated himself with some care upon the edge of the

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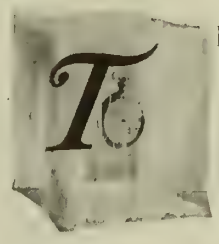

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broken chair. "Moran's is to have a party," said he. "I was told to give ye a bid."

"So-ho," said Tom; "that's it?" He scanned the car-tender critically. "That's the raison?" he continued.

The car-tender grinned. "How'd you like 'em?" he demanded aggressively.

"Ye're hot sthuff," said Tom. "A dude, ye are. Best be diggin' out befure some of the byes gets a luk at ye. Have a drink?" He reached beneath his desk and brought out a quart bottle. The car-tender shook his head.

"I've cut ut out," said he. "I'm tendin' to business now. Murphy's goin' over to the other portal New Year's, an' I'm to be motorman."

"Motorman! Ye'll ditch the thrrain first trip!" Tom's face relaxed. "How'd ye do ut?"

"I've been larnin' all winter," said the car-tender. "Gettin' what I could from Murphy an' takin' correspondence school avenin's. 'Tis a fine chanst I have at Moran's."

"Moran's must have a hot dump to let the likes of ye and Murphy board there," said Tom irrelevantly.

"Ye shud see ut wance," cried the car-tender. "Grub! Man, ye never get the like of ut in that there hash-foundry." He waved his hand toward the cookhouse. "And 'tis like comin' home of a night. The Old Woman lets us have the parlor, and we get to see the others on the hill. There's two girls lives over there now besides Ryan's Nora. Man, ut's civilized! Ye shud see the room I have; it's nate as a pin." He looked around him comprehensively. "Ye could bring a gang of them muckers in here wit' their number two shovels and do this hole no harm," he said.

"So?" said Tom. "'Tis the girls."

"The girls nothin'!" said the car-tender. "They don't trouble me. I'm too busy wit' the electrical engineerin' course to bother me head wit' girls. Some day I'll be drawin' me easy salary while ye're poundin' tarriers on the backs or runnin' a slugger again in the headin'. But 'tis good to see them; and that's what I come fer. There's to be a few friends there tonight fer Christmas Eve. Ryan's Old Woman will be over and Nora and one or two others. Come on."

Tom flushed. "I'm not made fer yer high society," he growled. "I'm no saft-talkin' dude. Go get some av thim engineers; 'tis thim ye want."

"Come on!" the car-tender insisted. "None of them girls is goin' to bite ye. Why shud ye stick in this hole when there's the chanst fer a good time and dacent folk to talk wit'?"

Tom frowned heavily. "Not me," he said.

"But," the car-tender was beginning — he had secured the privilege of inviting Tom by asking Mrs. Moran, and he he'd it too dear to give up easily — "But, man, ye ——"

Tom rose. "Listen here!" he said sternly. "Raymimber the night I wore me father's hat to the depot, knowin' no betther? There was some av yer fine folk there that night, and they laughed in me face because I was too grane fer thim. Raymimber the night I tuk that umbrelly to Ryan's house? And who was ut at the dure and slammed ut in me face? Answer me that! Go there? I'll see thim in hell first!"

"They meant no harm," said the car-tender. "That night it was the Old Woman. She was sore at Ryan, not you. I got the straight of ut some time ago."

Tom silenced him with a gesture. "Well," the car-tender rose; "I wisht ye *wud* come." He looked about him at the room, reeking of disorder, uncouth like the men of the tunnel. "Ye shud see where I live," he said.

"'Tis alright," said Tom; "alright fer ye, but not fer me. I'm glad ye've quit the camp. 'Tis good to be wit' womenfolk nearby, and the larnin' is a fine thing. I wisht I had more av ut. Luk at that!" He held the timebook before the car-tender. "Chicken thracks, but 'tis all that's naded, and I have no time fer more. The min kape me busy; thim an' the rock. I don't know which is worst. But I can handle thim both: dhrrive the wan, an' pull the other. And that's phwat I'm here fer, phwat I like. I know me place; 'tis not wit' yer fine folk on the hill."

"I wisht ye *wud* come," repeated the car-tender. "Annyhow, some day ye will.

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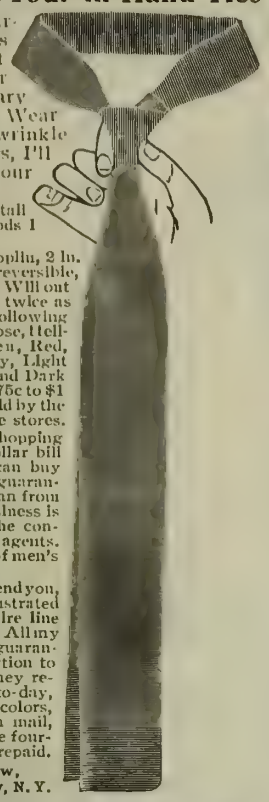

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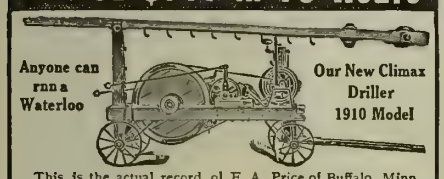

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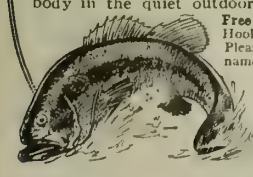

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Merry Christmas!" He departed, walking stiffly in his square-toed polished shoes, the strap of the lilac tie high on the back of his celluloid collar.

Tom sat alone over the timebook. After an hour he went to the outside door. It was snowing heavily. He shook his head. "Half an hour lost in the marnin'," he muttered; "half an hour lost helpin' the outside gang shovel things out." He went back to the room.

Before he turned out the light he looked about him - at the rough, unfinished walls with the gaudy pictures of the women and the prize-fighters, the floor with dirt heaped in the corners, the riot of disorder, the muddy oilskins hanging from nails. He thought of what the car-tender had said of *his* room.

"Nate as a pin," he muttered. He remembered what that meant—snowy linen and a floor that was immaculate. The memory took him far back.

And then he reached beneath his rough bed and brought forth the chest. He opened it, and he took out the coat with the two narrow tails and the row of large buttons. He held it in the crook of his arm for a moment, groping with the other hand for the hat. He found it and he brushed his cheek against the high crown. It seemed to him as though he could smell the peat smoke. He replaced them both, and turned out the light.

XVI

CHRISTMAS morning saw the contour of the whole place changed. It had snowed all night, and the wind, sighing up the cañon, had drifted heaps where paths had been. Going to breakfast the shift waded to their waists. On the blacksmith-shop platform Tom commanded them to fall to work with the outside gangs where speedy clearance of way was demanded. He took thirty of them to the dump and set them to uncovering the main artery of travel by the timber-sheds.

They were strung out in a long line, their black oilskins in startling relief against the white snow. It was sport for them—this brief half-hour in the open, this handling of feathery flakes. Tossing the snow from their shovels they shouted with laughter. They capered roughly in the drifts and threw great handfuls down one another's necks, or wrestled, trying to wash one another's faces like schoolboys. Their voices boomed among the muffling flakes as they indulged in the rude horseplay. Tom stood at the rear of the line, watching them. And suddenly their laughter died and they were silent.

At the other end of the line Nora Ryan was standing in the pathway facing them. She was standing still, puzzled; and the drill-runner at the head of the line was standing with his shovel thrust into the snow beside him, puzzled as herself. She had waded this far, fighting her way through the soft snow, enjoying it. Rounding a corner she had come upon this place—on one side the timber-shed, on the other a ten-foot drift; between—a two-foot interval at most—the path, filled now by the men. There was no space for her to pass them.

She faced the drill-runner. It was Big Jerry, relegated again to toil among the sluggers, and she saw the long line of giants behind him staring at them. Her cheeks grew redder. Jerry broke the silence under the spell of an inspiration. "Merry Christmas to ye!" he said.

She laughed happily. "Merry Christmas!" she replied. "I don't see how I'm going to get through."

Jerry scratched his cropped head, tilting his squam hat forward. He had memories of the day when her mother had sweated between the boarding-house stove and the long table where he and other crop-haired giants ate. It seemed like only yesterday when he had seen Ryan wheeling the baby carriage on a Sunday afternoon. "Ah, yes," he said. "To get by. Ye were after goin' to the commissary?"

Nora Ryan nodded, and he looked back over the line.

From his place Tom watched these two facing each other and the others staring at them. Usually quick in an emergency, he was at a loss to solve the dilemma, and he was still trying to make up his mind when he saw Big Jerry begin to act. The giant was stretching out his arms; he lifted the girl as though she were a feather; then passed her to the man behind. And this man passed her to the next. Tom watched them, lifting her gently, man to man,

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across the interval toward him. He saw her coming closer, and he frowned uneasily, and then she arrived.

He took her from the last man. He was waist-deep in snow. She lay in his arms, briefly, a light burden. He felt the softness of her, the quick, half-startled breathing; it came against his cheek with a brush of auburn hair.

It had a strange effect upon him. It made everything else go from him, and he did not really know that he was wading heavily the few feet that separated them from the timber-shed platform; that he was setting her down upon the planking.

He only felt the softness of her, the presence of her close to him—the sacred presence of a young girl. A wave of diffidence surged over him. Then, through it came the knowledge that she was smiling down upon him from where she stood, thanking him. He raised his big hand to his squam hat. It lingered there, and he removed the hat a little clumsily.

She smiled again brightly.

"Merry Christmas!" she cried.

He smiled back, holding his squam hat in his hand. "Merry Christmas to ye, Miss," he answered gravely, and she departed.

The memory of that incident used to bother Tom. Often, when he was alone in his rough room or standing by himself in the roaring heading watching the sluggers, he thought of it. Sometimes he coupled it with what he had said the night before, talking to the car-tender. "I'll see thim in hell!"

And then he grew hot with shame. Sometimes it brought a little wistfulness.

But the wistfulness did not endure for long. It was like the memories when occasionally he opened his wooden chest and touched the old coat and the hat—memories of another world than that in which he lived, a gentler, softer world, with soft hands and faces alight with love.

He lingered briefly over these things. *His* world was hard; and the hands that strove against its ringing rock were gnarled and rough. It was a world of mighty muscles and reckless deeds. Living in it, he loved it.

His life was full during the months that followed—months that stretched on into another year. It was full of action. He drove his hard-faced men and, driving them, grew harder. Sternness came upon him. But there was one thing that had stopped growing, the responsibility. It had developed for all the calls there were upon it.

He drove the men, but he lived their life. He ate in the bare-walled dining-hall. He slept in his rough room. He captained the assault upon the heading's breast in the reverberating tunnel, where they beat the living rock with steel and tore it with dynamite. And off the work sometimes he played as the men played. He caroused and he fought those who crossed him. Always he was on hand for duty when morning dawned after paynight. But there was no gentleness to temper his actions. His world was hard.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A Crop of Ruins

HERE and there throughout the Canadian Northwest are groups of young Englishmen, the shiftless sons of noble parents, who for the most part play polo, cricket and golf, while keeping up the pretense of ranching. They are much more dependent upon the quarterly allowance from home than upon the products of their industry.

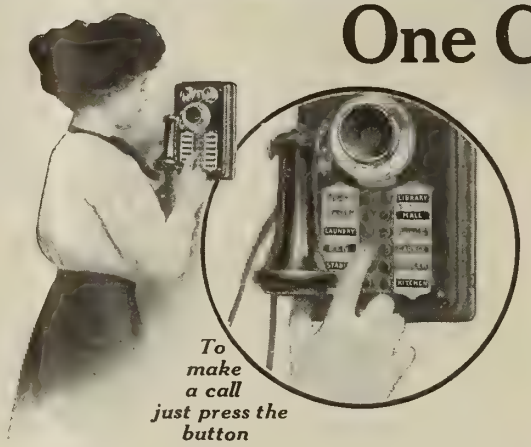
The other day an English tourist was riding over the prairie section of the Canadian Pacific. To a Canadian, who happened to be in the smoking compartment with him, he found fault with everything.

"Beastly country," he kept saying. "Nevah saw anything so monotonous as these prairies."

"Very good for wheat growing," observed the Canadian.

"Grawnted; but wheat isn't everything. Why, in old England, don't you know, you couldn't travel hawlf a dozen miles without seeing a pawk, a castle or some interesting old ruin."

"We have some very fine English ruins a little farther West," replied the Canadian slowly. "When we reach Calgary you will see plenty of them. We call them 'remittance men'."



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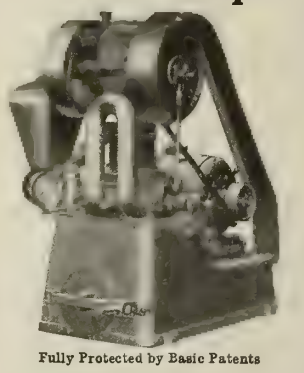

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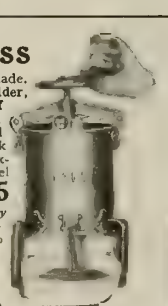

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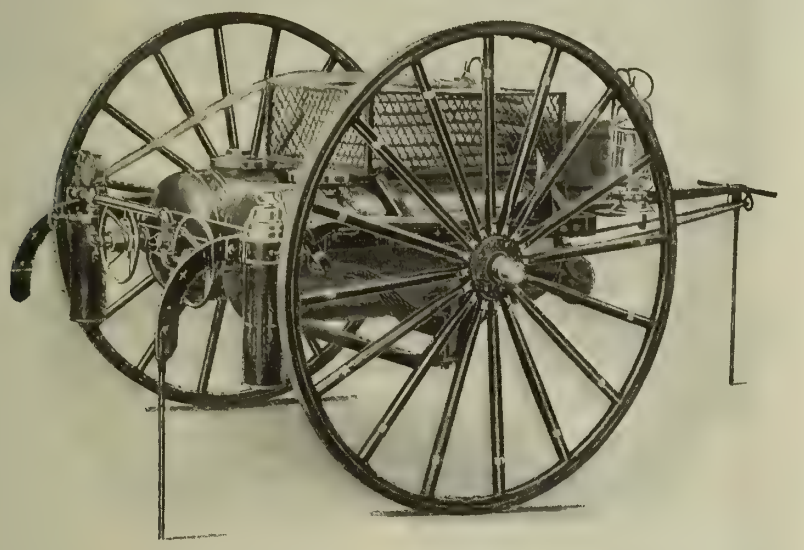

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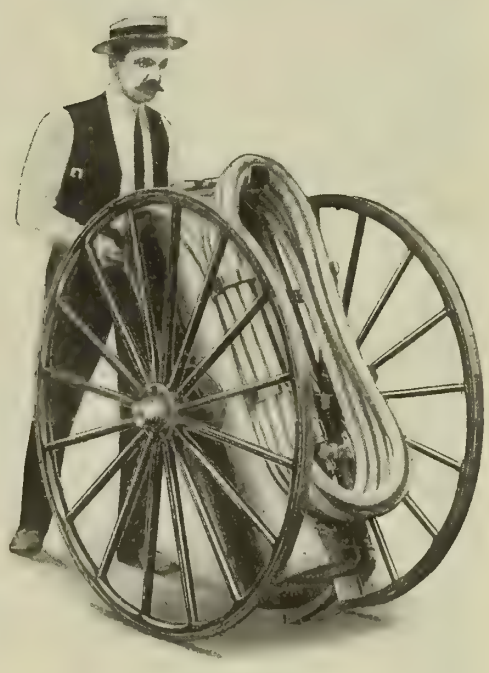

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SLOW JUSTICE

(Concluded from Page 13)

mainly by the efforts of single progressive judges, stands as the leader of the world in swift and accurate justice. The late Lord Justice Bowen spoke no more than the truth when he said:

"It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that it is not possible in the year 1887 for an honest litigant in her Majesty's court to be defeated by any mere technicality or a slip or mistaken step in his litigation. . . . Law has ceased to be a scientific game that may be won or lost by playing some particular move."

The Supreme Court of the United States has the undoubted power to pass rules which will remedy the delay in admiralty and equity. In the District of Pennsylvania the admiralty court will not allow the testimony of witnesses to be taken verbally in open court. All of the testimony must be taken by deposition, reduced to typewriting and then printed. The same rule applies to the Districts of Delaware and New Jersey, except that in these two states it is not necessary to print the record. This system has been abolished in the Districts of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Maryland and Virginia, and the Supreme Court has the power to pass a rule making this reform uniform. The present equity system, with the requirements in regard to the taking of testimony before commissioners and masters and the printing of the same, which now is a counterpart of the English equity system before it was reformed in 1852, aptly characterized by a commission as a "compound of expense, delay and vexation," can be simplified merely by a rule of the Supreme Court. The same thing applies to our system of patent laws, which involves the taking of "a monstrous quantity of trash and a great deal of stuff," and under which patents are being granted of which sixty per cent are almost worthless in whole or in part, according to a recent statement of the Commissioner of Patents before a committee of the House of Representatives.

In Philadelphia, where justice is more delayed than in any other city in the world, the judges have it in their power to have more than seventeen weeks of jury trials out of the fifty-two; to increase the hours of the court from ten o'clock until four o'clock instead of from ten o'clock until three o'clock; to hear jury trials in June and September, as is done in New York; to do away with the reasonless two-day rule, and to establish modern list procedure. The Supreme Court of that commonwealth shows what can be done in speedy justice, the interval between argument and opinion averaging less than sixty days.

Lord Melbourne, an affable and useless Prime Minister of England, used to exclaim in great irritation whenever his attention was called to an existing abuse: "Why can't you let it alone?" So soon as every judge abandons this policy of letting abuse in practice and procedure alone, then the day of reform has dawned and the question is answered which President Taft has stated as follows:

"The greatest question now before the American public is the improvement of the administration of justice, civil and criminal, both in the matter of its prompt dispatch and the cheapening of its use."

Romeo's Luck

ROMEO JOHNSON is the business manager of the Indianapolis News. He doesn't fit his name very well, for he is short and fat and florid and a bully chap.

"How," asked a friend who met Romeo in New York recently, "did they come to call you Romeo?"

"Well," said Romeo, "it was this way: I was born down in Indiana, of Quaker parents, and my father kept a store. Along about fifty years ago my father went to Philadelphia to buy a bill of goods, and while there he saw his first show. It was Romeo and Juliet, at the old Walnut Street Theatre. I was born about the time he came home, and he named me Romeo."

Johnson lighted a cigar. "I shudder to think," he continued after a moment, "of what would have happened to me if the show my father saw had happened to be Pygmalion and Galatea."

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The school now has to offer also an unrivaled school plant and equipment, having purchased "Kildysart," the magnificent estate of the late Daniel O'Day of the Standard Oil Co , at Deal Beach on the Jersey Coast.

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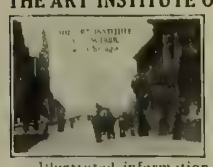

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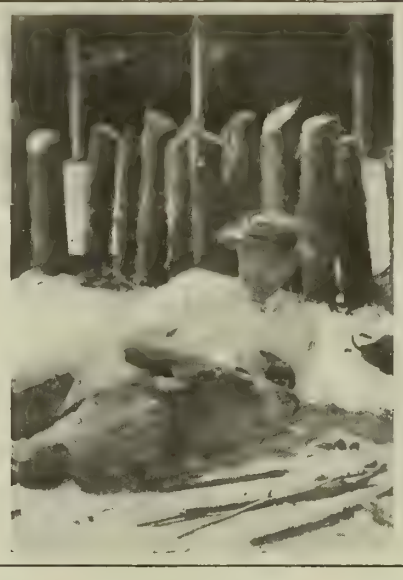

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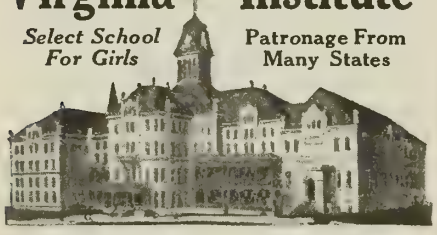

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THE HOME LIFE OF LINCOLN

(Continued from Page 5)

trot along as directed, and sometimes they would decline to move, or move in the wrong direction, or try to move in two directions at once, as goats will, neither being in the right direction. But Tad didn't mind much. He would simply wait until the steeds were ready to go where he wanted, and then they would start on.

When I accompanied Mr. Lincoln to Petersburg, during his memorable visit to the front, little Tad went with us, and slept in my stateroom so that I could be sure no harm came to him. I doubt if I ever felt greater responsibility in guarding the President himself than I felt when he placed his boy's hand in mine and said I was to keep him from all danger.

The death of his father almost broke Tad's heart—I say this literally—and not so very long afterward he died while in Europe with his mother.

While I saw much less of Robert T. Lincoln than of Tad, yet the older son I remember as a fine, manly fellow, genial to every one, and wholly lacking in snobbishness or self-conceit.

I am sure that all of those who came in close contact with the President and Mrs. Lincoln would agree in saying that they were a happy couple, and that they led a peaceful, quiet, happy life, understanding each other, sympathizing with each other, doing their very best to influence Robert for his own good and to bring up little Tad so that he should lead a life truly successful. I never knew President Lincoln to lose his temper on any occasion, although I have been present when I could only wonder how he could sit still in dignified calmness when any other man, under equal conditions, would have risen up in righteous wrath, and when most men would have been provoked to physical violence—this, of course, when some reckless man would meet him face to face and denounce his policies or question his motives. As for the domestic relations between the President and Mrs. Lincoln I do not recall ever witnessing a discussion between them.

Lincoln's Treatment of Bores

At that time, it must be remembered, any one who wished to talk with President Lincoln could walk up to his office and, after speaking with the doorkeeper, go in and meet Lincoln. Excepting when engaged with his Cabinet, President Lincoln never denied himself, at any time, to any man or woman who came to the White House to see him. When I remember the numbers of people who came there on all conceivable errands, for all imaginable purposes, it seems extraordinary that he could get through with his work and then grant them interviews. But then, Lincoln had a most effective way of dismissing those who trespassed upon his time, for he realized that it belonged not to himself, but to the nation. Let me give an illustration of what I mean.

Some morning an upstate politician would come bustling into the White House and want to see the President, not for any real reason, but just in order that he might go back to his constituents and tell how he was received by the President, and what he said to the President, and what the President said to him, and so on. Lincoln would size up such a man in half a minute and he could get rid of him in about another half-minute; not brusquely, or by waving him aside, or suggesting that he was too busy to be seen at that particular time; on the contrary, before the upstate politician would have a chance to start in on the information he had to give, or on his views of the President's policy, Mr. Lincoln would begin to tell a droll story, and when he finished the politician would be laughing so heartily he would forget all about that which he was going to tell the President. Then his hand would be grasped by the President, who would at once turn to his desk, and the politician would find himself leaving the White House more than satisfied with his call—which had lasted two minutes instead of two hours as he had expected.

So great was the pressure on the President's time and thought that he had little chance for pleasure and recreation, except for an occasional drive with Mrs. Lincoln or a horseback ride out to the Soldiers'

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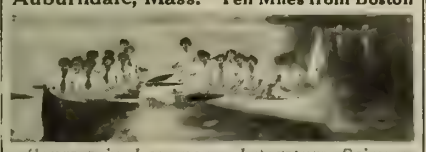

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Home. He enjoyed, moderately, a really good performance by competent actors, but to no such enthusiastic degree as Mrs. Lincoln, who was very fond indeed of the theater. When the President and his wife went to the theater they would step into a carriage at the White House and drive directly to their destination, just as a gentleman in private life would do. On arriving in front of the playhouse, Burke, the big, burly Irish coachman, would pull in his horses; and the footman, Charlie Forbes, would swing down to the sidewalk and open the door of the carriage, whereupon Mrs. Lincoln and the President would step out, being met at once by a bodyguard, whose business it was to be on hand when they arrived. Without the least ostentation or display, the President and Mrs. Lincoln, followed by the bodyguard, led by an usher, would quietly walk into the box that had been reserved for them; and as they did so the audience would rise and stand quietly until the President acknowledged this mark of respect with a dignified bow, in which recognition Mrs. Lincoln joined by a graceful inclination of her head. Then they would seat themselves and the audience would resume their seats.

During the progress of the play the attention of the audience was centered on the stage, and not upon the President and his wife or any guests whom they might have with them in the box; for Lincoln was so near to the people of his beloved country that they felt no desire to stare at him from motives of curiosity. At the conclusion of the play Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their guard would quietly leave the box and, without any demonstration whatever, would pass out of the theater. Such of the audience as were in the aisle simply made way for them. They would then step into their carriage, Forbes would close the door and regain his seat beside Burke, who would speak to his horses, and away the carriage would roll toward the White House.

The President at Church

Mr. Lincoln, of course, never wore full evening dress nor any decoration or insignia whatever to distinguish himself from the millions of his countrymen with whom he stood on a plane of equality; for as much as he believed that he was living and breathing he believed that God had created all men to be equal, and that any difference such as creates caste or even exclusive, impenetrable circles of society was purely artificial and, therefore, in his opinion, ignoble. Mrs. Lincoln, when she attended the theater, usually wore a gown cut low in the neck, but did not wear full dress excepting at the opera. Neither she nor the President was a musician, but both were very fond of listening to music. I do not think that Mrs. Lincoln was in any sense a woman of strong literary tastes, but she read the newspapers most carefully and kept intelligently informed, not merely of the great war then in progress, but of the changing political conditions, and of the other important events throughout the world. Those who have thought her a woman of almost childish gayety of temperament were vastly mistaken in underestimating this side of her character. She kept well informed on many subjects and had very clear ideas concerning them.

Mrs. Lincoln and the President usually attended the morning service in Doctor Gurley's church, which still stands on New York Avenue near the corner of Fourteenth Street. Sometimes they would drive there, but as frequently they would walk, being attended, of course, by a guard. They were always punctual in attendance and you may be sure that Doctor Gurley never had to delay the opening of his service on their account. They would go to church with the same simplicity and dignity and quietness of manner that the President evinced in every other walk of life. Out of respect for the great office that he occupied, those who were in the church when the President arrived would rise from their seats and remain standing until he and Mrs. Lincoln had passed down to the pew reserved for their use, well forward near the pulpit. At the close of the service those who were present would step out of their pews into the aisles without waiting for the President of the United States to take precedence. Lincoln and his wife would walk along slowly, surrounded by the rest of the congregation, speaking a few words, the President shaking hands with many of those he knew or any others who wished to speak to him. On reaching the doors of the church

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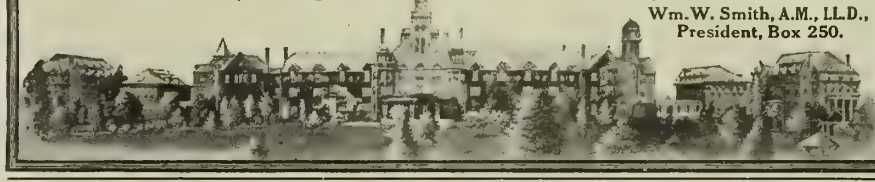

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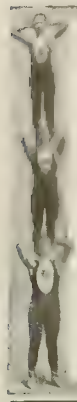

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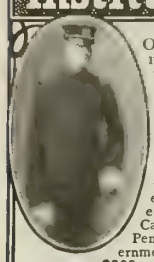

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the President and Mrs. Lincoln would start homeward as they had come, quietly and reverently. Occasionally little Tad accompanied his father and mother to church, but not very often.

During the time that I was serving as personal bodyguard to Lincoln he and Mrs. Lincoln usually dined at seven o'clock in the evening—a leisurely meal, well cooked, well chosen, with special reference to the President's dislike of elaborate dishes and frills in general. In those days the White House had no regularly-employed housekeeper such as has been necessary for a number of years past, because, owing to the natural evolution of social life and customs in this country, the President's wife is now called upon to give much of her time and strength and thought to entertaining, largely semi-official in nature, which was unknown in Lincoln's period. I have no doubt that some of the ladies who have graced the Executive Mansion during the last forty years may have been Mrs. Lincoln's equals as practical housekeepers; but I am sure that none of them was her superior. She had a steward to attend to special duties which would naturally fall to such a person, but she oversaw and directed everything herself. She knew just what kinds of food should be provided, what cuts of various meats were the best, how vegetables should be prepared, how bread should be made. And what is more, her cook and her waiters and her few other servants knew that she knew. In consequence, the domestic affairs of the Executive Mansion ran along their way smoothly and serenely and most comfortably.

After dinner, at about eight o'clock, the President would rise from the table and go at once across to the War Department to get news from the front, excepting on Thursday nights, when he waited until the regular weekly levee had been held. If I happened to be on night duty I would accompany him, of course, and while we were absent for an hour or two Mrs. Lincoln, after seeing that Tad was safe and soundly asleep in his bed, would go into the living-room, as the Red Room was then called. Sometimes she would spend the evening in reading the newspapers of various cities until the President returned; but she was not fond of embroidering or other work with the needle. Generally, however, some of the wives of Cabinet officers would drive to the Executive Mansion to spend an informal evening. Occasionally these ladies would be accompanied by their husbands, but not always, by any means. For, let me repeat again, those were war times—war with its terrible news of crushing defeat, of death, injury, starvation, of discontent with the Administration in many quarters, of apprehension regarding the action of certain foreign Powers.

Somber Days at the White House

Neither the President nor the men chosen as his Cabinet advisers could call an hour their own in advance of its coming. Day and night, night and day, they were carrying a burden of anxiety and responsibility almost of crushing weight. And as a result the Cabinet members did not often go with their wives for an informal evening in that old living-room. The ladies, however, seemed to enjoy meeting each other thus and chatting about a thousand things. In cold weather there was a comfortable blaze in the big fireplace, around which they would gather. And while a fine piano stood ready at hand I do not remember having heard any music, either vocal or instrumental, on such occasions. At the time I sometimes wondered why the ladies did not play or sing; but afterward I understood that music, with its gayety and lightness, is not born of times of grief and mourning and dread. No, there was no hilarity in the Executive Mansion in those days; all was sadness, for the President and his official family and their wives knew better than any of the public what the country was passing through, and felt accordingly.

I will amend that slightly. There was no hilarity excepting where Tad was concerned. Time and time again have I seen Tad sitting on his father's shoulders, his little legs securely twined about his father's neck, while President Lincoln galloped up and down the long corridor outside their private apartments, the boy laughing and shouting with glee, and the great, grave President, by sheer will-power, resolutely throwing aside the burdens of his office in order that his little son might share the joys that are childhood's heritage.

No refreshments were served during the informal evenings spent with Mrs. Lincoln, nor, indeed, were refreshments served at the Thursday evening levees. When ten o'clock came, or perhaps eleven, the ladies would drive home alone, unless their husbands were able to come after them, which was sometimes the case. And then Mrs. Lincoln would sit down alone and quietly wait until her husband should return from the War Department. At that time there were no telegraph wires in the Executive Mansion, and he had to go to the War Building to obtain news at first hand and to talk over developments with the Secretary. Lincoln usually was able to return to his wife, waiting in the living-room for him, by eleven o'clock or a little later, and he would tell her what he had heard of news from the front. They would discuss the battles, the retreats, the victories, the defeats—all the main developments of the day and evening—with calm thoughtfulness; and although they were generally able to finish this concluding part of their daily program shortly before midnight, yet sometimes it was quite late when they could do so and retire. As he went upstairs and entered his own room Lincoln's last act was to turn to the guard on duty in the corridor and wish him goodnight. Then he would enter his room and close the door, and I—if it was my turn to stand guard—would settle down for eight hours of duty.

A Premonition of Death

My chair stood in the corridor, within easy reach of the door opening into the President's room, and so situated that I could see every inch of the whole length of the corridor, which was lighted in such a way that no shadows could even partly conceal any one who might try to slip through the corridor. During most of the night I would rest comfortably in the chair, constantly looking this way and that, and listening intently for any unusual noise. Every once in a while, however, I would rise and quietly pace up and down to obtain rest of position. I never read a book or a newspaper, of course, for fear that my attention might become fixed so closely on the printed page that I might not hear or see the approach of assassins whom I always expected at any moment. Needless to say, I never even thought of resorting to any of the common means of keeping awake during those solitary vigils. The responsibility of guarding Lincoln was so great that dozing, or even drowsiness, was unthinkable. And when relieved by the day guard at eight o'clock in the morning, I was always as fresh and wide awake as when I had gone on duty twelve hours before.

The only time that President Lincoln failed to say good-night to me when we parted, after having been together for the day, was on the evening of the night he attended Ford's Theater, where he was murdered. As I mentioned on another occasion many years ago, Mr. Lincoln had told me that afternoon of a dream that he had had for three consecutive nights, of his assassination. Of course, the constant dread of such an event made me somewhat nervous, and I begged him to stay at the Executive Mansion and not to go to the theater that evening; but he would not disappoint Mrs. Lincoln or others who were to be present. Then I urged that he allow me to remain on duty and to accompany him; but he would not hear of this, either.

"No, Crook," he said kindly but firmly; "you have had a long, hard day's work already, and must go home to sleep and rest. I cannot afford to have you get all tired out and exhausted."

It was then that he neglected, for the first and only time, to say good-night to me. Instead of doing so he turned, with his kind, grave face, and said:

"Good-by, Crook," and went into his room.

This was the only time he ever said good-by to me. I thought of it at the moment; and a few hours later, when the awful news flashed over Washington that he had been shot, his last words were so burned into my being that they never have been forgotten, and never can be forgotten.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of Our Presidents in the White House. The second will be published in an early number.

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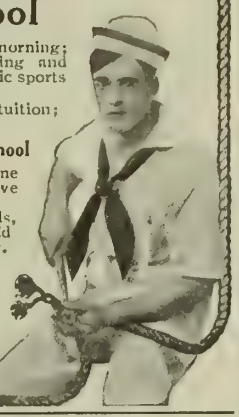

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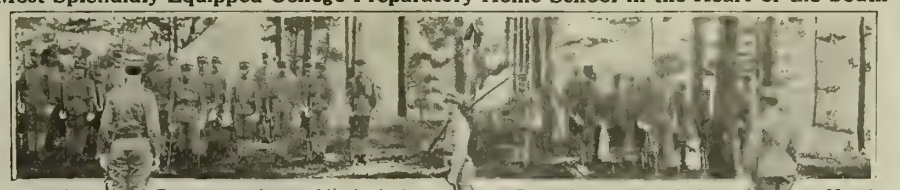

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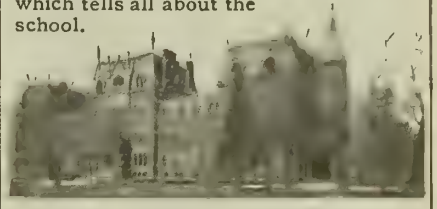

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THE NEW HIRED MAN

(Continued from Page 18)

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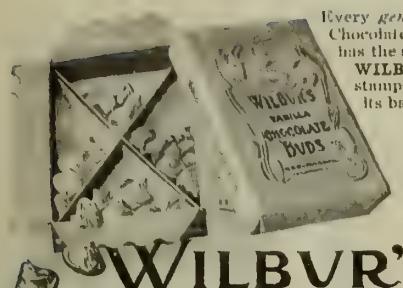

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Bureau at Washington the average rainfall in that section for the season can be determined, showing just how much water goes to waste in the spring freshets and just how large a reservoir would be needed to store that water for use during the dry months. Then any one with a head for simple figures can determine the amount of power available and the probable cost of the equipment.

What Power-Turbines Cost

The building of dams in rivers and streams is a very simple matter now, compared to what it was a few years ago. All the new dams are made of concrete. Rough board forms are constructed where the dam is needed and the concrete—made of cement at forty-three cents a sack mixed with sand and gravel from the stream's bed—is simply dumped into the moulds and allowed to harden. These dams do not cost nearly so much as stone masonry and can be erected by a novice in a comparatively short time.

The small water-turbine is a very efficient device, utilizing as much as eighty per cent of the theoretical power of the water, and will run the year round without attention. These turbines are made in all sizes, costing from $50 to $500 and more. But water-power is not flexible; it cannot be transmitted over rough country and to all the farm buildings where it is most needed; so it must be changed to electricity through the medium of turbine and generator.

For small plants the best type of dynamo is the direct-current machine of about one hundred and ten volts, if the plant is to be situated near the farm buildings. If the plant is some distance away an alternating current of two hundred and twenty volts will be necessary, so as to take up the loss of pressure, expressed in volts, in transmission—less of the expensive copper wire being required to transmit electricity at high pressure than at low pressure. The small dynamo is a wonderful machine, being self-oiling, and will run for weeks without the slightest bit of attention. In order to keep the dynamo at constant speed a waterwheel governor is necessary. The simpler and cheaper types of governors are slower in action than the more expensive ones, but are otherwise just as efficient. The cost of the transmission line will, of course, vary from a few dollars if the plant is near, to hundreds of dollars if it is miles away.

Electrical Machinery

Farms there are in this great country which cannot boast of noisy mountain streams or meadow creeks big enough to harness with turbine and generator to supply a steady flow of electricity for the farm and home. Some of the farmers living in the Middle West have ingeniously harnessed the vagrant currents of the air to serve their purpose, driving small generators by windmill-power and storing the current against the calm days. But by far the easiest way for the countryman who desires electric power and cannot secure it from an established central station in a near-by town or village, or has no water-power to harness, is to install a gasoline-engine-driven electric generating set, of which the engine and generator are especially designed for this kind of work. The latest types of these generator sets for country estates take up very little floor space and run almost automatically. The small size of three kilowatt—or four horsepower—costs approximately $900; the five kilowatt, $1060; ten kilowatt, $1800, and the twenty-five kilowatt, $2800. In this outfit the generator is mounted directly on the engine shaft without belts or gears, and placed solidly in one compact frame. A four-cylinder engine insures a steady flow of electricity for lighting purposes, and the direct drive avoids all danger, expense and inconvenience incidental to the belt-driven combination.

The five-kilowatt machine requires only five by two feet and a half of floor space, and when running full speed makes about as much noise as a sewing-machine, and even this noise can be lessened by exhausting into a cinder-pit. A machine of this size will operate two hundred twenty-candle-power metal filament incandescent lamps every night for fifteen cents, will do the cooking on the electric stove and run numerous motors about the estate. Such an outfit would cost within $2000, complete with wiring, fans, motors, cooking devices, lamps and storage battery.

Woman's Turn Has Come

Ten women of Noroton, Conn., on April 15th, tried shooting a Savage Automatic. Eight of them had never handled a fire arm before. They shot at a man-shaped target thirty feet away. Eight women made vital hits, each with her first shot. The other two made vital hits with their second shots. Thus, with the first trigger pull, those women novices found that they were dead shots.

First shots are the shots that count.

Next they tried a common revolver, one of the finest built. Not one made a hit with her first shot; only one scored on the second.

Could there be any better proof that the Savage does not require practice? Anyone can shoot this wonderful arm accurately, because it points instinctively, as you do your forefinger.

No other arm—we want to emphasize this—no other arm holds steady, without jerk or recoil at each shot, until the bullet is out.

You pull the trigger for each and every shot. With each shot it reloads and cocks itself. It cannot be discharged except by pulling the trigger. The Savage 32 cal. is the only absolute protection for your family.

"THE TENDERFOOT'S TURN"
W. B. ("Bat") Masterson, the Dodge City ex-sheriff has written a book for people who need fire-arm protection, called "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Men who think their lives and homes are worth the trouble, should write for it today.

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Ask your dealer to show you the new .22 calibre Repeater, 1909 model. Price, $10.00. Also the High-power Featherweight takedown with interchangeable barrels, giving choice of calibre.
Send for new free book.

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A *Useeit* Cooler in your home will pay you bigger dividends in comfort and health than any other investment you can make. The

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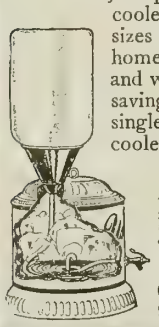
provides pure, healthful, germless cold water, at a cost of only a few cents a day. It's clean, sanitary and germ proof, because in **this** cooler, the water does not come in contact with the ice.

No chance in the world for germs or contamination to get into the water if you put pure water in the cooler. It is made in all sizes for the most modern home to the largest factory and will pay for itself in the saving in ice alone in a single season, since in **this** cooler the water is chilled only as it's used.



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$1.00 for Four

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THE *GOTHAM* is the "comfy" collar for *athletics, sports, out-door* and *country* life. More *natty* than linen, more *stylish* than a stock. Of special *cool fabrics* in **white, tan** and **light blue.** State size and color when ordering. 25c each or $1 for **four.** Sent direct on receipt of price. Ask for our **Blue Book** of **New York Haberdashery,**—it's free.

A Handsome KEISER CRAVAT and SCARF PIN to Match $1.00

THE Keiser Cravat and Scarf Pin Combination (With Old English **Engraved Initial** Enameled in Color to Match the Cravat). **$1.00 postpaid** for **Cravat** and **Pin. Keiser Cravats** are famous for their wearing qualities. **Reversible.** *Slip easily* through fold collars. **Black, White, Blues, Greens, Violets, Reds, Grays, Browns** and **40** other newest colors. Send **$1.00** for the **Keiser Cravat** and **Scarf Pin Combination. Send for the Blue Book.** Free for the request—the **Weber and David Blue Book of New York Haberdashery,** containing illustrations of New York's smartest apparel for well-dressed men, including page of exact colors of **Keiser Cravats.**

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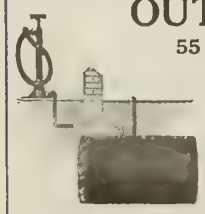

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Safe Reliable

These outfits will *save* their cost in one season by *decreasing cost of gasoline and fire insurance.*

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Use "FLASHLIGHT SPARK PLUGS" in your motor
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MARKETING A MOTOR

(Continued from Page 17)

The victim, appalled by the prospect of a fifty-mile walk over shadeless, dusty roads and steep grades, with the thermometer close to a hundred degrees, expostulated, pleaded, begged and threatened alternately, promised to pay all expenses, past and present, and buy a car; but the jeering chorus of the salesmen remained unmoved. With horns screeching and mufflers wide open the eight cars passed the raging faker well to windward, filling his nostrils with oil smoke and alkali dust while empty wine bottles and cigar boxes rained about him.

"Don't worry, and keep a stiff upper lip," the occupants of the last car shouted at him. "We'll blaze the trail for you. Just follow the bottles. One of 'em will have water in it." And with a last toot they left the wanderer to his fate.

Still another ordeal awaited him. Barely two miles from his standing start, at a sharp turn of the cañon, a battery of cameras confronted him. Click—click—click went the shutters before the pedestrian could dash back to cover; once more the horns shrieked and away the cars sped, straight to the newspaper offices with the illustrated story of the fake buyer's undoing.

Only four states give woman the right to cast her vote in the election of candidates for office, but when it comes to the selection of a motor car, woman has the undisputed right of suffrage in forty-eight states and territories. Even in the motor primaries she exercises a strong influence. Recognizing the strength of the victorious suffragettes, the automobile manufacturer year after year has put up candidates appealing more and more to the female vote. Knowing that the final choice, in seventy-five out of a hundred sales, rests with a woman, the manufacturer has so subdued the noise of the mechanism that, in some makes, the wee voice of the speedometer makes itself heard above the purring of the engine. The man may put power and speed above all other considerations, but the easy-riding qualities of the modern car, its graceful lines, its roominess, the refinement of its details—all these are more or less an appeal for the votes of women. By the same token the dealer must, in the fall, consult the fashion journals to familiarize himself with the colors that will be in vogue in the spring if he wants his allotment of cars to be finished in the tints that will harmonize with my lady's gowns.

The Paint That Sold the Car

How important a part the intelligent selection of colors plays in the selling of automobiles was shown by the experience of a manufacturer who had a touring car finished in soft cream and subdued red for his traveling exhibit. The combination of colors happened to coincide with the fashionable shades in outing gowns that spring, and at the first two shows dozens of women offered more than list price for immediate delivery of the car. All offers were gently but firmly refused until, at the third show, a woman climbed into the tonneau and held the fort seven hours before the agent capitulated and signed a bill of sale for the car.

Few salesmen ever succeed in subduing a prospect who becomes violent, rears and plunges at the sight of an automobile sale contract. If they are wise they will turn the breaking-in process over to the gentle but persistent hand of a woman. The first day Robertson abandoned shift-keys and visible writing in favor of carbureter troubles, the sales-manager of the Coyote agency selected from the card index of prospects the name of a frugal millionaire.

"Go and cut your eyeteeth on Old Skinflint," he told the new salesman. "Don't spend more than a week on the case, though. If you land him I'll raise your salary."

The millionaire lived up to his reputation. At first he balked and snorted at the idea of entering an automobile, but relented by-and-by and seemed to enjoy the ride. All the salesman's arguments, however, he answered with homilies on the virtues of thrift, with bitter denunciation of waste and extravagance and with reminiscences of the time when he, a barefooted boy, was trotting behind the plow.

The allotted week over, Robertson changed his course, abandoned the millionaire in his office and went to headquarters. After two days he had induced the millionaire's wife and two daughters to leave fat Peter and fatter Paul in the stable and try instead the power of fifty horses concealed under the hood. Then he retired from the scene while his three assistants undertook to make father put the gasoline can to his lips. Peter and Paul are permanently pensioned today. Two touring cars, a light roadster and an electric town car occupy the quondam stable, and Old Skinflint is exhibiting the most violent symptoms of motormania.

No piece of machinery has ever cast such a potent spell over its votaries as the automobile. Once under the spell the victim will put a mortgage on his belongings to raise the cash for a car. The woman victim will get along with ten rooms instead of fourteen to have six cylinders instead of four, will dismiss two servants to hire one chauffeur, speed up the husband's business to have more speed in the motor, stretch human earning power to the limit to have more horse-power in the engine. Even those who have sworn off, who thought they were cured by the pills of bitter experience swallowed in the early days of motoring, still feel the steering-wheel itch in their palms and become an easy prey to the persistent salesman.

The Surrender of the Teuton

A middle-aged German owning a small tannery had taken the anti-gasoline pledge when he broke down on his first trip in one of the early single-cylinder, low-priced runabouts. When the machine was stalled he had to walk three miles to the nearest telephone; and, to make matters still worse, he had to carry his portly figure over the distance twice more, as the dealer from whom he had purchased the auto was too busy selling to pay any attention whatsoever to the irate German's long-distance woes. With Teutonic obstinacy the stung automobilist refused to have anything further to do with the machine, leaving it and his first payment of three hundred dollars on the road, where the dealer found it the next day.

Three years later the salesman who had closed the original deal decided that the time was propitious to sell the tanner another car. At his first call the German could not hear him, would not see him, waved away a proffered cigar and seemed to pay no more attention to the salesman's words than a wooden Indian. The second and the third visit had no better results, but on the fourth day the German, glaring at the salesman over the rim of his spectacles, asked with heavy sarcasm:

"V'at mage you robbers selling now? You t'ink you can play me for a sucker two times, you—you——" Words failing him, he brought his fist down upon the desk, muttering imprecations into his beard.

That was the opening the salesman was waiting for. Immediately he launched into a description of his two-cylinder, five-passenger, chain-drive car. The tanner, who had stopped work and was listening, shook his head. That miserable outfit wouldn't fill the bill. Four cylinders and shaft-drive were the real thing and, anyway, he was through with automobiles.

Still the salesman persisted. The next morning the tanner was weak enough to accept a cigar. Perceiving the favorable omen, the salesman requested, as a personal favor and without any intention of selling, that the tanner step into his car and ride around the block, just to convince himself of the difference between the ancient vintage and the modern motor cars. In his shirt-sleeves the tanner boarded the car for a ride around the block that lasted two hours and was continued in the afternoon with the tanner's wife. The deal was closed a few days later, and the tanner has never repented of his bargain since.

It happens once in a while that the automobile salesman has to use the horse-trader's tricks to satisfy too sharp a buyer. For the benefit of a hill-climbing fanatic Oliver had driven his demonstrating machine over an endless succession of grades for two days, and still the prospect hung back. He was willing to buy, but he wanted the salesman to duplicate the offer of a competitor and supply a double rumble-seat, costing eighty-five dollars, free of charge. Remembering the firm's strict

When mother cannot, Mellin's Food and cow's milk can.

Cow's milk alone is out of the question; too strong for baby,-But-

It does nourish and it does satisfy and it does sustain when modified with

Mellin's Food

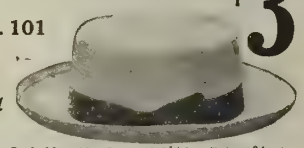
We will be glad to send you a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food with our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," if you will write us.

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

Genuine Panamas $3

Style No. 101

Natural Panama Shape



Style No. 101—Crown 3-3½ in. Brim 2¾-3 in. (or Telescope if desired, Style No. 100) finely woven, light, cool and durable. Can be **renovated and reblocked each season.**

Our representatives gather these hats direct from the South American Natives. We shape and trim them to **1910 styles.** Catalog of 20 other styles in **Men's, Women's and Children's Panamas** on request.

Your Old Panama renovated and reblocked in any style on receipt of $2.00. Don't wait for the **scorching** weather, order **Today,** giving style and size.

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6 PER CENT

Your idle money can be set to work earning a satisfactory rate of interest if you avail yourself of our Certificate plan whereby we pay 6% per annum.

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Most economical, healthful and satisfactory—for old or new houses, different patterns to match furnishings. Outwear carpets. Stocks carried in the leading cities.

Plain or Ornamental, Thick or Thin.

Write for Book of Designs.

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Most Cravats are just "*cravats*," made of common silks. But, when you buy "Superba" Cravats you get something *more*—a fabric with a *purpose*. "Superba Silk" is a special weave, a heavy-bodied, wool-surfaced, fine lustred goods which show fewer pin holes and

Wrinkle Less

than any other. Insist on "Superba." Sold at most good shops,—50c or $1.00 grades in 50 plain new shades. Or, cravat will be sent on receipt of price. Free Style Book.

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County Commissioners of Marion Co., have issued an Official booklet of conservative information which will be sent FREE to all. Address M. M. Proctor, County Commissioner, Pedro, Marion Co., Fla.

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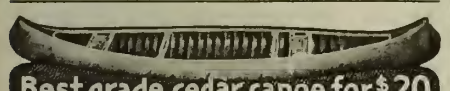
Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled line"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 728 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**



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We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. Have you seen our new Mahogany Finished Canoe for 1910? We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog giving **prices with retailer's profit cut out.** We are one of the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

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THE MAGIC MAPLE FLAVOR
CRYSTAL MAPO
MFGD BY WESTERN MAPLE SYRUP CO. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

SAVE MONEY

by sending 25c today for bottle Magic Maple Flavor—

Crystal Mapo

postpaid, and make delicious syrup at home for 50c gallon. Satisfaction guaranteed. Local and State agents wanted.

Western Maple Syrup Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

rule against rebates, Oliver saw his laboriously built-up chances skidding rapidly downhill when a bright idea struck him.

"You know that twenty-seven-per-cent grade on the Yorktown road?" he asked.

The prospect nodded.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Oliver continued impressively. "I'll take you over that grade on the intermediate and you pay list price for the car and seat. If I can't make it clear to the top on the intermediate I'll throw in the rumble seat free. Is that a go?"

The customer, remembering that no one had ever taken the full distance of the grade without changing to low gear, agreed, and bright and early the next morning the test was made. On the level the car behaved strangely, smoked and boiled, but the salesman's steady stream of lively anecdotes diverted the prospect's attention until the foot of the long grade was reached. With never a change of gear, steady as a tug in smooth water, the car puffed up the heartbreaking hill on the intermediate gear and the deal was concluded on the spot. The buyer, however, had to wait twenty-four hours—to put the rumble seat on, explained the salesman—before he obtained his car. The salesman failed to mention the efforts of two mechanics who worked all night to bring the doctored gears, reduced especially for the occasion, back to their original condition.

What becomes of all the second-hand automobiles discarded by the owners after two or three seasons' service? In former years most of them were sent out to pasture in the country, but of late motor-car seconds have shown a surprising weakness in rural markets. Since the farmers have refused to rise to the renovated bait, the dealers in second-hand automobiles have been forced to seek other fields for their stock. They are trading lots, diamonds, crown-and-bridge work, spare vermiform appendices, anything of value or expense, for their goods, and still the supply rolls ahead of the demand.

Only within the last two or three years have the automobile manufacturers found time to turn their attention from the pleasure car to the motor-propelled commercial vehicle. The beginning has scarcely been made in the application of the internal-combustion engine on wheels to the task of moving the enormous traffic that rolls over city streets and country roads every day in the year. The time is not far distant when the motor vehicle will handle the largest share of this traffic. Farsighted dealers and salesmen are turning their attention to the motor truck and motor delivery wagon, studying their technical features, care, operation and maintenance, for they realize that, in the selling of commercial vehicles, a branch of the automobile business with great possibilities, he will have the advantage who can show the business man down to a fraction of a cent, down to the last nut and washer, what his saving over animal power will be and why. The highest efficiency combined with the lowest cost of operation and maintenance will be the key to this scarcely touched field, but it will require men trained in solving transportation and technical problems to turn this key.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Woehlke on selling automobiles.

The Doctor's Record

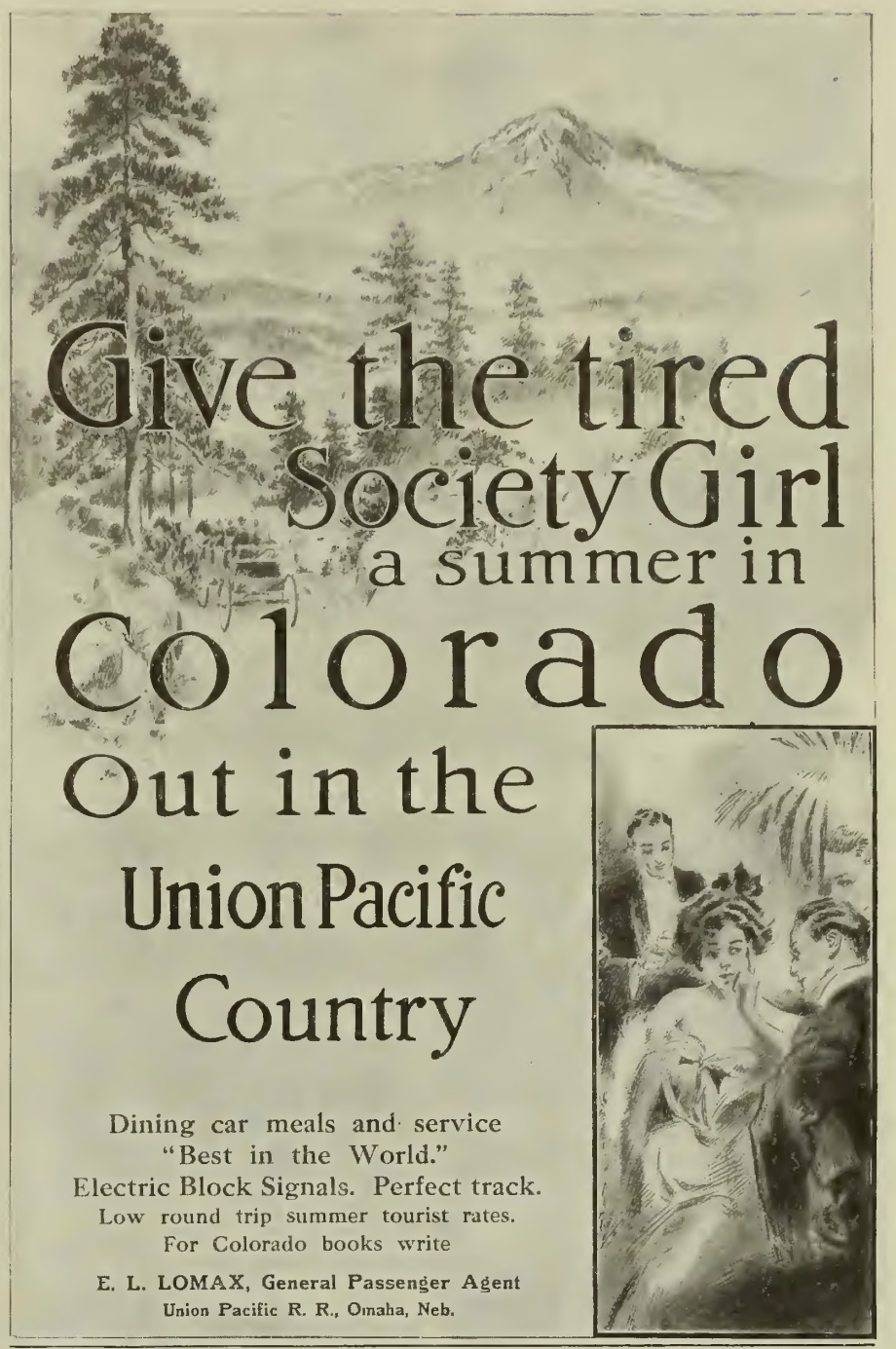
A LEADING doctor in a big Western city has a dash of Indian blood in him and is very proud of it. While walking with a friend one day he said: "I have just found a book about a chief who was one of my ancestors. He was a great man. He was a warrior, a man of mighty prowess in battle. Why, I learn from that book that he, personally, killed scores of his foes. He killed nearly a hundred persons himself."

"Well," said the friend, "he hasn't got anything on you."

"Perhaps not," replied the doctor thoughtfully, "but we must give him credit just the same. You see, he never had my opportunities."

A Correction

THE photograph of Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, published in our issue of April 23, should have been credited to Golling, Photo Studios, St. Paul, Minnesota.



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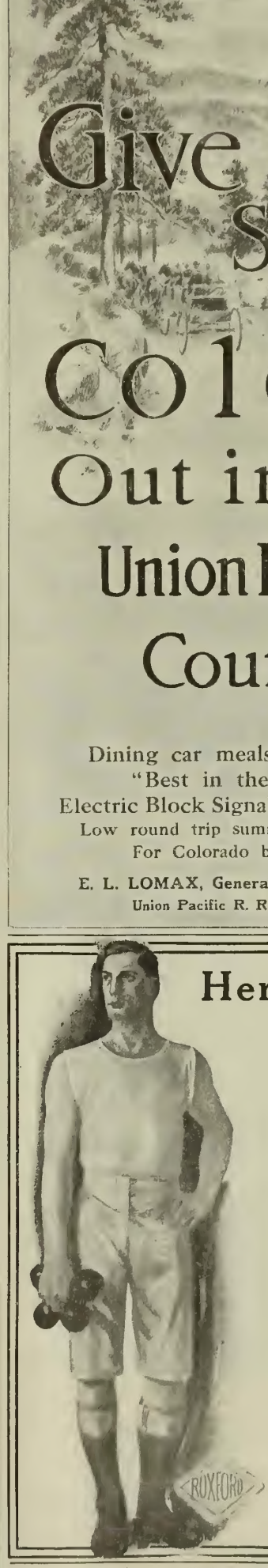

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Roxford is cut in the *new styles*—knee drawers, short-sleeve or sleeveless shirts without buttons. *There's a little book on*

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For Men and Boys. It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It's well worth writing for.*

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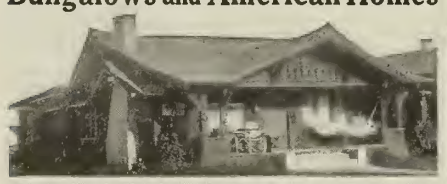

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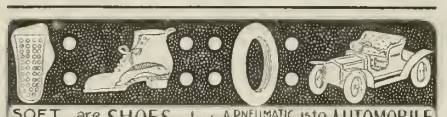

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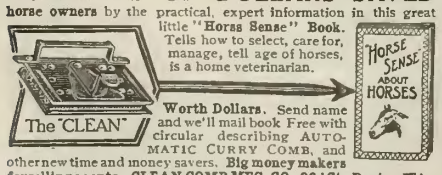

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THE A. I. ROOT CO., Box 76, Medina, Ohio.

Sense and Nonsense

The Rooster That Saved the Game

THIS 'shawnty-clay' business we read of so much today," said John S. (Muggsy) McGraw, the famous baseball player and manager, "reminds me of the time that a rooster saved a close game—and he wasn't a game rooster either.

"It was back in the old and glorious Oriole days, when I managed the nationally victorious Baltimore team.

"I had heard that there was a good team at Spring Grove, an insane asylum near Baltimore, and just for a lark I took the team up there to play the nutty nine. It was going to be easy picking, but we expected a lot of fun out of it anyway.

"We were hardly prepared for what really awaited us. It chanced that there were a lot of husky rips in there, some of them former professional ball players and greedy for exercise. They had been practicing up until they were in fine form, and we had seldom been opposed by a team more nearly our equal. The boys started out in a spirit of fun, but soon saw that they would have to settle down and do all that was in them if we were to pull victory out of the thing at all. Of course we expected a batty bunch, but this one was all that and a batting bunch besides.

"The game had run on to the ninth inning. The score was three to two in our favor, and the nuts were at bat. The man who was just then getting ready to swat it was a bad one for hitting. He had been able to find our pitcher every time he went to bat—found him, and found him without any apparent effort. We were afraid of him. Two men were on bases, two out, and two strikes had been called on the man at the bat. We thought we had some chance, but not much. The pitcher uncoiled himself for a throw, the batter got ready, and—just then a rooster crowed somewhere within hearing, and the nut dropped his bat and ran for the woods like a scared dog.

"'What was the matter with him?' I asked the manager of the nutty nine.

"'Oh, nothin'; only he thinks he's a grain of corn, and he always hides when he knows there's any chickens about.'"

—Strickland Gillilan.

A Song Without Music

Vote, man, vote!
If you think the gang embezzles people's power
Do not stay at home and grumble by the hour,
Nor, in feeble spite, turn on your neighbors sour—
Go and vote, man, vote!

Vote, man, vote!
When you catch "the ring" in any fraud or trick,
If you do not vote you have no right to kick;
You can break it up; then go and knock it quick,
With a vote, man, vote!

Vote, man, vote!
Where there is a wrong there's sure to be a right;
When you do not vote 'tis but yourself you spite.
Do not be a sneak and keep out of the fight—
Go and vote, man, vote!

Vote, man, vote!
Do not call yourself a live American,
Nor pretend to love your country or your clan;
Never claim to be a "decent sort of man"
Till you vote, man, vote!

Vote, man, vote!
'Tis the noblest thing that any man can do
For himself and home and all that's good and true.
If you are a man—a man all through and through—
You will vote, man, vote!

Vote, man, vote!
It's a sacred trust that you must never break;
For your country's good, and for your honor's sake,
Never sell yourself, nor any bargain make,
When you vote, man, vote!

—Wayne Whipple.

Stevens-Duryea

At the selling points listed below, you can see the Stevens-Duryea in all its latest models. Just examine and test—then compare.

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Amsterdam, N. Y., Karl Isburgh
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Bridgeport, Conn., Erwin M. Jennings Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y., I. M. Allen Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., Co-Operative Motor Car Co.
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Butte, Mont., Silver Bow Automobile Co.
Cincinnati, O., Geo. C. Miller Sons Carriage Co.
Cleveland, O., Chisholm-Phillips Automobilium Co.
Denver, Colo., Felker Automobile Co.
Detroit, Mich., J. P. Schneider
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Mexico City, Mex., Mohler & DeGress
Milwaukee, Wis., Akin Motor Car Co.
Minneapolis, Minn., M. R. Waters & Sons
Montgomery, Ala., Black & Hobbie
Montreal, Canada, Comet Motor Co., Ltd.
Muncie, Ind., Clark & Ganter
Nashua, N. H., Pollard Automobile Co.
Nashville, Tenn., Southern States Sales Co.
Newark, N. J., A. G. Spalding & Bros.
New Orleans, La., Oliver B. Brown
Oakland, Cal., Pacific Motor Car Co.
Omaha, Neb., R. R. Kimball
Paterson, N. J., The Auto Shop
Philadelphia, Penn., A. G. Spalding & Bros.
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Pittsfield, Mass., Central Auto Station Co.
Plainfield, N. J., Laing Machine-Auto-Rep'r Co.
Portland, Me., Maine Motor Carriage Co.
Portland, Ore., Graham Motor Car Co.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., John Van Benschoten
Providence, R. I., Tufts-Justin Co.
Richmond, Va., Gordon Motor Co.
Rochester, N. Y., Mabbett-Bettys Motor Car Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah, Tom Botterill Auto Co.
San Antonio, Tex., A. E. Staacke Auto Co.
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Seattle, Wash., F. H. Bardshar Co.
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St. Joseph, Mo., Wyeth Auto & Supply Co.
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Syracuse, N. Y., Amos-Pierce Automobile Co.
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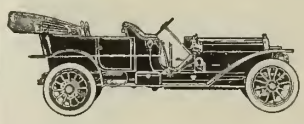

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Have your architect specify **Trus-Con Waterproofing Paste** for waterproofing concrete; **Trus-Con Floor Enamel** for cement floors; **Trus-Con Wall Finishes** for masonry walls.

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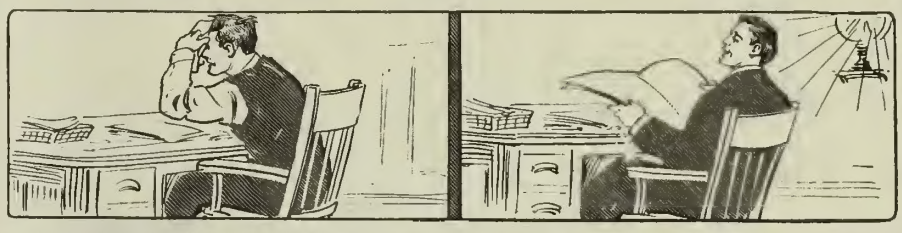

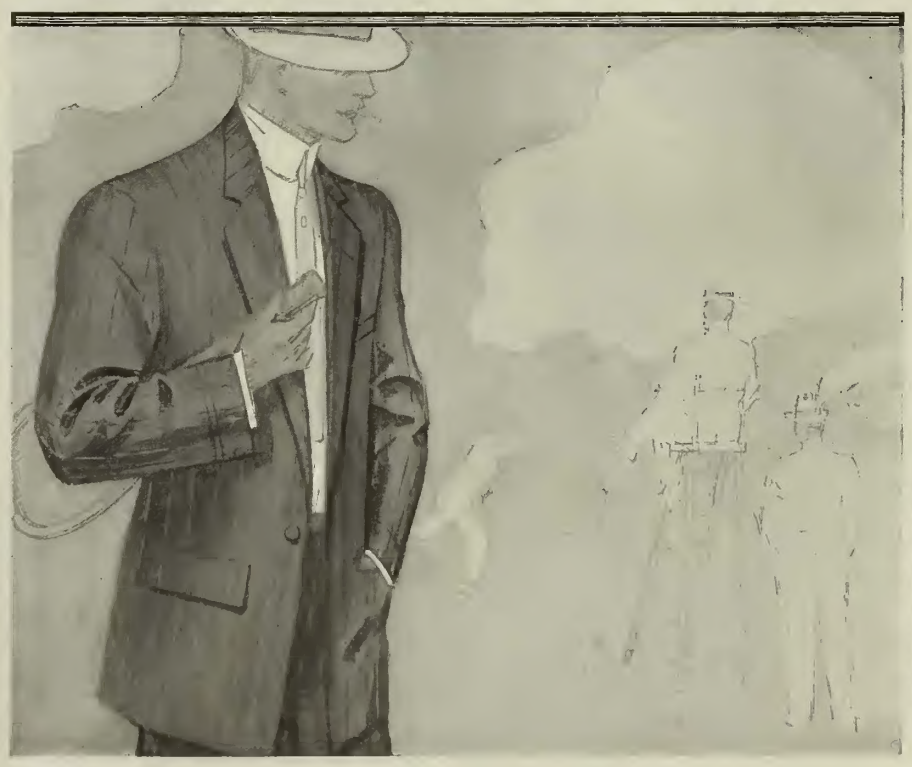

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Both Williams' Shaving Stick and Williams' Shaving Powder are put up in the Williams' Patented Hinged-Cover box.

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